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PART FOUR

DELPHIAN TEXT

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PART FOUR

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PART IV

MODERN ART

BY

DUDLEY CRAFTS WATSON

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MODERN ART

By DUDLEY CRAFTS WATSON

INTRODUCTION

ALL the flourishing schools of art at the beginning of the second quarter of the twentieth century are included within the general classification "Modern Art." The term today has special significance and is generally construed to mean those phases of expression which are definite departures from the accepted academic standards laid down in the Renaissance and followed religiously to the middle of the nineteenth century. Some of the most eminent living artists in this third decade of the twentieth century still adhere to these principles and their works belong to the historical summary rather than to the "modern" thought.

A close correlation between the various arts of the present is conspicuous and notable. The so-called "last word" in painting is similar in spirit to the latest in music. Even poetry, sculpture and architecture have gone in for strange new devices that are difficult of enjoyment to the conservative mind, but proportionately inspiring to the radical youth of the moment.

Art has always been the expression of the age in which it was created, as every student of the Delphian courses is aware. The sculptures of ancient Greece give us a vivid realization of the society of that time. The painting of Raphael and his confreres pictures Renaissance Italy to us more vividly than words. What gives us so definitely the vision of the Elizabethan era as the plays of Shakespeare? The music of Beethoven and Schumann points the height of German Romanticism. What man writes about his passing history seldom expresses the lasting truth that is immortally recorded in the works he leaves behind him.

As no two ages or epochs are alike, so no period of art will repeat another. The dissimilarity between epochs is directly proven by the dissimilarity between the works of art from those epochs. The twentieth century has brought forth more astounding changes in daily living, social enterprise and national relationships than have occurred at any other time. In fact, many departures have been more complete than in all the history of civilization. Therefore, the art of the twentieth century consistently expresses more departures and changes from methods and standards of the past than any art man has made.

Electricity especially, in its service to industry and amusement, has brought around a new kind of life upon this earth. The art of a race using the airplane, the motor car, the radio and the cinematograph cannot consistently resemble in many ways the art of an age which never traveled faster than a horse trots, which knew no communication but the printed missive or the directly spoken word, and which lived by hand toil from rise to set of sun. With this understanding, the thoughtful student will approach the study of contemporary art without prejudice and will accept its manifestations as expressions of the life of the time. One does not have to approve any art that is contemporary with himself as final; much of it is apt to be fashionable and temporary, just as the methods and spirit of life are likely only for the moment. Time alone can prove the worth of a work of art. Many an effort which seems important when it is first set forth passes into oblivion shortly. Only those things which are imbued with the truth, which have something of the divine order within them, live.

In this study of modern art we are especially interested in those phases which have become conspicuous since the World War, and we devote a generous portion of this course to their study. But our study is only well balanced if we bear in mind that it is not final and that the succeeding years may prove this art either of little or of great and lasting value. The vital energy of this era, the international vibrations that sweep the globe, and the magnificent new powers over material things through man's recently developed mechanical servants, make the study of this second quarter of the twentieth century thrilling and fascinating; and a frank understanding of it may help us to avoid pitfalls or to indulge in extravagant waste.

We may be more sure of the art of the nineteenth century, even of that between 1900 and 1910. With assurance we may speak of the contribution of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of England, the Barbizon School of France, the birth and growth of nineteenth century Impressionism. Our survey of the arts that led up to the World's Columbian Exposition in Chicago in 1893 may be exact, but the period from 1893 to 1914 still awaits time's approval, while the stirring things that have happened since November 11, 1918, and that are happening to us today, blind our judgment with their immediate sparkle and glamour. However, the story is fascinating and the testimonials are brilliant.

This course is designed to picture rather completely nineteenth century and early twentieth century painting and sculpture. We shall see the bursting of all traditional bondage with the attendant scattering of results. We shall find that Modernism, so-called, really began in 1857; that many of the so-called "isms" of the inventive schools of the last half of the nineteenth century are already "wasms." It is important to note that Romanticism came quite definitely to its end with the World War, but that long before its demise the new bud was formed upon the branch and Modernism was springing into life.

Only slight reference is made in this survey to poetry, music and architecture. The latter two are the most generously supported and the most vigorous of the arts in the present life, while poetry and sculpture have found the least stability in the "modern" equation. Poetry receives the same pittance it got a half century ago, while music is paid for lavishly. Sculpture struggled through the nineteenth century against puritanism, sentimental mockery and Victorian modesty. It still has no domestic support. Architecture whirls into a zenith of magnificence with the new materials and powers of manipulation and the unprecedented western prosperity. Painting also shares in this prosperity; officially and domestically it holds a high place among the arts today, and with especial thanks to France, which kept the torch of art aflame during the nineteenth century, painting has held its own throughout the great onslaught of mechanics.

NINETEENTH CENTURY PAINTING AND SCULPTURE

I

CONSULT your map of Europe and you will see the reasons for the arrangement in chapters of the first part of the text of this course. Art and culture have ever moved westward, coming always out of the east with the rising sun of the old world to spend itself in glowing twilights on the western horizon. The arts of painting and sculpture have been forbidden in the Mohammedan world, and Greece has never risen from the death blows dealt it in the days of Roman imperialism. Southeastern Europe, generally due to the oppressions of the strong conquerors from north and east, has only recently flowered into an artistic expression. Italy, rising from the smoldering embers of Roman decadence, flamed into an eloquence in the fourteenth century that made her the master of the world for four hundred years. This great period, known as the Renaissance, took fire westward in Flanders, Spain and Germany, and the brilliancy spread into France and England. When the nineteenth century arrived, the whole of Europe had been stimulated by brilliant individualists; romantic wars and revolutions had touched every country, even reaching North America; Feudalism and Devotionalism had gone by, Romanticism held sway over all. England, France and Germany may reasonably be considered the centers of the Romantic spirit.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century, Europe had plunged itself into a stern classicism, an absorbing interest in antiquity and an idealization of all phases of culture. The pagan gods were the heroes of the canvases, landscapes were filled with nymphs of Roman lore against backgrounds of temple ruins. Events of Roman history were set forth in statuesque severity. Under this heavy yoke of antiquarian ideals, only a few really strong painters could bear the weight, and mediocrity lost itself in a maze, for echo is only reflection, not creation, and the painting which sought to preserve and enrich the old heritage was void of significance, remaining only a superficial expression, thin and hollow. This echo was thought to carry on the finest vibrations of the great age, but became the gray tone of the ancient bells of that period—cracked bells instead of the ringing spirit which was to reflect those glorious days. Painting was trying to fit ideas and ideals of a past civilization into a modern world, instead of trying to express its own time in its own vitality. This has been a frequent error in history, and this occasion was not the least.

Turning from this cold reflection of antiquity, from pagan gods and temples and Roman tales, the nineteenth century took a renewed interest in European thought, in current ideas, in personalities, and in Christianity. It became distinctly humanitarian and personal instead of gray and codified. Classicism was overridden by the new warmth, and tales of human love and death, of pageantry and war, joy and tragedy replaced the representation of the world of pagan oracles. The drama of life became all-important.

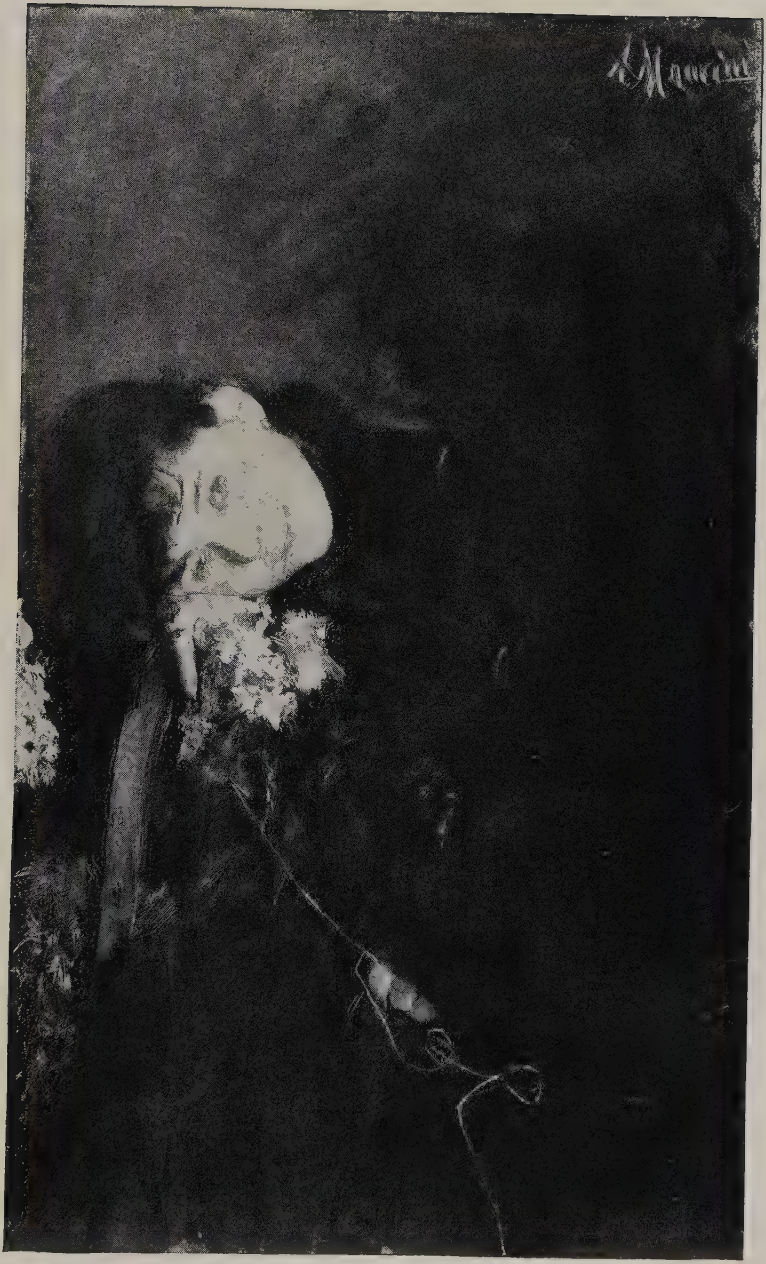
Just as the culture of eastern Europe is older than that of western Europe, so is the Romantic eloquence of the nineteenth century complete in the eastern countries before the western, and therefore this chapter may be traced by a line drawn northward from Italy, touching Austria, Switzerland, Germany and Russia.

In no way is this analysis to be considered a complete survey of nineteenth century art in Europe. It would be nearly impossible to write such a book, and could it be done, it might prove a worthless effort because the revaluation of art standards which comes with every change of fashion makes a standardized valuation possible only after the passing of a century or more. Therefore the serious student is urged to consult the library for special books on these subjects. Richard Muther, in ''The History of Modern Painting,'' has done the best for us with this material, but he, as well as Ruskin, made estimates which do not satisfy us in the light of Ultramodernism.

Italian

Italian painting was at a very low ebb at the time Napoleon had himself crowned as King of Italy. In fact, there had been little painting in Italy outside of Venice for over a hundred and fifty years. Italy had spent itself in the Renaissance and seemed to be pausing to catch its breath. The brilliant pageant that had begun with Giotto in Florence and had reached its climax in Leonardo, Michelangelo and Raphael, the great revival of Roman glory, and the brilliant Venetian flame of color in Titian, Tintoretto and Veronese had stirred all the nations of Europe and had pulled them upward into eloquent national endeavor. But Italy herself had spoken and had become silent. Tiepolo, alone, in Venice, had added his word nearly two hundred years later, and then silence had fallen again. And through the first half of the nineteenth century there were only gossipy whisperings, indistinct and insipid, but the tone of a new Italian expression was becoming audible and finally broke forth in the work of such artists as Morelli, Boldini and Dalbono.

This new tone was entirely different from the art of Italy's past, for it cared nothing for the meditative spirituality of Siena, for the formal composition, balanced color and sound intellectuality and idealization of form that characterized Florence and Rome. It was quite apart from these old and noble art centers, for it sprang from a far different phase of Italian life—from the gay laughter, the bright sunshine on the bay, and the light singing of the Neapolitans. During the great days of Italy, Naples had been silent. Life there was so balmy, the setting was so beautiful, hours of luxury so filled with playful delights that there seemed no need for serious creative effort. But now the Romantic spirit seemed the very breath of Naples and her contribution was added to the wealth of Italy. However, her gift did not bear the richness of those that had come before, for it was gathered from the lightest veins of ore, from the momentary gleam of the sun on a flashing satin, from a peal of gay and laughing song, and from the perfume of flowers whose petals were even then sifting



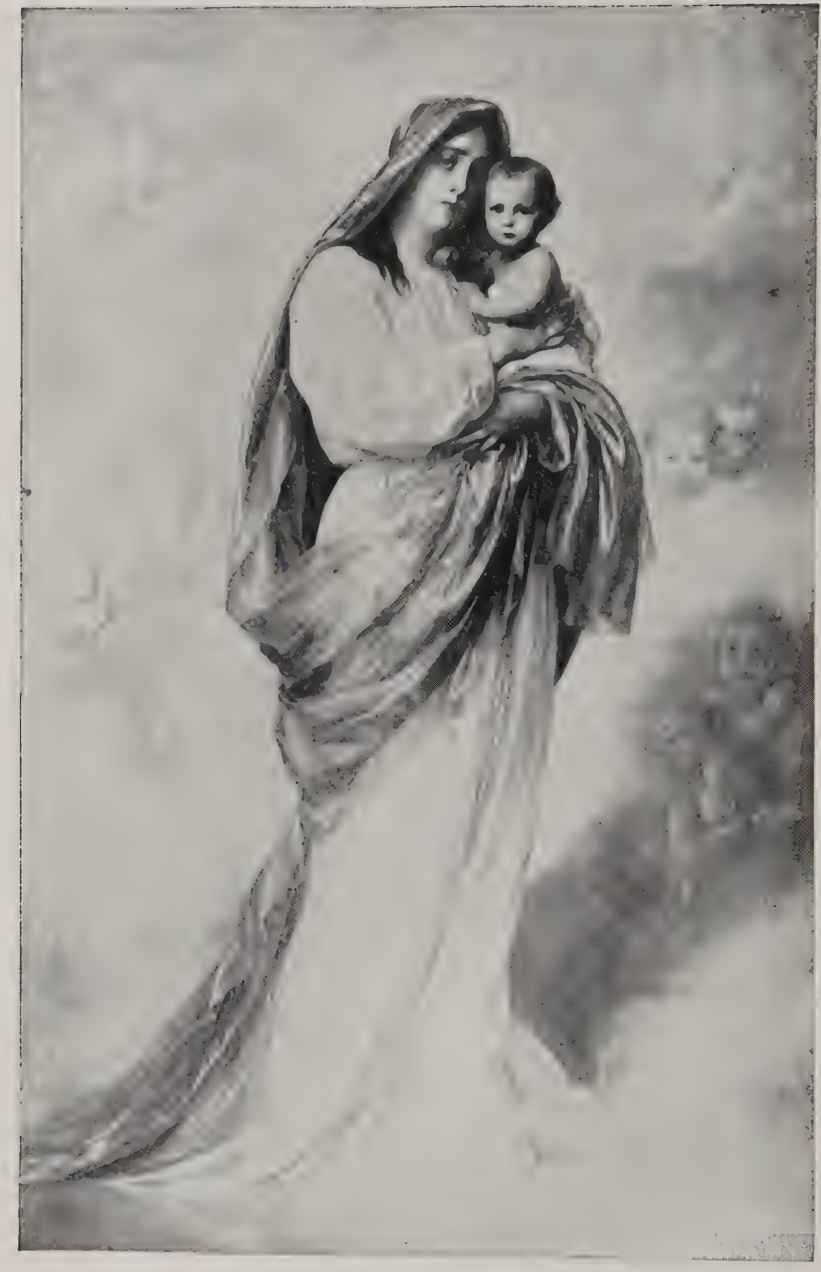
THE EVE OF HER WEDDING.—MANCINI

down onto the bright waters of the Mediterranean. And since it bore no real weight in itself, it has made no genuine impression on the art that has followed. It has been like a play-blown bubble, its surface scintillating with moving color of pale and golden tints, but carrying nothing within it and perishing upon its first contact with harsh strength.

Brilliant in his own life as was the life of his native city, Domenico Morelli ushered in this Romantic chapter in Italy. His was a life of chance, of constant shifting about until he finally commanded great prestige and drew all young painters to him. Born in 1826 of a family living almost in poverty, there was little hope that he might rise to any height, but his mother, ambitious that one of her sons might be a priest, succeeded in having him schooled by the Church. Morelli had shown no special aptitude for drawing and had taken no interest in it until his sudden plunge into the romantic poems of Byron and this poet's Italian followers made him crave to set forth the visions they created in more concrete form. They stimulated him to jerk himself free from the squalid background of his family and walk in sunnier fields. But as an art student, he found the discipline of the academy trying to his restless nature. He wanted to begin expressing his own creative ability at once—not labor over studies of perspective and anatomy, and must have been the incarnation of the typical art student as he is pictured by countless laymen. But after two years of such flitting, he made firm resolutions and settled down to serious study. The resulting awards for merit encouraged him and he grew into the type of student most prized by the academic professors of his day, but he had not subjected his spirit to routine. The studies he enjoyed most were those he made on the street—quick sketches of people in action or groups clustered about a peddler or a merry girl, sketches free from pose as the objects of his pencil did not know that they were even being watched. While Morelli was still in school, the pictures he produced for competitions were static as the atmosphere from which they had come—their figures as carefully placed as in a stage setting and as wooden as their long posing could make them. That is the period from which his painting of *The Iconoclasts* came. And during the years that he held an allowance from the government for his study, this woodenness persisted, for the Academicians had to be pleased. But after he had forfeited that pension by his dash from Naples to see the art galleries and the artists of Europe, and after he had caught a glimpse of the brilliant painting of France, his own individuality came to the fore. His stroke became more free, his color more bright, and his figures far more natural than they had been. He simplified his compositions, usually presenting one or a few figures, with strong contrasts, against a broad and sketchy background. He eliminated fussy details of costume and often lost the facial features in shadow, letting the attitude of the bodies tell the story.

True to the romantic spirit, a story or a philosophy was almost invariably the basis of his pictures—the message he wanted to convey. Perhaps for this reason, and perhaps because he had studied with the Nazarene Overbeck in Rome for a short time, the greater portion of his works treated religious subjects. Of the remainder, most of his pictures represent Arabian beauties or Moorish markets in the manner of the French Orientalists.

With the year 1867, when Impressionism startled the onlookers in France, Morelli grasped at the new mode and without breaking his color as they did, flooded his pictures with light. Now, more than ever, the gaiety of the south Italian spirit, with its part Greek ancestry, shone brilliantly in his painting. By 1880 he was hailed as the peer of all painters of the nation, and upon the exhibition of his *Temptation of St. Anthony,* the jury awarded him a diploma which acclaimed him the leader of Italian art. Students surrounded him, and to them he willed the fire of his spirit and the picturesque quality that marked his personality and his art. For his art remains picturesque, and no more. There is little that is really artful or rhythmic in his compositions. Their color never reached the heights of other leaders of his time. In general, they are tales told with figures and properties, as stage tableaus. Once you have learned one of his pictures you never care to see it again. It is too obvious; nothing is left to the imagination and there is no appeal to the beholder's intelligence and thought.



Madonna.—Defregger

Surely a pale blossom to add to the glorious garland of Italian painting.

Filled with the same love of life and movement, but with a finer command of color, Paolo Michetti* preserves his heritage as the outstanding pupil of Morelli. Like his teacher, he was the son of a day laborer, but when he was still very young he attained the patronage of a wealthy Neapolitan so that he studied not only in his native city but also in London and Paris, carrying back to the hills of Italy a new idea of painting in brilliant colors and with a feeling for light and air. His picture *Springtime and Love,* in the permanent collection of the Art Institute of Chicago, is filled with a new joy and is expressive of a brilliant new way of putting paint in pure color upon the canvas.

He retired to a tiny place close to the Adriatic, where he was isolated from the art galleries and academies of the past and surrounded by his own people. There he painted the dusky youths and the laughing young girls in a manner that caught their taunting glances and their vigor and spontaneity in a glorious way. The flash of his high-lights, the dazzle of the splendid fabrics, the luxurious flesh-tones, and the warm glow of the Italian sun over vivid green and dancing blue are as characteristic of Michetti as the remarkable dexterity with which he caught figures in all the playful moods and happy occupations of the hills and shore. Everywhere is action; everywhere is brilliance. There is always laughter and song, and never any note of sadness, nor even gravity. He had no place for profound philosophy. He was concerned with nature alone, with the life and beauty around him, not with allegories out of the past, not with historical or Biblical tableaus, nor with illustrations of themes of the poets. His heritage came directly from the preceding generation, not out of the centuries of Italian glory, and while many of the northern artists of the century had turned to the great days of Italy for their inspiration, Michetti turned away from them and sang with the new notes struck in France by the Impressionists. And he used those notes well, for he had a splendid talent. But that delightful, romantic, momentary quality which was his charm is the very thing that almost loses him to us, for his painting has not struck deeply.

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*See page 17.

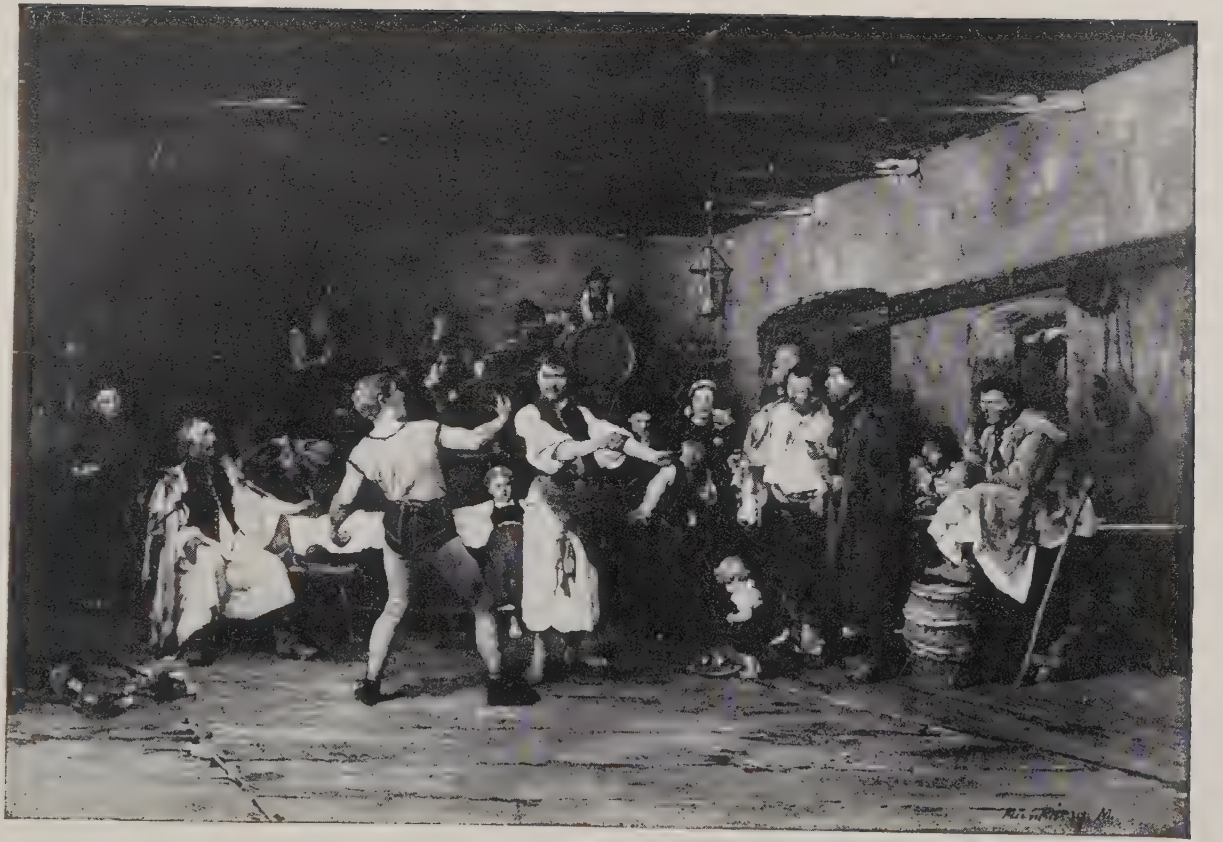
That same ability to catch the mood of a moment was shared by another of Morelli's pupils, Edoardo Dalbono, who painted the Bay of Naples under every condition of light and weather. Whether it was the straightforward light of the afternoon dancing on the waters, or the long shaft of moonlight across the waves, or the darkness from which voluptuous sirens lured ships to the rocks, Dalbono set it forth with a sensitive, almost a dancing brush and a rich palette. The same flickering stroke came into play when he caught scenes from the life of the streets of Naples or the gardens of the bright houses, giving them the dazzle of the quivering light of the south. But always he turned back to the bay, so that he knew the sea in her every change and caught each change for us, with its particular glitter.

Others of his day, Giacomo di Chirico and Alceste Campriani among them, used that same flitting brush and added more and more Neapolitan incidents to the world of art. The church again played a part in the art of Italy, but now it was concerned not with the themes of the faith but with the beauty of the colorful service and with the pageantry of priests and people moving before its doors. The glow of light upon moving bodies, the rustle of silks, the soft movement of the smoke of incense, the light flutter of a feathered wing among petals, the sway of a brilliant canopy were all caught by these jovial artists for whom art and gaiety were partners. Much of their success was due to the teaching of the Spaniard, Fortuny, in Rome, whose high-keyed palette set the note which vibrated in sympathy with the tone of South Italy.

Realizing the fascination of the purely picturesque, a group headed by Favretto turned to the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, which glowed with color, luxury of life, aristocracy in a rococo setting, and graceful mannerisms, and produced "costume pictures" of delightful charm. Each one is filled with figures in vividly colored velvets and satins, with gay hose, bright ribbons, and black shoes and hats which make a pattern of accents throughout the group. Usually all of the persons are standing far enough from the spectator so that they become grouped as in a stage setting, a company in which the artist looks on but with whom he does not mingle. And practically every figure stands so that it can be seen from top to toe, in full and gorgeous array, as if trying to hold its importance in the brilliant tableau. Favretto, himself, was a Venetian to whom pageantry and color were the most natural of heritages. Venice, the forever changing and yet the unchangeable, presented to him the gaiety of its past as well as the beauty of his own day, and to him her canals were busied with gondolas carrying coquettish ladies of a century before, who daintily stepped from their places with the assistance of courtly gentlemen in knee breeches and velvet coats. Sometimes he turned to the Venetians of his own day, as he did in his painting of *Susanna and the Elders,* to which he has given a delicious genre note.

The paintings of this group always have a tasteful tone, a charm of color, excellent drawing, and an exquisite technique. There is never a displeasing note, nor a discord, nor has there ever been any mystifying subtlety about them. Hence they are exceedingly popular with visitors to Italy, who are pleased not only by their dainty harmony but also with the sentimental associations they hold—associations with which the traveler hopes to retain the glamour and romance of the delightful and colorful playground which, to him, is Italy. During the years of their production these pictures have commanded immediate sale. But looking back over the great periods of painting, these morsels of delicacy drop from sight.

Contrasted with this entrancing group of painters is one northerner, Segantini, possibly the great name of the nineteenth century in Italy. His story is as romantic as his period, for, born of poor parents in 1858, who died when he was only a youngster, he was turned over to some relative in Milan with whom he found no happiness. Filled with rebellion and with plenty of energy, he set out to walk to France like an adventurer seeking his fortune. But not far from home, upon the rugged slopes of the Alps, he spent a year as a swineherd and farm hand. Then came an incident which parallels the story of Giotto, for a drawing of



THE WRESTLER'S CHALLENGE.—MUNKÁCSY

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

one of his pigs, made with charcoal upon a flat rock, was taken to the village by the enthusiastic peasants and he was sent to the academy in Milan. He went back to the Alps, this time to an isolated Swiss village, cutting himself off from the world of museums and art galleries just as Michetti had done. Like the southern painter, and like the Frenchmen of his time, he turned to nature only and recorded her with a sturdy sincerity. His work was straightforward and intent, and reflected life in a more profound way than was the custom of the Neapolitans. Like them, however, he worked with a brilliant palette. He caught the spirit of the French school of Impressionism, which was largely based on a technical accomplishment of juxtaposing colors to give the sense of vibration, and used it most satisfyingly.

One of the great pictures in the Walker collection in Liverpool is the *Punishment of Luxury,* by Segantini. It depicts the height of the snow-capped Alps, where sleeping figures of beautiful women clothed in diaphanous gowns float aimlessly through the rare, cold air a few feet above the ground. As you see, the subject is romantic in its feeling, and he could have made it a silly allegory, but his great ability produced a picture which is wonderful in color, beautiful in vision, and deeply appealing in thought. One of the outstanding pictures in the Staatsgalerie of Munich is a noble pastoral with horses and toilers plowing a field. His peasant paintings always have a splendid strength and ever in the background one finds Segantini's love for the Alps, for the green of their fields, the brutality of their rocks, and the rugged power of their people. The fresh, untainted, vigorous quality of his work and his freedom from anything theatrical have given him a permanent place in art history, in addition to a genuine popularity which has placed many of his paintings in American collections, both public and private.

Another noble painter of this period is Mancini,* who was still painting in Rome in 1929, although his pictures were well known in European exhibitions of 1860. Mancini has no more grown old in his art than in his life. He paints with a broad brush, caring not for photographic details. He generally uses the dark background of the old masters, unlike the Neapolitans, and seldom has more than one figure in a composition. He has been a portraitist for more than a half century. Americans began posing for him when travel to Rome was by stage coach. After his seventieth year he painted more dashingly than ever before. A characteristic composition is *The Eve of Her Wedding,* which is in the Milwaukee Art Institute. A radiant-faced young girl pauses as she takes the last stitches on her trousseau. She rests her head upon her hands over the back of a chair and smiles at us with expectant joy. When a class of school children were asked why he left so much empty space above the girl's head a little girl of ten replied, "For her heart throbs." Just so.

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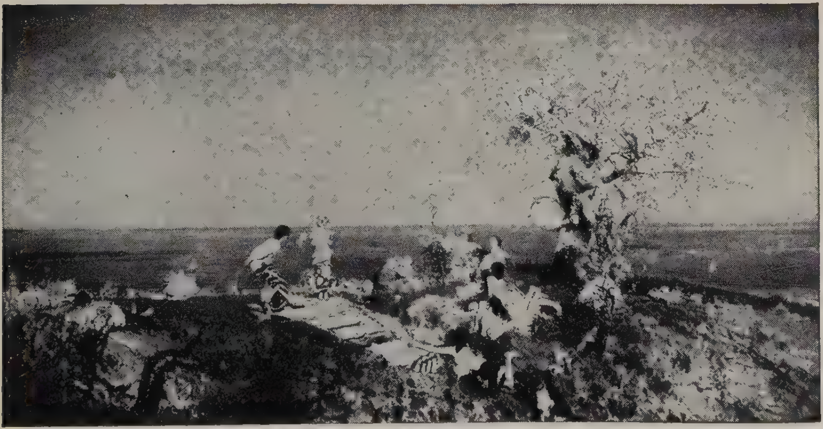
*See page 7.

The early group created very little lasting art, but much fiction; the later group, you see, created some fiction, but much art. The first quarter of the twentieth century finds a stirring development of painting in Italy. Venice seems to be the most important center. Those who best carry on the academic traditions are Emma and Beppe Ciardi, brother and sister, who are prodigious workers. They paint literally hundreds of Venetian scenes every year. They bathe Venice in the light and atmosphere of the Adriatic. They have splendid perspective and rich handling, and are real contributors to the field of painting, although their pictures are more for the eye than for the emotions. Beppe Ciardi's studio is one of the show places of Venice, for he has been an ardent collector of antique furniture as well as a prolific painter. Italico Brass paints aristocratic portraits and magnificent compositions of the fetes and carnivals of Venice. He was well known as a superior restorer of old masters before anyone knew that he was a splendid creative painter.

Of the conservatives, Ettore Tito seems to have attained the most. Titian, Tintoretto and Tiepolo all contributed to his inspiration. To their color and composition he added objective life and sunlight, the dance of Venetian waters, and the movement of the zephyrs in the dresses and tresses of Venetian girls. Even brilliantly conceived allegories of the historical miracles of Venice especially interest him. In 1900 he was considered one of the ten foremost living painters.

Outside of Venice are two other Italians who must be mentioned before we come to the Modernists, whom we shall study in a later program. They are Amedeo Bocchi of Rome and Giannino Marchig of Florence. Bocchi paints with great restraint. Scenes from peasant life and symbolic decorations with the nude are figured as his chief subjects. In fact there may be no one today who paints the human figure with more tenderness than Bocchi. His pictures always have to do with the sadness or the gladness of life, and in this he is a leader among the twentieth century Italians. Giannino Marchig of Florence distinguishes himself as a portrait painter and a humorist. He also paints in restrained tones but with a great understanding of character. He has special interest in painting room interiors either with or without figures.



Springtime and Love.—Michetti

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

Swiss

Switzerland, surrounded by Germany, France and Italy, has had little national expression in painting and has produced almost no landscape painters. When one has everything within reach, he does not go seeking. Switzerland seems never to have had the urge to paint. Before her on all sides has ever been a world more beautiful than painters could emulate. Segantini in some ways expresses Switzerland better than any Swiss artist, but in the schools of Munich, Paris and Milan we will find the names of many brilliant men who are really Swiss by birth. In other words, the art genius of Switzerland has not found its ateliers at home but has had to go to the great countries near by.

Benjamin Vautier, though closely allied with the Bavarian school of painting, did the most to give Switzerland distinction in the first half of the nineteenth century. His subjects were typically Romantic—the life of the family, the life in the street and at the gasthaeuser. His draftsmanship was wonderful, but his pictures hardly rise above tableau illustrations.

A great genius who came into pre-eminence in the exposition in Munich in 1869 was Arnold Böcklin,* who claimed Zurich as his home. Though he was born in Basle in 1827, he is often counted as one of the German school, for he spent much of his time there. Under Scheimer he studied landscape in Düsseldorf, but finally gave up the academy and put himself to the direct study of nature. He spent some time in Paris, and a while in Rome, but kept himself comparatively free from the influences of either of these cities. His feeling was far more akin to that of the German nation and its early art than to the Paris traditions or the dominating stamp of the Italian Renaissance. In fact, he was one of the few painters of his group who was able to withstand this influence and after his return to Munich he devoted himself to allegorical and fanciful subjects. He painted much in the spirit of the early German masters, preserving their devotion to the sprightly grotesques, the fairy forest and eerie landscape. In his break with Italian tradition, he broke also with the idea of attributing moral

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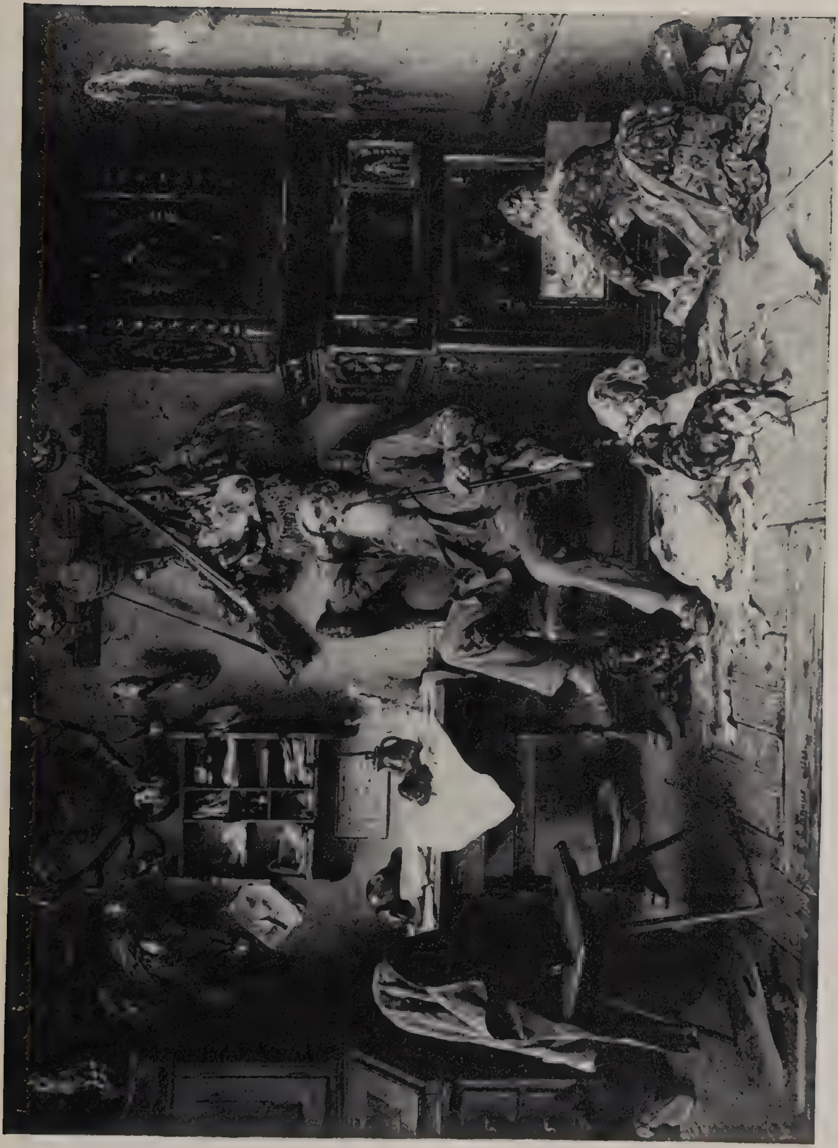
*See page 54.



The Forester at Home.—Knaus

significance or allegorical teaching to his pictures, allowing them to stand through their pictorial values rather than through their literary qualities.

He did some magnificent portraits in the dignified German style, but was most successful with his phantasies and happiest in them. His pictures are rich and full in both form and color and his high lights have a glittering silver sheen. His *Regions of Joy* gives us a novel version of the Garden of the Hesperides. He had a grasp of sea and mountain, waterfall and forest beyond any painter of the nineteenth century. The painters of his group with few exceptions created only easel pictures, but some of Arnold Böcklin's are so large that they belong to the mural class. His most famous picture is *The Isle of Death.* He painted five versions of this subject, a tiny islet in the Bay of Naples close to the island where he made his winter home for many years. It had rocky coasts and a deep valley filled with cypress trees. In the painting it appears as an isolated rock in the midst of a vast but calm sea. A barge is being rowed by a single oarsman across the quiet waters toward the island. A shrouded figure is the only passenger. One inadvertently feels that the figure will alight at the steps which approach the island and leave something in the caverns which are perceptible in the rocks surrounding the grove and then will pass on through the deep shadows to something beyond, possibly Elysian fields which the eye cannot see. It has hushed mystery but no despair or morbidity —this *Toteninsel.*

Böcklin also had a great sense of humor which we see especially in his pictures of Neptune with mermaids, which are among his best things. In his paintings these sea figures are very naïve and exceedingly real, having no vestiges of the cold classic influence. Instead they are graceful and vital, overflowing with animal spirits, gloriously happy and well fed. They make us think of the fanciful scene in the first act of Wagner's opera *Das Rheingold,* or of Tennyson's poem which declares, "I would be a mermaid fair." They give us a key to Böcklin's free roving spirit, his love of life, and to the individuality of his position in the art world of his time.

AUSTRIAN

Austria, romantically German in most of its paintings, nevertheless fostered some important names of national spirit and then was largely responsible for two or three highly important painters of Hungary and Bohemia. Vienna, however, found such joy and expression in music throughout the nineteenth century that painting had a very inferior place, and sculpture almost no place at all.

However, early in the century, a magnificent illustrator of fairy tales and a mural painter of the most florid baroque tendencies, Moritz von Schwind, rose to prominence in Vienna. Under the patronage of Ludwig the First he was invited to Munich, where he lived and worked the latter part of his life. He was delightfully individual, being free from all foreign influence and true to the native impulses which fed his art. He relied in no way on the past, and yet all the distinctly Germanic forces manifested in the early art of his people seemed imbedded in his soul. Instead of choosing another time in which to live—either classic or medieval—he chose another world, that of fairyland. He appeared unshaken in his belief in gnomes and nymphs, trolls and goblins, and preferred landscape that looked as though they had their haunts there. This delightful naïveté hints of the very spirit of Vienna, the city of sweet songs, joyful dances, and a rich love of life and dreams. Vienna appears, too, in the rhythmic and graceful pattern of his paintings, and Schwind was at his best when his brush carried fairy melody with it.

Schwind was commissioned to paint frescoes, and his wall paintings in the Hapsburg Hall of the new palace at Munich, in the Hohenschwangau Castle, and in the Vienna Opera House and Belvedere Palace are typical of this phase of his work. The delightful panels of the fairy tale of *The Seven Ravens* are known to every school child in every land. His series of St. Elizabeth frescoes in Wartburg are among his finest things, each one having a charm of decorative quality enhanced by a background of decorative foliage reminding us of the woodcuts of the medieval days. He had a graphic quality that was more important in line than in tone, and he doubtless would have been as successful an engraver as he was a painter. The Old German characteristics that were apparent in the art of Albrecht Dürer are visible in the art of Schwind, who is truly the child of the most natural traditions of his people.

After him came Franz von Defregger* and Karl Piloty,† who did magnificent tableaus full of the gay spirit of Viennese life. Piloty (1826-1886), like others of his countrymen, spent most of his time in Germany and became known as Germany's foremost painter. His work was hailed as indicating a new period in the national art, for Piloty brought a new interest in resplendent color. His contemporaries were working to set forth ideas and ideals rather than to paint solidly and with strength, and even considered themselves superior through their literary inclinations, to those who had the additional merit of craftsmanship. Piloty's revelation of color in 1855 swept away these pretensions to power and restored painting to a sound basis of technical worth. True, he does not stand out in the ranks of the great colorists of all time, but in the light of the period his contribution ranks exceedingly high. He became the master to whom the Munich painters turned and to whom the young men flocked for real teaching in the sound principles of their art. He gave them an understanding of execution such as had been unknown since the old break with Classicism—an understanding that had been scorned because it was coupled with that school but was now discovered to be necessary for all real accomplishment. Fortunately his ability was hailed as a wonder and a marvel, so that the men of his day did not spurn the new mode, as so often has happened in French art, but profited by his teaching and helped to steady the course of German painting.

Today we realize, too, that Piloty did not break with his time in the field of ideas, however, for in his paintings we see the Romantic always. The pathos of the story told, or the wisdom of the figure portrayed, or the human drama in the pageant-like scene from history cannot be missed. The stirring, personal quality is always there—sometimes highly elaborated—and we see Piloty as a man very much of his own day even when leading the field.

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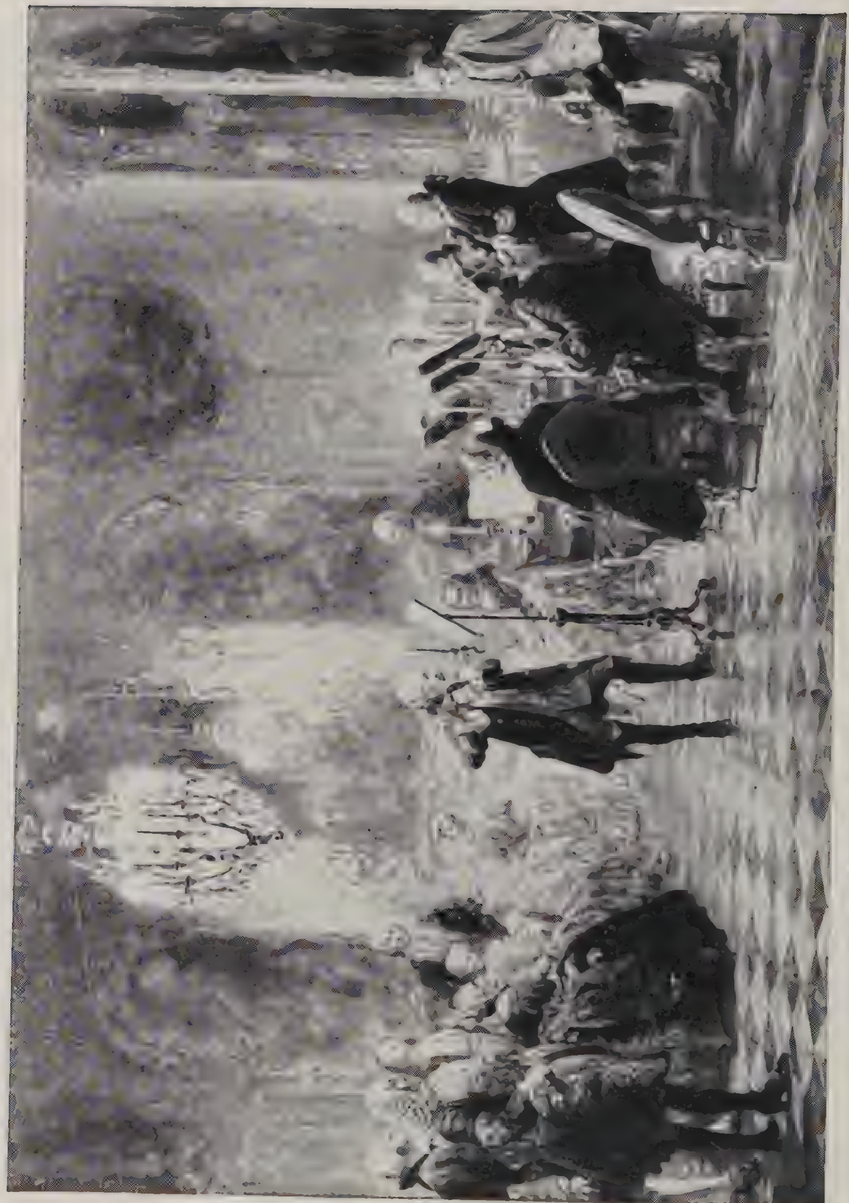
*See page 10. †See page 42.

Austria was represented by other men too. Johann Schmidt did large tableaus of historical and religious subjects. Franz Tamm painted dining-room pieces, but only of live birds and animals. Johann Platzer gave us grand pictures of biblical subjects, using hundreds of figures, and painted definitely in the spirit of the early nineteenth century German school. Then came Hans Makart, who handled the nude figure with the freedom of a Rubens, but without his great strength. His five most famous paintings are of aristocratic ladies of his own time in allegorical depiction of the five senses. They are among the most graceful of the nude paintings of the century. His painting of flesh tints was held marvelous in his day, but to us they lack the vigor and vitality which goes with strong painting and instead seem to be stereotyped and wan. Inspired by the Venetians and the Flemish, Makart was thought to be their equal, but neither his draftmanship nor his soft color have stood the test through the generations which have followed him. Nor could he shake off the Italian influence enough to make his own contributions of importance. But he does stand as an artist who had a supreme sense of the pictorial, as the creator of pictures which are dramatic in themselves rather than built on literary ideas and which have thrown off some of the theatrical superficiality which characterized the historical painting of his day.

His pictorial sense spread to his surroundings and his person, making of his studio a glorified setting for his own picturesqueness, a studio filled with bright fabrics, richly ornamented furniture, medieval weapons, sculpture, oriental rugs and brilliant old costumes. This love of color and texture was apparent in his work, where he glorified the satins worn by his figures and the rich and sumptuous backgrounds furnished for them. He was so occupied with the effect he was to produce that he could not be bothered with historical accuracy of setting or incident—could not subdue his glowing feeling for his painting to an impersonal or intellectual survey of it. The warmth not only of his color but of his intensity and of his passion for his work, his complete devotion to his art, made him one of the brightest figures of his day, and mark him as a genuine painter,



Flute Concert of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci.—Menzel not just an illustrator. And that same brilliant freedom of spirit reflects again the joyous life of the Austrian capital.

HUNGARIAN

Hungary has two important names to its credit, Julius* Benczur and Michael† Munkácsy. Benczur was a historian, painting whole rooms with the stories of the Magyars, and with events of France during the days of Louis XV and Louis XVI. This latter series was done for the King of Bavaria, in Munich, for, like others of his day, Benczur had turned to that center for his training. He had studied in the Academy and then in the studio of Piloty, where he fell heir to the new strength of technique and color.

Munkácsy‡ did genre pictures of the gipsy and peasant life of Hungary, and occasionally a highly realistic and dramatic episode from the life of Christ. His *Christ Before Pilate* is known the world over and is not undeservedly popular. Only the sketch for it is to be seen at Budapest. The final painting graces the Widener collection in Philadelphia. He painted with glowing colors and rich brown shadows more in the manner of the little masters of Holland than in imitation of the German school. As a painter he was one of the best and certainly the foremost of Hungary.

The Hungarian school was otherwise an echo of the Austrian and German with very few racial tendencies.

Bohemia did not rise to important heights, although Vaclav Brozíc of Prague lifted illustration of his own times above the commonplace. We find that many a student in the schools of Munich and Vienna hailed from Budapest and Prague, although they did not return to their homelands to lend national distinction.

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*Gyula. †Mihaly. ‡See page 14.

GERMAN

Germany was second only to France in nineteenth century influence, and in the matter of the graphic arts of printing, illustration and photography, Germany led all Europe. The revolutionary disturbances of the first quarter of the century affected Germany particularly, and not until 1825 do we find any painting of importance. Music had been stirred by these vital social movements, and already a great school of musical composition had its fountain head in Germany.

The first eloquent step in drawing and painting was taken by a group largely centered at Düsseldorf, but the most important members turned their faces toward Italy and lived there much of the time. At the close of the eighteenth century, Germany, like her neighbors, was held in the grip of Classicism, under the leadership of Carstens, then broke suddenly with that gray and monotonous paganism. But in turning away from the ideas of the past it turned also from the established craftsmanship which was its rightful heritage. Feeling that they were the children of a new enlightenment, the nineteenth century painters spurned academic power as tainted by the older order and prided themselves on being equipped with ideas rather than with technical skill. Of course, skill without a driving force behind it is empty, but the setting forth of ideas without sound means of expression is equally lacking in mastery. That was the handicap with which nineteenth century art began in Germany.

The group which turned so sharply from Classicism did not swing directly into modern interests, but turned instead to another historical period, the Middle Ages. They were young men, dissatisfied with the mimicry of the pagan world and inspired by the devotion of the early Italian painters. Like the Pre-Raphaelites in England, they believed the decay of the great Italian period began with Raphael and that they must go further back to dip into the spring of really great painting. They wished to divorce painting from its worldly alliance and make it again the handmaiden of the church. They realized, too, that Classicism and the

German spirit were not one, and that the medieval world could offer them something far more akin to their national traditions, and as their predecessors had turned to pagan Rome for their inspiration, the Nazarenes now went to the same center to gain the spirit of old Christian Rome.

As early as 1810, Overbeck and Lübeck, Pforr and Vogel made the pilgrimage, and the next year they were joined by Cornelius. Shortly afterward, Schadow, Veit and Schnorr came down, and with a few others the group took over the small monastery of San Isidoro, on a secluded knoll of Pincio Hill. There the little group isolated itself from society, having for its outside world only the old churches of Rome and the cities of Tuscany. Like the ascetics of the fourteenth century, they prayed for spiritual guidance before undertaking their work and depended upon pure sentiments and an upright character as the basis of ability. Their study was that of religion and the Bible and not of the human figure which was thought to "dwarf certain fine sensibilities." The old cells of the monks housed the diligent young Germans and the big refectory served as the studio in which at twilight or in the evenings they posed for each other in a big Venetian cloak—the prized possession of one of them—so that they could make studies of the drapery. They discounted draftsmanship, however, feeling that study alone was valueless and that feeling was in reality the great detriment of their power, religion being the only bestower of talent.

Turning as they had to the medieval masters, they took over the old method of fresco painting—an art which had long been deserted. With only a meager knowledge of its process, and with the technical advice of an old mason and a German chemist, they experimented, and while still bewildered by the damp plaster and lime they undertook to decorate a whole room. Though they realized that they were novices, their enthusiasm ran high, holding that this revival of the old technique would mean a restoration of the old culture and spirit. They planned to take the method back to Germany and use it for the decoration of the churches there, not realizing how unsuited the scheme would be to the damp weather and frozen winters of that northern climate. That same enthusiasm evidently put them in command of the fullest of their powers, for of the works of this school, the two series of frescoes in the Casa Bartholdy and the Villa Massimo, stand out as their greatest works.

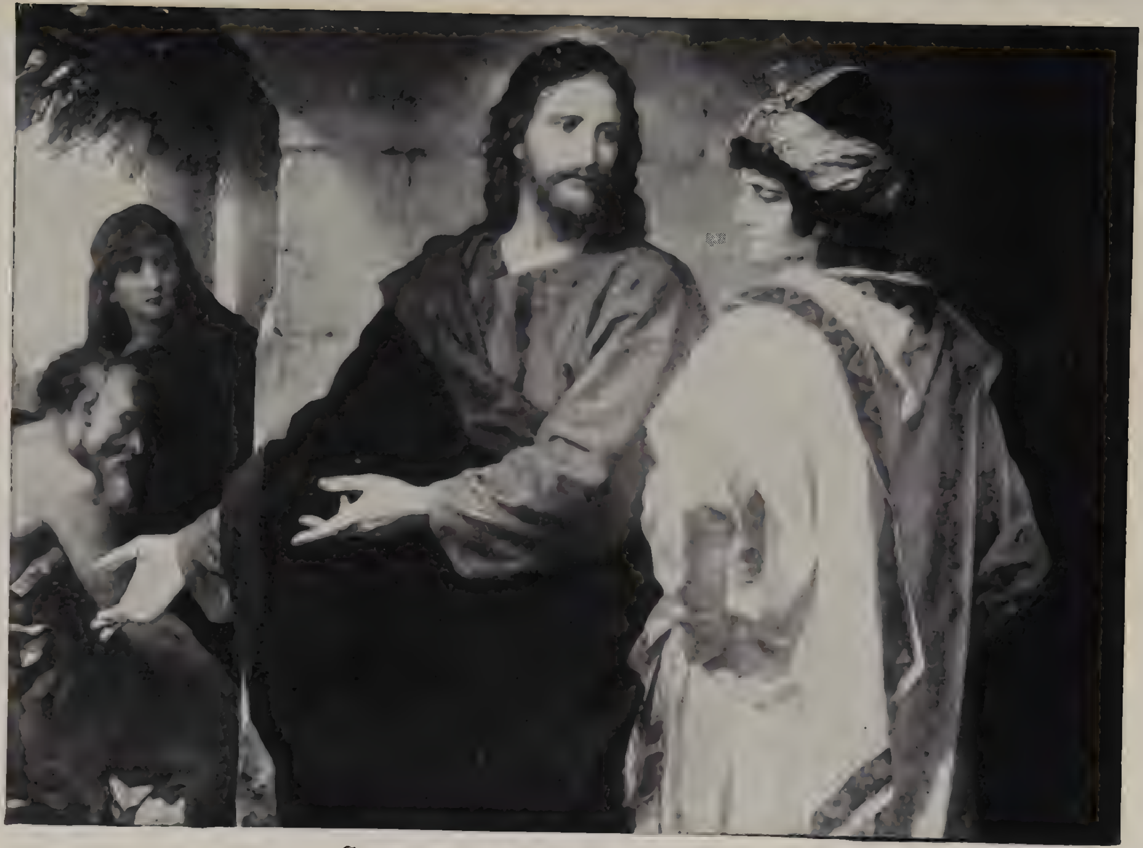
The group in the Casa Bartholdy, the home of the Prussian consul at Rome, was painted by Cornelius, Overbeck, Veit and Schadow—each man almost outdoing himself in his share in the *History of Joseph in Egypt.* Here there is a quality of careful draftsmanship, well wrought technique, thoughtful composition, and a harmony of color and tone which commands genuine admiration. In their present position in the National Gallery at Berlin they show that even in this period of mimicry and decadence, the earnestness of their authors has carried them to a splendid height.

Cornelius has doubtless a place above the rest, while Overbeck and Schadow are also important, but we can scarcely think of any of their pictures as being more than glorified illustrations. As the name of their brotherhood indicated, they were chiefly interested in depicting scenes of the life of Christ. Overbeck's painting of *Christ's Entry Into Jerusalem* and Steinle's *The Raising of Jairus' Daughter* are typical.

North Germany had become quite definitely Lutheran. The Sunday school was a definite part of education; pamphlets and text books had to be illustrated, and these were the men who really began Sunday school illustration. Their influence dragged along through many a sentimentalist, the most sentimental of all being Hofmann,* who came later in the century and whose *Boy Christ Speaking to the Elders* is known to every Sunday school child in the Christian world. It is too bad that over-sentimentality should have robbed a man of Hofmann's talent of the power to become a great artist. In examining his portrait heads one discovers that he is not as vital as he is sweet, that the truth of life is not revealed with understanding.

A man coming late in the century and who is now represented in most of the important modern art museums is Fritz von Uhde, who is one of the few important religious painters since Rembrandt. His *Christ in the Peasant's*

See page 29.



CHRIST AND THE RICH RULER.—HOFMANN

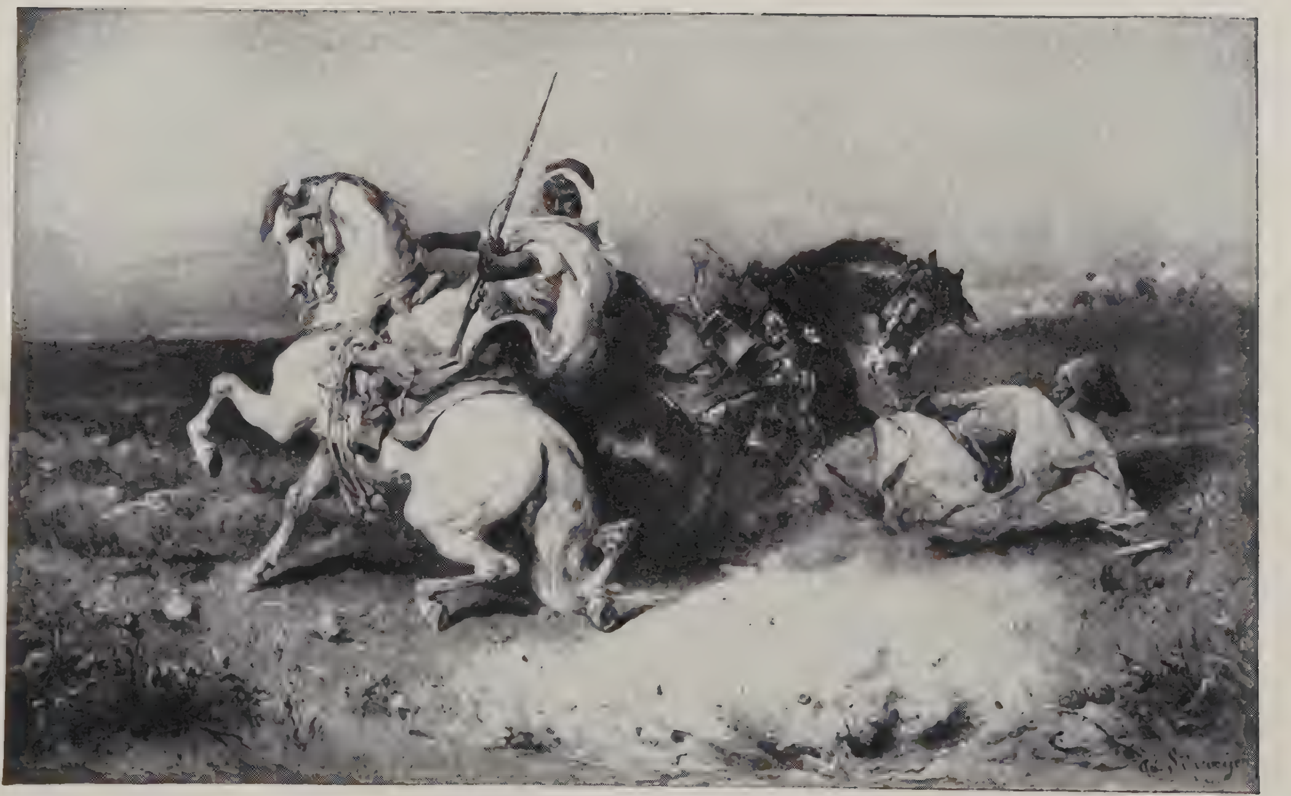
Home gives us the spirit of his art. It reduces religion to the atmosphere and humbleness of ordinary daily life. He places Jesus amidst simple, honest people who only slightly realize the presence of the Christ. This scene is handled again and again by this delightful German painter and one can never pass a canvas of his without pausing for a second look. His art, rooted in an understanding of his own nation and his own time, has more individual vitality than was possible in the art of the Nazarenes. Their art, no matter how sincerely grafted with the inspiration of the early Italian masters, was a hybrid fruit which lacked the true flavor of the product of a tree firmly rooted in its native soil.

As medieval Nuremberg had been the art center of Germany in the Middle Ages, Munich and Düsseldorf now claimed and held the talent of the nation. Leipzig became an active center during the last part of the century, but not until the very end did Dresden and Berlin become important. True, the exhibitions at the capital were held highly important, but the paintings which kept up the interest were those from Munich and Düsseldorf. Nuremberg and Cologne exhibited activities in other directions, resting on the Renaissance laurels in the matter of the arts. By 1850 travel became more general in Germany than elsewhere in Europe, and scientific mastery of material things gave Germany power in production that caused science to lead art, but the galleries of modern painting throughout Germany show a sweeping array of large canvases of pageants, tableaus with great architectural backgrounds, battle scenes and love trysts that have never seemed important to collectors from afar.

Munich's prominence was due in a large measure to the enthusiastic patronage of King Ludwig I, who believed that through art Germany could be inspired to greater heights in all phases of her culture. Like Hadrian of the old Roman world, and with a more humanitarian interest, he devoted his funds to the cause of art and spent more than fifteen million dollars from his private means to establish art collections and the housing for them, and to erect state buildings of architectural significance. All this occurred just at the time of the success of the Nazarenes in Rome. The triumph of the Bartholdy frescoes had been lauded in Munich, and King Ludwig waved the wand which made it possible for the Nazarenes to bring fresco painting into a revival in Germany. He opened the new buildings and gave Cornelius the command to cover their walls with monumental works. Great was the stir in Germany. Cornelius was hailed as the master painter, the channel through which the greatness of Italian art was to descend upon the north, the greatness of the height of Renaissance art. To this task Cornelius summoned all his intellectuality, that same characteristic which had made the Nazarenes so meticulous in the correctness of the historical details in their paintings in Rome. And nothing could be more satisfying to his people, whose attitude was expressed by Hallman when he said, "It is a remarkable sign of the times that painting strives to make the weighty output of intellectual thought a common treasure of all who are neither able nor disposed to follow speculation to its dizzy heights, nor erudition to its lowest depths; that painters try to transform the results of those investigations into fresh and ever lively conceptions—the element of art."

Again it was the old story of the predominance of ideas over painting for its own sake, the predominance of the cold intelligence over the warm emotions from which real art must spring. And again it was the story of a borrowed influence thrust upon a time in which it had no point. The reflection of the great figures of Michelangelo became mere poses under Cornelius' hand, his colors became mere tints, and his composition became so formulated that it, too, was hollow. It was as though the reflection of the great master's work had been "cast into a faulty glass so that all of its features became distorted, meaningless, and insipidly theatrical." Again it was glorified illustration, the child of erudition and a past age rather than an original response to a new day.

Such was the tradition handed down by Cornelius, who became the head of the academy in Munich. Fresco painting became the whole of art to him, while genre and landscape painting, which were far more akin to his time than his own pretentious schemes, were not admitted to the



THE BATTLE IN THE DESERT.—SCHREYER

school. Yet fresco painting was still imperfect and Cornelius was not a master of draftsmanship, nor did he teach drawing from a model. He taught, "Read the great poets: Homer, Shakespeare, Goethe; do not forget to include the Bible. The brush has become the ruin of our art. It has led from Nature to Mannerism." Instead, his entire school became enmeshed in that very Mannerism he condemned and entirely divorced itself from Nature. It became an iridescent but very frail bubble. Yet we cannot help admire Cornelius for his absolute devotion to his principles and his sincerity of purpose, even though they blinded him to reality.

Following Cornelius was an artist who had no such sound understanding of the real basis of painting, nor did he have the same lofty ideals to which the older man had clung. Wilhelm Kaulbach* found that the most interesting of the Biblical and allegorical material had been used by Cornelius, so turned to more earthly subjects, trying to gain greater reality. His pictures appealed at once to the popular fancy, for they were filled with theatrical horrors or sentiment and all based on actual incidents from history. His *Battle of the Huns, Destruction of Jerusalem, Naval Battle at Salamis* with its horror of the sinking harem, and the *Rise of Greece* are typical of the huge works which made him famed as a battle painter. They were thought to be profound and philosophical interpretations of history, but they were mere compositions constructed by formula with somewhat crude color added, and each showed Romanticism in the extreme. Along with his painting, Kaulbach issued a printed announcement on which appeared his description of the meaning of the picture, the historical background from which it had sprung and the philosophical conclusions to be drawn from it. Again we find only inflated illustration.

Curiously enough, the work of all these men was so real in tone values and so precisely drawn in outlines that it has become excellent food for the photopress and their pictures seem to us today chiefly valuable as accompaniment to literature. That is the trouble with the whole Romantic period. The majority of the paintings are not sufficiently texted in themselves. They need literary accompaniment. No art can stand by itself if it depends in any way upon another to justify it. Hence any painting which requires a literary caption is hardly to be considered a free work of art. Yet Kaulbach was the greatest of the battle painters of his day. He gloried in animals in action; in men with spears in violent conflict. He had a magnificent sweep and his design is much better than his finished product. He was not a colorist, neither can we feel that he used the most eloquent means to gain his end, an end far less worthy than that of Cornelius.

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*See page 37.

Contemporary with this group at Munich, a school of painting was being established at Düsseldorf, a school which turned from the enormous, almost colorless drawings of Munich to direct painting of landscape and of genre subjects. This school, too, had its fountain head in the Nazarene movement, for its first director was Wilhelm Schadow, a member of the group in Rome. Upon his arrival in Düsseldorf in 1826 he brought qualities which were to make him a splendid teacher. He had been the only one of the Nazarenes who had made any contact with the French painting of his time, for the others had counted it too worldly by far. He had realized that in France the break from Classicism had not meant a turning from old methods so that the craftsmanship of French painting was retained during this revolutionary period. From his father he had inherited an aptitude for technique which furnished an excellent ground for academic teaching, and realizing his value as a professor, a flock of young men followed him to Düsseldorf and worked under him with a splendid enthusiasm. Koehler, Hübner, Hildebrandt, Lessing, Mücke and Sohn are names which mean little to us now, but as they appropriated the skill of Schadow as well as the Romantic subjects of their time, their work became immediately successful and occupied the center of interest in the Berlin salons.

Düsseldorf, with its idyllic location and its aloofness from the modern whirl of changing life, was ideally suited to be the heart of this gentle side of the Romantic movement, the phase that came of a return to the contemplation of peaceful German life after the cessation of the struggles against Napoleon and then for a united nation. Even more peaceful and secluded was the artistic colony itself, taking no part in outside activities, having no interest in politics, turning only to literature, to music, and always to painting for their enjoyment. Although they were not concerned with gigantic frescoes nor with architectural tableau backgrounds, they had one point in common with the Munich group in their constant use of literature for their material. Hildebrandt chose his subjects from Shakespeare's plays or from Goethe, Stilke chose his from Scott's novels of the Crusades, Steinbrück took his from the old German fairy tales and the poets of his day, and Sohn took most of his themes from Goethe. But unlike Cornelius and the Nazarenes, they did not bother greatly with historical details. They did not endeavor to establish the costumes in the exact period from which the story issued, but were content to establish a semblance of the time, within a century or two, preferring to keep the effect distinctly poetic regardless of fact.

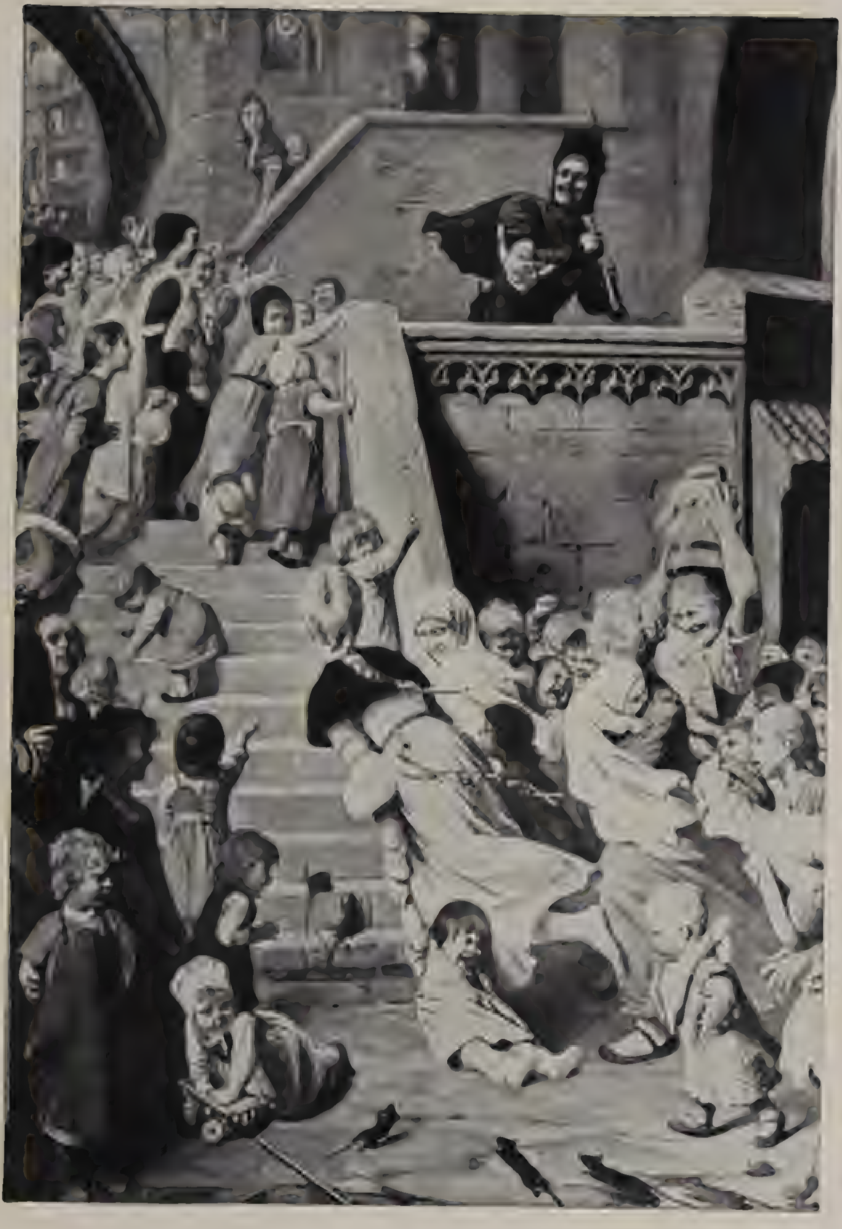
This distinctly poetic interest replaced the stern intellectuality of the Nazarenes and the Munich school and made for a gentler and more personal art. But it, too, was theatrical, partly because the artists were in constant attendance at the plays produced in Düsseldorf and some of them even had a hand in their staging. It is no wonder that they saw the world through the eyes of the theater and gave to their paintings the effect of arrested action in a play. And through it all the note of pathos is struck almost monotonously, ranging from real suffering and tragedy to a few sentimental tears over a romantic letter. Everywhere, too, was the interest in the medieval, the period adored by the Nazarenes, but with this group the chivalric life, the life of the knights and ladies, the hunters and falcons, in turreted castle or deep wood, was the theme. They turned somewhat to the landscape about them, but more to the legendary figures who were thought to people it.

And as in their search into poetry they chose only the sentimental, pathetic chapters, in their representations they chose to use only idealized figures with delicate beauty of line but with no ruggedness of reality. Yet in their turning away from fresco painting, which was so unnatural to the Germanic people, and taking up again the use of oils, they made a definite step forward and did much to re-establish the traditions of craftsmanship which had been forfeited for so long. This old Düsseldorf school laid a technical foundation which was to be of real value through the century, when this poetic period of 1830 had given way before a more normal Romanticism.

In the wake of this movement two of the most interesting persons of the first half of the century appeared and contributed more of national character, it is felt, than had any of their immediate predecessors. And strangely enough, the representative of the Munich school swung most into the line of the Düsseldorf heritage while the painter from Düsseldorf was more akin to the Munich tradition. The Munich master was Moritz von Schwind, that painter of the fanciful, elfish spirit who, having been born in Austria, has been described earlier in the chapter. The other was Alfred Rethel (1816-1859). In reality he shows us the combination of both tendencies, for his early training in Düsseldorf was supplemented by work in Frankfort under Veit, who, as a Nazarene, trained him in fresco painting. His aptitude for this technique and for monumental design placed him in demand at once.

He decorated the imperial hall, the Römer, with figures of famous men in a manner which Cornelius must have commended, and about the same time executed a series of designs illustrating Old Testament history. Then when only twenty-four he won a commission to paint the frescoes in the Kaisersaal at Aix-la-Chapelle, his native town, with illustrations of the deeds of Charlemagne. Here he asserted his individuality, becoming at once a figure quite apart from the Düsseldorf, the Nazarene, and the Munich traditions.

It is true that like the preceding art his paintings were illustrations, but unlike the others he was able to throw off the foreign influences, to return to something truly Germanic, and to make his compositions stand on their own merits rather than depend upon literary captions. They make their own statements, in a complete and sound way,



The Pied Piper of Hamelin.—Kaulbach

with a vigor that is worthy of the great Charlemagne whom they portray. Something of his sternness, his hardihood, and his valor stands out, and his venturesome spirit is reflected in the work of this youth who turned from Italy and France, from the theatrical and the sentimental, to set forth this ancestor of the German imperial dynasties in a truly national note. The care of detail without undue accentuation, the decorative arrangement of darks and lights, and the genuine attitudes of the figures, free from pose, which characterize the work of Dürer, are the chief elements out of the past which Rethel chose to make his own. His work becomes even more direct in the series on Hannibal's passage over the Alps, and takes on a Titanic quality. The ruggedness of the steep cliffs, the intense cold of the mountain passes, the barrenness of the rocks—all are felt intensely without the supplement of words, while the human suffering and weariness is strikingly vivid. In this group there is just a hint of the morbidity which was to become more apparent in his later work where its fantastic treatment suggests the weirdness that was to end in Rethel's madness.

Before insanity came upon him, he excuted a series of wood engravings, in the true German tradition, of *The Dance of Death*, echoing the national fascination with the spectral which had shown itself before in Dürer's *Knight, Death, and the Devil.* Death "rides as the town-executioner, a cigar between his lips, his scythe in his hand. He sits shambling in the saddle, his smock and tall boots dangle on his bony figure. Dressed like a charlatan, he incites the people before the tavern against the rulers, that he may earn his harvest at the barricade. He himself stands firm and proud, like a general on the field of battle, the flag in his hand, and the bullets of the soldiers whistling harmlessly through his bony ribs. But the artisans who follow him are not invulnerable as he is; the grape-shot sweeps them down off the barricade. The contest is over; triumphant, with a wreath of bay round his skull, mocking venom in his glance, Death rides with his banner unfurled across the barricade, where the dying writhe in their gaunt death-struggle, and the children bewail their fallen fathers."

Another picture in the series shows *Death as the Assassin,* a ghastly figure fiddling with two long bones while merrymakers flee from the Paris festival which has been invaded by Cholera, who sits silent and gaunt, overlooking the stricken who are left behind. The last of the series shows *Death, the Friend of Man* standing in the belfry where the old sexton has slipped into a peaceful rest as the sun goes down on his virtuous life,—Death himself tolling the knell of the old man, pulling at the rope with a humble gesture as his face is almost hidden in his cowl. These portrayals of the supernatural in the midst of life reflect the love of the eerie and the grotesque that has been seen throughout German art and strengthen Rethel's position as one of the most national painters of the century.

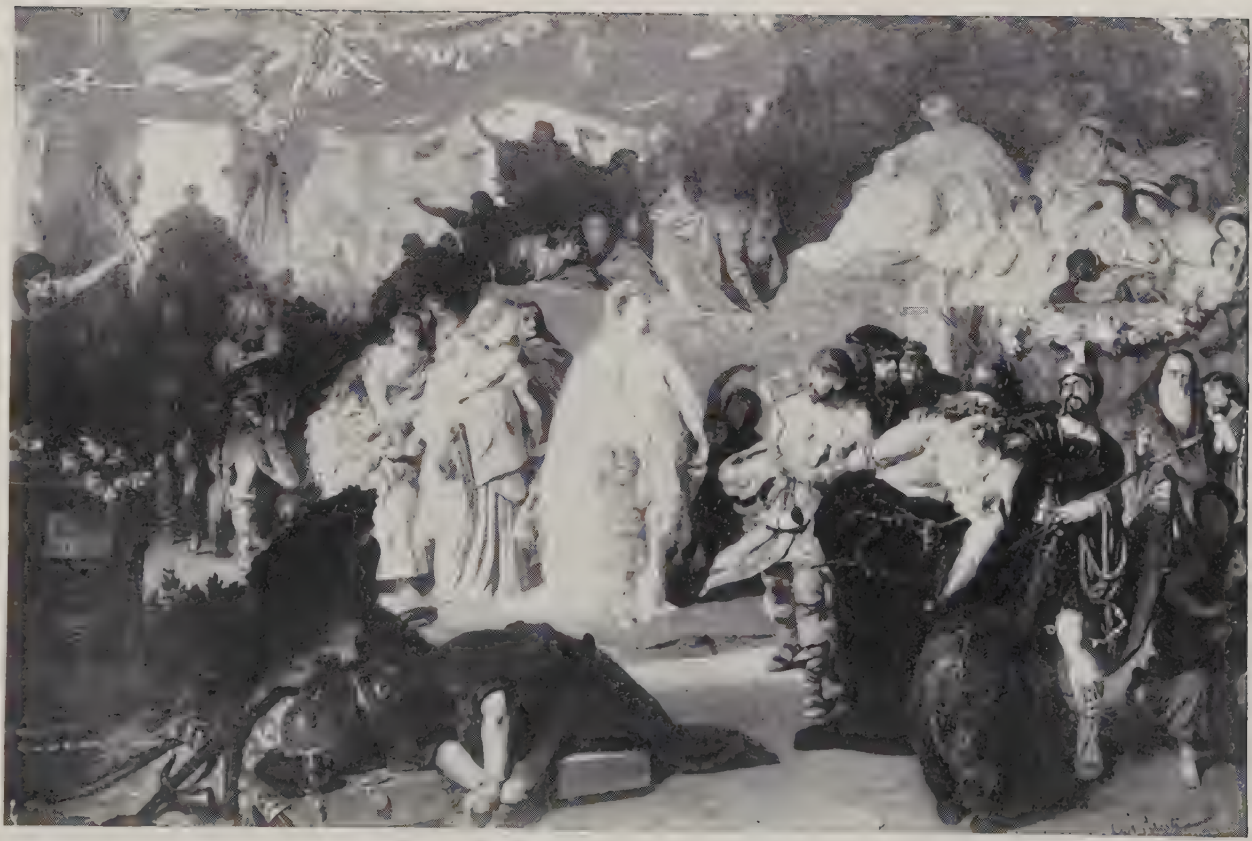
The delightful Romanticism of Rethel and Schwind was followed by a new Realism headed by Adolf Menzel in the realm of figure painting and by Andreas Achenbach (1815-1910) in the field of landscape. Achenbach is one of the few names that stand out among the landscapists of his country, for the story of nineteenth century landscape painting in Germany is not as brilliant as the development in France. At the beginning of the century, this art was considered unimportant in itself, for the Classicists had used it merely as background for the statuesque figures of gods and goddesses. Trees, sky, and plains were considered only as settings for Grecian temples, and said trees, sky, and plain were conventional in style and arranged according to certain rules of composition,—purely synthetic landscapes. The Frenchmen, Poussin and Claude, were held as the models, and rearrangements of the elements of their paintings were the only attempts at landscape in the days of Koch and Rottmann. A pupil of Koch, Friedrich Preller (1798-1850), followed this stylized method in several series of illustrations of the " Odyssey," but his work had more power than that of his predecessors because he added to this classical ideal a thorough study of nature which relieved the artificiality of his pictures.

With the incoming tide of Romanticism, the Grecian temples and the nymphs and satyrs or legendary heroes of antiquity gave way to ruined medieval castles and the figures of knights and ladies or strolling friars. But at first even these were placed in the accepted stylized Italian landscape. But as the figures were so often taken from Scott's novels or tales of Germany's past, the wild ruggedness of scene portrayed in the literature had to be emulated in the paintings, and the calm, peaceful, sweeping lines of the ideal, heroic landscapes were replaced by sharp rocks, crippled trees, and treacherous glens. A new type of background was created for these figures, made the more sentimental by the addition of lowering clouds, wind-blown hillsides, lightning flashes, or blond sunsets and dainty rainbows. And then, with Carl Friedrich Lessing, came the discovery that just such wild landscapes, the necessary material for the Romantic paintings, were to be found in actuality in Germany. The Italian landscape, even in its newer distorted form, gave way entirely now, and the Eifel district with its desolate swampy tracts, its thick forests with twisted trees, and its stern cliffs overlooking delightful valleys offered itself. To Lessing, who first used this material as poetic background for the Romantic tales, a new insight into its singular merits for its own sake became a sudden fascination, and being freed of the "lyrical accessories" his paintings became more and more profound interpretations of nature herself. At the same time, Lessing freed himself from the mannerisms of the tradition with which he had broken, and with nature as his real inspiration he worked for new ways of reaching an expression, building up a sound technique such as had been quite lost from German landscape art. One of his contemporaries, Karl Blechen, followed Lessing in his direct study of the reality of landscape, but always sought out the moods which were most melancholy or most restless. New phases were always of interest to him and in his rather wild Romantic spirit he even departed from the peace of the woodlands to turn to the effects of man on the earth, giving us one painting in an entirely new vein—the iron works of Eberswald, whose ugly chimneys shot up against a bright western sky—a long departure from the traditional and formalized Italian landscapes of the generation just past.

This new interest in the rugged actuality of landscape brought a congeniality with Denmark and Norway. German painters went north to record the harsh rocks of the fjords and the gnarled forests. Norwegian artists came to Munich and Düsseldorf to perfect their technique and brought with them a sincerity and an understanding of reality that was a valuable addition to German knowledge. The Dutch masters of the seventeenth century, Ruysdael and Everdingen, became the source of study instead of the idealistic Claude and Poussin. The whole trend was northern. But during all this time, composition remained poetic and formal, and the idea of fitting the elements of nature into a preconceived arrangement persisted.

With Gurlitt, a quiet, obscure but stimulating painter, came the first study which had been made entirely from nature, a painting which had not been composed but recorded the arrangement which had existed in nature. Gurlitt followed the custom of study in Düsseldorf and of painting trips to Norway and Denmark, but he kept his individuality, even holding himself independent of the Dutch masters who were emulated by his contemporaries. He threw off style completely, and worked with a new honesty, a healthy vigor.

It was Gurlitt who stimulated Achenbach and helped him stand free of the coils of tradition. Keenly intelligent, he seized upon the elements shown him by Gurlitt and also gathered in whatever he found in the work of other painters which could strengthen his work. He accepted nothing which was passed out as good simply because it breathed of the past or because it contributed to the style of his contemporaries. He selected carefully and then painted with skill. His power of selection was called into play in the choice of his subjects too, for he adhered to nature and yet achieved the pictorial—paintings which gave us actuality but which lacked nothing in composition. He painted the Black Forest and the Harz Mountains in the grand style and recorded the North Sea and its coasts with a realism which was unmatched in his country. His landscapes are veritable panoramas, however, and almost tire one out with their multiple interests. Moreover, he



Thusnelda in the Triumphal Procession of Germanicus.—Piloty never caught the profound spirit of nature herself, as the French painters did. But he gave German painting a fresh observation of the truth of nature and stands as the greatest figure in his period in Germany's school of landscape.

The research which led to the greatness of Achenbach, however, was turned into the factor which undermined all landscape art in Germany. The painting trips which carried her artists to Norway and Denmark were followed by trips to farther points with the same idea, that of seeing and recording new and varied scenes. With the new scientific age and the increased facility of travel, her painters returned to Italy, spread to Egypt and Arabia, to Africa and America. They painted anything that was new to the German people with a productivity which forced their art to deteriorate, in the main, to the realm of the picture postcard. They sought out famous places and recorded them to satisfy the curiosity of those at home and as mementoes for the traveler. True, they enlarged the province of the subject matter and made the Germans more and more free from the formal Italian landscape, but the subject became all important, the painting secondary, and landscape art in Germany filtered out into nothing, at the very time that it was reaching its full flower in France.

Contemporary with Achenbach was a very big man of the period, Adolph Schreyer,* who lived until near the close of the century. He is as well known in France, England, Italy, Spain and America as he is at home, and he was so long associated with the French schools through his teaching in a Paris academy that he is sometimes placed in the French category. He was more closely associated with the French interests of his time than with the German, and followed the French masters in their new, restless vigor and in their love of the brilliant color and bizarre life of North Africa. Schreyer is chiefly known as a painter of horses, but he generally gave them oriental trappings, as did his confreres in Paris, and placed Arabian riders upon their backs. He was fascinated with Bedouin subjects, and he stands as a prominent figure in the ranks of the "Orientalists." But he painted also the bitter winters of

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Russia and the sandstorms of the Sahara, always with troops of fleeing cavalry. Warfare upon horseback delighted him, and it is a question whether he painted the horses or their resplendent riders with more grace. Schreyer was a magnificent colorist and had a sweeping brush stroke, and while his pictures are literal and photographic, they have high art value for the Romantic era, through their suggestion and imagination.

Another colorist who learned a mastery of technique in Paris was Ludwig Knaus.* Unlike Schreyer, he spent only eight years in France, having achieved competence and individuality before going up to the great academies to polish off his natural facility. Düsseldorf had given him an interest in the genre which was just then becoming important in Germany, but Knaus was not satisfied with the rather sentimental handling of the portrayal of peasant life which he saw around him. He looked back at the little masters of Holland who had painted the genre with such a wealth of feeling and genuine understanding without even a glimmer of sentimentality. But he fell short of his ideal, for while Teniers and Ostade had painted their figures in absolute naturalness, as though the artist were sharing the fun or the pathos of the group, unobserved or else warmly participating, Knaus was unable to be more than a spectator.

He was always an outsider, a mere observer, inclined to point out too sharply the humor or the sadness until it seemed almost theatrical. He failed to let the really telling notes of a character or a situation speak for themselves and speak truthfully, for he over-emphasized so that they were shouted about and became a bit ridiculous. His straining of the natural interests is evident in his painting of a few characters from a small circus at a moment *Behind the Scenes.* The negro who comes to give one of the players his cue seems splendidly natural, but the little girl who plays with one of the trained dogs is almost too pretty and sweet to be convincing, as though Knaus were trying to say that even in the circus there exists beautiful childhood, unspoiled. The ballet dancer covers her shoulders with a shawl too coyly as the gentleman in cloak and stiff hat leans over the chest to chat with her. And the clown, in all his make-up, looks straight forward out of the picture as if to ask "Who is bothering us now?" while he holds a baby on his knees and feeds him from a bottle. The whole thing is grouped very naturally, but that naturalness seems studied and the figures seem fixed in their poses—immovable except for the negro.

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*See page 19.

But his individual characters are well studied, his coloring is always delightful, and there is a sincerity and sturdiness in his paintings that is above that of his contemporaries in Germany. He was thoroughly capable, and in his own time pleased not only the "Sunday public" with his slightly sentimental subjects, but pleased the really appreciative with his arrangement and his coloring and was the envy of the artists because of his craftsmanship. Today, too, he holds a distinct place, for he brought worth to narrative painting through his spirited enthusiasm and his splendid handling of both subjects and technique. He had a photographic eye and a great *flair* for costume as well as character, but his pictures never reached a Holbein importance although like those of Holbein they give a splendid record of the people of Germany of his day. He painted old people, especially, with a fine understanding, and his picture *The Golden Wedding* stands not only as his masterpiece but as one of the great paintings of the period, beautiful in arrangement and in tone, and with an appreciation of the genuine mood of the event which far surpassed his usual attitude of a mere observer.

With the same *flair* for narrative painting, Gabriel Max was the most sentimental of them all. He did not depend on his own people as material for his painting, but surrendered that chance for healthy observation and wholesome reflection of the life about him for the more historical type of subject. He was a follower of Piloty in technique and in interest, illustrating the themes of the martyrdom of Christians in Rome and of near-hysteria of religious fanaticism. Always, in his pictures, sentimentality was stretched almost to the breaking point. When he made his picture entirely symbolic, as in *Spirit's Greeting,* he was a success, but some of his others, *Daniel in the*

Lion's Den and *The Blind Nydia of Pompeii,* become absolutely silly. In his painting of *Light,* a young blind girl is seated on a bench in the catacombs of Rome, holding out a lamp to give to a Christian who is entering for worship. A group of lighted lamps is at her side so that she may furnish all those who come to find their way along the gloomy passages. Her robes are long and cumbering, as though she were never to walk, and lying across them, at her feet, are long branches of palm leaves. The whole painting has the feeling of death-like silence and infinite gloom while the face of the girl is simperingly sweet. The contrast is typical of Max, and we feel that he probably gloated over his striking and almost revoltingly sentimental idea of the blind girl as the giver of light. He was an extremist, surely.

Of almost the same age but directly opposed to Gabriel Max in temperament is Max Liebermann,* who studied in France with the Barbizon painters and brought back to Germany an expression of his own love of the soil which connected him in spirit with Millet and Israels. He painted genre subjects, as had Ludwig Knaus, but he never dragged in sentimentality nor worked for theatrical effects. He wrote, "I do not seek for what is called the pictorial, but I would grasp nature in her simplicity and grandeur—the simplest thing and the hardest." And he achieved that aim. When he returned to Germany from France, his paintings were discredited as portraying only the ugly, the unlovely. But later he was recognized as having brought to Germany a new idea of truth in art and of strength in painting. He was always in fullest possible accord with his subject—not having a touch of the patronizing air which sometimes tainted the work of Knaus. Some of his titles, *Women Plucking Geese, Women Preserving Vegetables, The Laborers in the Turnip Field,* and *An Asylum for Old Men,* show his special field. His *Flaxbarn* is characteristic. In each of these there is an earnestness and zeal that carries real weight, and always there is so thorough an understanding of the people he is portraying that we almost feel that the artist has had a

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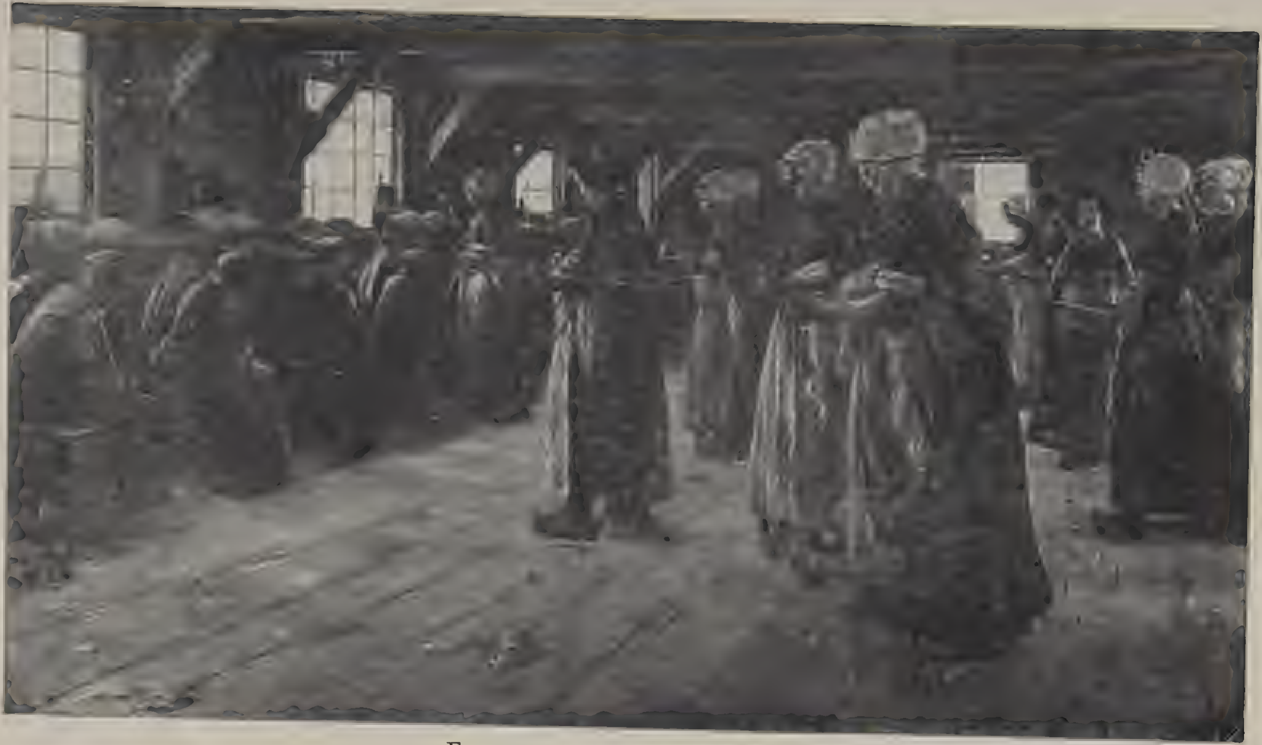
*See page 47.



FLAXBARN AT LAREN.—LIEBERMANN

share in their work and has known them personally. His figures are never models posing but always humans busy with their tasks or their thoughts, unaware of observation. His color is beautiful and he paints with a broad, free brush the country scenes of Saxony and Bavaria and even Holland. Action permeates his canvases without destroying their balance or causing them to explode. A number of his finest pictures have found their way into the permanent collections of American art museums.

The most important man of the whole century was Adolf Menzel,* who stood quite alone in his art. He was born in 1815 and was painting when Cornelius was at his height, but at that time he was occupied entirely with painting events in the life and glorifying the accomplishment of Frederick the Great. Like the Munich painters, he was painting the historical, but unlike them, he was so acquainted with the period he was reflecting and so free from the sentimentality and allegory that his work stands with a sincerity and reality that they could not approach. When events turned with the death of Frederick William IV, when Menzel was forty, and he was no longer busy with the past, Menzel turned to making history of the present. He painted *The Coronation of King Wilhelm at Königsberg* and *King Wilhelm Setting Out to Join the Army* with remarkable brilliance and assurance. He caught all the dazzling quality of the court life. Some claim him to be the inventor of Impressionism, that is, broken color placed in small spots to give the sense of vibration. Certainly he caught the spirit of light as no other painter had. He painted the glare of footlights upon the figures of actors. He gave us resplendent pictures of the famous concerts at Sans Souci, those concerts presided over by the King. Hundreds of candle lights in the crystal chandeliers, their reflections in numberless mirrors, the festive costumes of the mid-century, the brilliancy of the whole salon done by a master painter. The glory of church processions and services called out his powers too, and he has recorded all the pageantry of both church and lay figures against the rich background of the gleaming architecture in a flood of light and color. Later he went into the bourgeois crowds at resorts and restaurants, Sunday promenades and railway stations, catching the flicker of light on countless heads and the movement of swaying bodies in a way that preserved the feeling of constant action. His love of light even took him into the great factories where he could paint the flare of furnaces, the rolling steam from the vats, or the glow of melted iron as it was being poured.

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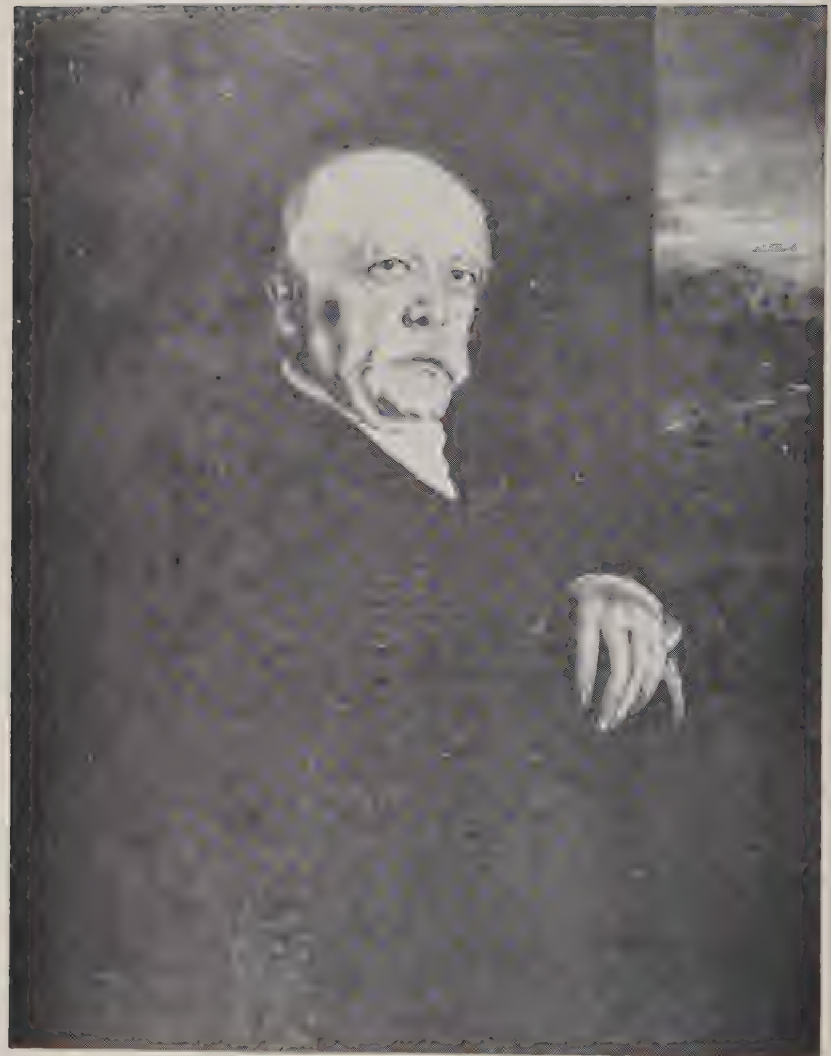
*See page 24.

Yes, there are not many names in the whole of nineteenth century Europe which will ring louder or longer. Menzel was ahead of his time and he had no contemporaries in Germany who equalled him, or who even shared his spirit. He was able to make his inspiration rise above his technique and he never produced pictures which resembled cold photography. There is always a fine fire about his art, and, strange to say, it was practically in miniature. Seldom did he do a figure larger than one's little finger, and he must have painted ten thousand exquisite little figures in resplendent costumes during his life. France realized his power in the height of his career, and Germany recognized him with enthusiasm, even though his realism was out of sympathy with the Romanticism that held Germany fast. Without being really understood and appreciated by his own nation in his own time, he was held as a Titan worthy of great honor, and his works have been retained largely in Germany. The best place to study Menzel is at Sans Souci, Potsdam, and in the New Gallery, Berlin.

During the seventies, there was a great revival of oil painting in Germany. To be sure, Menzel and many of the others had been working in this medium, but not with the same attitude of research into the craft which came with this decade. A new enthusiasm for the old German Renaissance had come about—an enthusiasm for Holbein and Dürer and for the little masters which brought with it a keen examination of their methods and a definite imitation of their style. Portraits were painted of ladies in the Renaissance costumes in emulation, particularly, of Holbein. Interiors, with groups of people around a table lighted by a golden shaft from an upper window, were



BISMARCK.—LENBACH

another exercise. Like other periods in the century, these years were full of mimicry, with no original contributions, and no names which stand out with power. But now the mimicry was not of the superficial pictorial qualities, not of the allegorical sentiments of a bygone day, not of worn out classical themes, but rather of the methods of expression through paint. It was a return to a spirit of apprenticeship. In the days of Cornelius, the painters were thought to be superior to serious drill, and their idea to make craftsmanship not only unnecessary but actually belittling. And German painting had never quite recovered the respect due the achievement of really beautiful color and texture and qualities of light. And while this decade gave us nothing of novelty, nothing of contemporary feeling, nothing but imitation, its rigorous training restored to German art the love of craftsmanship which was inherent in the old German nature and which was absolutely needed for a sound basis for a new and native German art.

This rigid schooling in the ways of the old masters furnished the painters with a fine equipment with which to travel a new road, whatever they might choose. It led immediately into the way of realism and with a vigorous mastery of touch the Germans could recreate with astounding accuracy; whatever they chose in nature took on a new life under their brushes. They sought to express the truth which they observed in nature, regardless of sermons or stories which might be woven into the picture and which had been the sole aim of many of the past painters. Here was a new frankness of the brush which had nothing to do with words.

Many a painter passed through the drill under the old masters' guidance, then through the strenuous realism, to a phase more individual and personally characteristic. Among the great array of names preceding the World War in Germany and in this vein, one must place high that of Franz von Lenbach* of Munich. But the public does not think of him as sharing these years of discipline and realism in the national movement of art, but only as a master painter of portraits. He almost became one of the world's foremost portrait painters, but through some strange, unaccountable shortcoming, his interesting and characterful paintings will doubtless remain in the category of the near great. He painted many of the illustrious persons of his time, chiefly those in court and professional circles, and had as his chief subject the Iron Chancellor Bismarck. Actors, singers, statesmen and courtiers from all countries sat to his brush. His success was material as well as esthetic, and his studio home around its garden court in Munich became the center of many a brilliant affair in the late nineties and the first decade of the twentieth century. Today that house has become one of Bavaria's most charming museums. It remains furnished in the exquisite taste of Herr and Frau von Lenbach, and the walls throughout the many rooms are used for the display of his own painting and the tapestries and decorations that he acquired. The house and the paintings within it bear witness to the personality of Lenbach—a personality that was virile enough to impress his own ideas and taste upon a society that was unused to such directness, such ruggedness, and such truth. Only a few painters had really left behind the love of marshmallow colorings, of doll faces, and of insipid narrative which had held sway with theatrical gesture in the greater part of the century.

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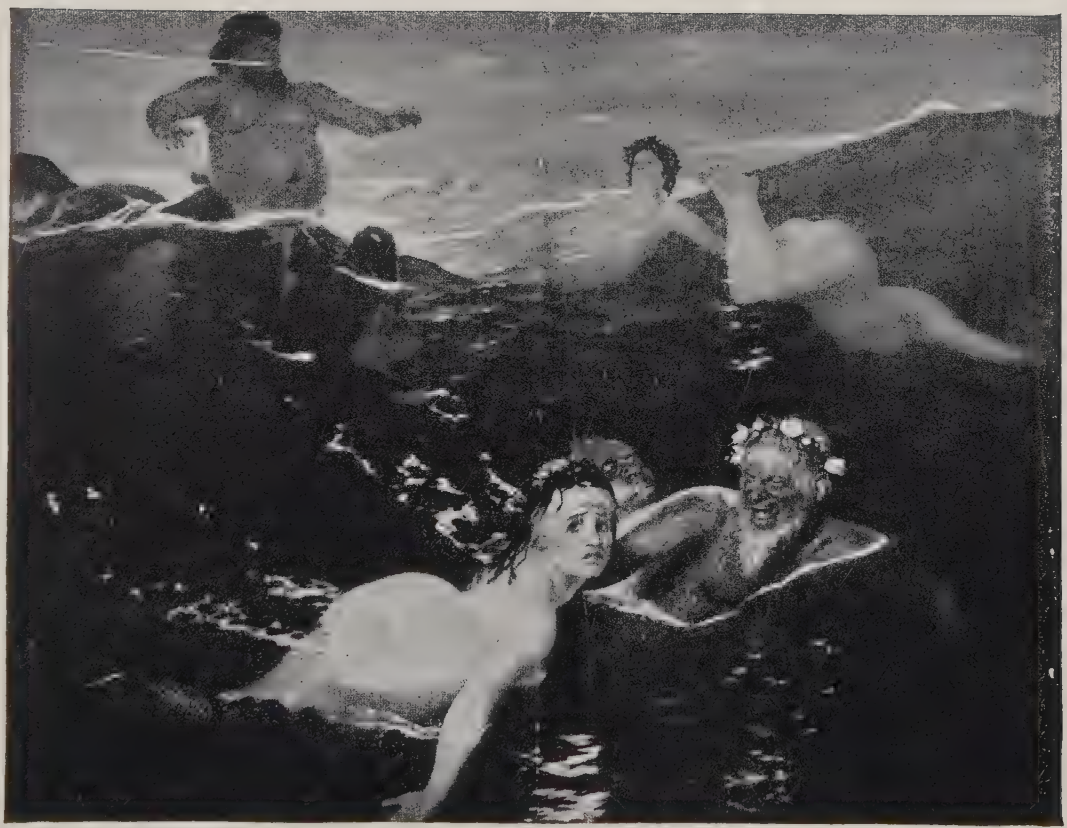
*See page 50.

Lenbach offered, in their place, strong and ripe color with a mellowness he had learned from the masters. He gave them portraits that represented great men in their genuine qualities—not as so many predecessors had rendered them, giving them qualities which in the eyes of the painter would make the sitter look like the formula for a great man. Nor did he try to point out eccentricities which would cheapen or accessories which would label the man. He set forth the man in all truth and let him speak for himself. And he did not hesitate to speak, for Lenbach gave to each countenance so much of its personality that not for a moment do you doubt the very life of one of his portraits. And the one feature which carried that life, more than any other, was the eye. He painted it with a piercing quality. He gave it all the fire of the man and added a sustaining quality which makes his power felt vividly. The eyes received the most concentration of painting, as well as of interest, for Lenbach painted the rest of the face and head in broad, loose strokes, the costume in even sketchier sweeps and gave a simple, harmonious tone to the background. He was without *flair* for trifles. His code was one of simplicity. His high lights were cool and white in color and his shadows rich with deep browns and blacks. The light was usually focused on the head, and the interest, of course, was always concentrated on the eyes. He has given a wonderful record of the personalities of power in his day and has made them as vivid as a biographer could. Surely Lenbach stands as the greatest German portraitist of his century.

The sincerity and truth with which Lenbach painted the great persons of his time was used by Wilhelm Leibl in his representation of the German country folk. Unlike the genre painting of Kaulbach, his work was free from theatrical gesture and from any trace of episode which could make his paintings even the least bit narrative. His figures were never in action, never carrying out great or ridiculous plans, or preaching the sermon of the plow, or merry over a card game. He wanted to represent his characters in their most normal situations, without distractions. One old man sits on a bench, smoking his pipe below the vine-hung window of his cottage. Another reads his paper while two women of the household sit with folded arms in the background in a severely furnished room. A third painting shows us a young and happy couple chatting in a corner of a room, quite oblivious of any audience. Kaulbach would probably have engaged them in a little bashful handholding at which they might be caught, but Leibl refused to ''stage'' his characters. He put nothing more into a picture than would appear there normally—never overloading it. He never patronizes, he never sentimentalizes, and never satirizes. While he is not a great master, we thank him for being a very normal and sturdy painter.

Another painter who had a fine naturalism was Heinrich Zügel, who became an animal painter and had his first recognized display at the World's Columbian Exposition at Chicago in 1893. Zügel is a modernist in rendering



Play of the Waves.—Böcklin

light, at least, and painted high-keyed pictures of oxen, cows, sheep, geese and horses in large, panoramic landscapes. The animals are usually at close range, sometimes at the edges of pools of water or even circling around in them, and sometimes dragging a heavy plow through broad fields. There is always a splendid painting of the animals and a fine sparkle and rich massiveness to the scheme. Victor Weishaupt was another animal painter of Munich, who carries out his pictures with more intensity, more movement and ''splash'' than is indulged in by Zügel.

In 1869 a great exhibition of French painting was held in Munich, followed by another in 1879. Both of these had marked influence on the Germans, particularly in that they stimulated more and more individuality in place of the old scheme of traditional schools. At the close of the century there were many active painters, aside from those discussed in the last few pages. There was Fritz von Uhde, the religious painter who put Christ into the peasant homes of his own day. There was Hans Thoma, who engaged in idyllic fantasies, and Max Klinger, who set forth his individual philosophy through etching and painting. And there was Franz von Stuck, who seems to belong more to our twentieth century than to the past, with his rich color, his mysticism and his decorative way of expressing emotion.

Throughout this group, we find names of real importance even though they have not made the great contributions to the development of painting that have been made by their contemporaries in France.

Russian

Germany's influence in the matter of nineteenth century painting was second to that of France, but Russia and Poland as well as Sweden and Norway became largely echoes of the German schools. The country under German influence which was most successful in definitely expressing itself was Russia. But just as in the field of music, not until the German Academy had been completely absorbed and practiced did Russia truly find itself.

During the preceding century painters had been imported from France to serve the court of Russia, bringing with them the west European ideals to be grafted onto the semi-Asiatic spirit of the eastern empire. In consequence, the young artists who rose in Russia took over these ideals and went off to Italy and Munich and Paris to study, bringing back a scheme of art that was purely a reflection of what was going on in western Europe. A very few Russians tried to express something national, but they did not have the technique nor the taste of those who had gone abroad to learn, and found themselves too handicapped to make any impression. Nor were their works really deserving, for without craftsmanship and taste their results were crude and unseemly. The Classicism which swept over Europe came rushing into this eastern nation and stifled all nationalism or personality.

For one brief moment Russia had a chance at self-discovery. In the first quarter of the nineteenth century the young painter Venezianov struck out against the traditions of Poussin and Raphael and painted the Russian peasant. To us, today, this does not seem especially daring, for the peasant of Russia has taken on a romantic and picturesque glamour which is prized by all cosmopolitans. But this plunge into their ranks was taken before the freeing of the serfs, when the peasant was sold as a slave and led a tragic and miserable existence in dirt and poverty, and when the peasant costume was of rags instead of bright blouses and gay embroideries. Venezianov painted the misery of the peasant with earnest sincerity and may be considered the father of truly Russian painting. But his painting was somewhat too cold and heavy to gain immediate favor, and this one chance at a new nationalism was swept away by a sudden deluge.

Down in Rome, a Russian named Karl Brülov had painted a huge canvas of *The Fall of Pompeii* which swept Italy and all western Europe off its feet in his praise. When it was brought to Russia, where its fame had preceded it, the commendation soared upward almost to worship, for the canvas was a combination of the Classic and the Romantic, with great figures in theatrical poses making spectacular attempts to escape destruction. The vastness of size was mistaken for breadth of concept, and the vivid but insipid coloring was mistaken for richness. The whole thing was a pompous display of the extremes of "the grand manner" and it carried all of Russian art into its wake.

The "grand style" persisted although Alexander Ivanov, with tireless study of truth in nature, painted a series of religious pictures which showed a thorough disregard of anything false and sentimental. One man alone could not hold back a tide that had flooded all the continent. But a new force arose which awoke Russia to new possibilities in painting.

That force was the new understanding and portrayal of the gloom of Russian life expressed by the Russian writers, Gogol and Dostoievski and Tolstoy. When literature had turned to reveal the heart of Russia, painting turned also and, dropping the foreign Classicism, began to give the Russian spirit a hearing. For a while, the paintings were similar in material to those of Hogarth in England, for they were produced in brief series which would tell a tale of Russian life, a tale which usually held a moral well in its grasp. Right on their heels came one painter whose name stands out above his predecessors, partly because his protest took a single track and partly because of the breadth of his scope and his spirit.

He was Vasili Vereshchagin* (1842-1904), who served with the Russian army in the Russo-Turkish war, and as a newspaper illustrator began his propaganda against warfare. He came into great prominence as a battle painter, painting with astounding dynamics all of the monstrous

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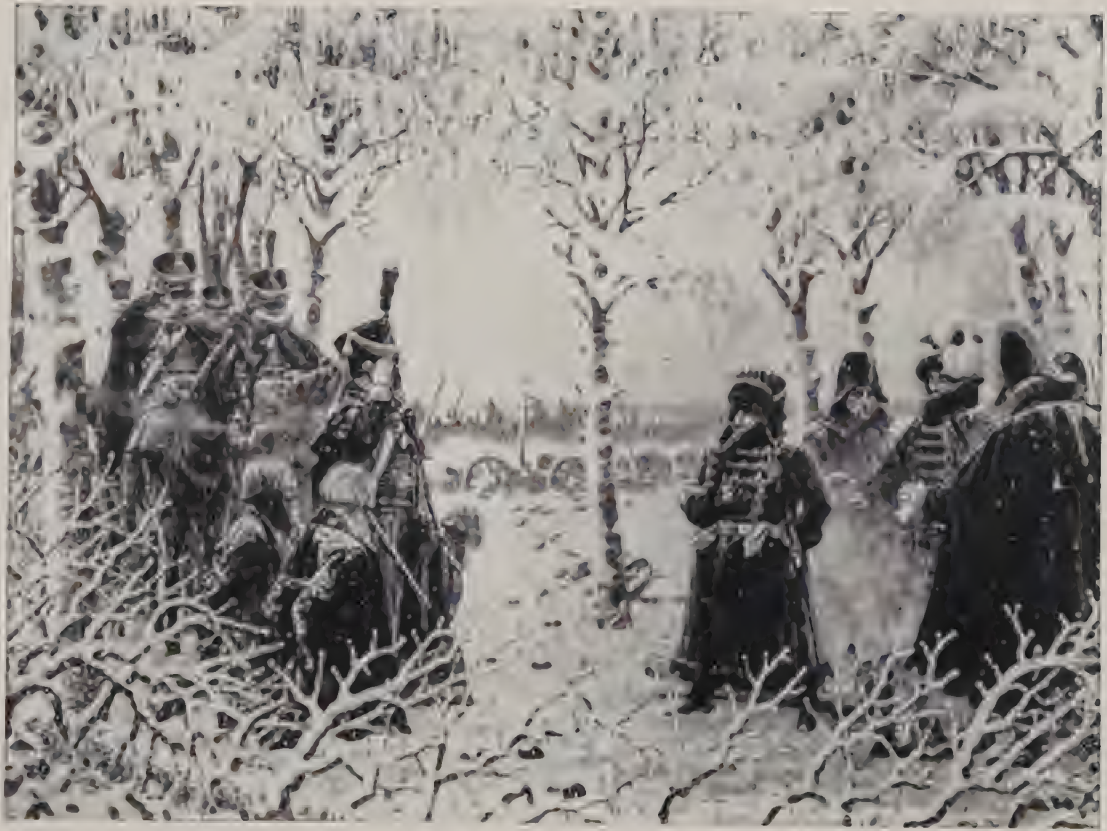
*See page 58.



Captured.—Vereshchagin

horrors of war. His pictures were shown in France and England and eventually taken to America, where the display of them in Boston, New York, Philadelphia and Chicago created a veritable art sensation. The pacifists urged the world to see them; the militarists gloried in their realism and drama. When they were displayed at the Art Institute of Chicago, thousands turned their attention to art for the first time. The growth and influence of this Art Institute really began with the Vereshchagin exhibition. As sensational as these paintings were, what has become of them? They have practically vanished from the art world. Nobody seems to know their whereabouts. In other words, their art value was small in comparison to their momentary propaganda.

But Russia's great individuality, so strongly felt now, first began to assert itself in 1870. A group of thirteen students of the academy in St. Petersburg rebelled against the rigidity of the faculty and left the school in revolt. This little group established "The Society for Wandering Exhibitions" which for years remained the center of Russian development in painting. Most of the thirteen are now forgotten men, but one of them stands high not only in his own country but as compared with his contemporaries abroad.

He is Ilya Répin. He retained a great deal of anecdote in his paintings, but rendered it with a splendid honesty and with no theatrical veneer. He was intensely interested in the Russian people and portrayed them with sympathy and genuine truth. One of his works, *The Return from Siberia,* shows his stark reality which at the same time has an impressionistic quality similar to the work of Manet in France. It shows a large and sunny but quite barren room of the middle or lower middle class. A servant stands rigidly in the doorway, forgetting to close the door and observing the scene as a gaunt, battered figure of a man, with staring eyes, moves slowly into the room as if in a trance. In the foreground, an old lady rises from her chair amazed and almost uncomprehending. Beyond her, two children look up from their lessons, one with excitement, the other with fear and animosity. Back in a corner, another figure turns from the piano, stunned, too, but radiant. The whole thing is so vivid, so complete in its story and yet so free from gesture, that it marks a long step in the history of Russian painting. In other paintings, Ilya Répin told in magnificent tableaus the life of the Cossacks and the Russian court. His portraits are another phase of his splendid contribution, for each one is well handled and always reveals the sitter in full character. Those of Tolstoy are particularly interesting.

With the break from Classicism and the turning toward Russian material, Russian painting threw off a tremendous weight which would have kept her buried in the past and struggling under a dark blight. In her release, some of her men turned back to the Byzantine heritage which had formed her art up to the seventeenth century. Others kept up the painting of protests against existing conditions. Still others, freeing themselves from that battle, turned to the peace of nature through landscape painting. But in all her phases, Russian art had taken on, at the close of the century, a genuine national spirit which was to be exemplified in many varieties later.

The Polish painters were either so definitely German or Russian that only one name need concern us much, Jan Matejko, who said something of Polish life. He was intrigued with the native character of his own people and while his technique was not individual or masterful, his pictures should be of interest for a few generations at least.

Now we have scanned briefly the nineteenth century production in painting of eastern Europe. We shall take one step to the west and find there the growth of the Rhineland influence in romantic Belgium, Holland and Scandinavia.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

T*HE Pied Piper of Hamelin* by Kaulbach is a highly characteristic example of the romantic story-telling painting. Every note of the picture has equal interest; nothing is missed. Notice the blonde braid, the crying baby. This picture has life qualities, but not art qualities. Page 37.

Madonna by Defregger has sentimental art qualities but not life qualities. It is extravagant in its sentimentality and overdone in costuming. It is pretty without being beautiful. Page 10.

Bismarck by Lenbach. What a magnificent character interpretation! But is the placing of the hand entirely successful? Page 50.

The Forester at Home by Knaus. A stage tableau, every detail worked out minutely, posed and arranged as if behind footlights. It is too photographic. Page 19.

Flute Concert of Frederick the Great at Sans Souci by Menzel, one of the first thoroughly great paintings of romantic Germany, not at all photographic but teeming with life and light, beautifully balanced and full of charm. Page 24.

Christ and the Rich Ruler by Hofmann, a theatrical tableau in rich colors and tones but neither strong nor truthful in characterization or historical accuracy. Page 29.

The Battle in the Desert by Schreyer, a magnificent composition of moving lights and shadows in both action and spacing, a most spirited composition. Page 32.

Flaxbarn at Laren by Liebermann. Humble toil in Scandinavia told with fine dignity, solid drawing, and excellent composition. Page 47.

Thusnelda in the Triumphal Procession of Germanicus by Piloty, the grand air and the aristocratic viewpoint of Vienna, a historical picture told with all the theatrical elegance that only Vienna or Bavaria could have done in the early nineteenth century. Page 42.

The Wrestler's Challenge by Munkácsy, simple in genre, rich in detail but all accessories secondary to the principal areas of light and dark, a richer expression of painting than any we have so far studied. Hungary's greatest master of the century. Page 14.

Captured by Vereshchagin, the frost patterns of winter making lovely tracery over the tragedy of the battle scene. But is not the picture divided too obviously into left, middle and right? The most important illustrator of late nineteenth century Russia. Note how much more sincerely dramatic this picture is than many others we have already studied. Page 58.

Play of the Waves by Böcklin. A delightfully humorous composition by a great Swiss painter who occasionally also painted serious subjects. This picture is glorious in its green and blue color, very richly painted and most delightfully drawn. Böcklin doubtless thought of it as a symbol of some real people that he knew. Page 54.

The Eve of Her Wedding by Mancini. An emotional thoughtful composition by a great Italian painter. The placing of the head far to one side and the empty spaces throughout the canvas are perfectly managed to convey the story of the picture. Page 7.

Springtime and Love by Michetti. Another Italian picture but this one is care free and joyous as the Mancini is quiet and thoughtful. This painting has no dark colors. It is the first of our high-keyed pictures. In Michetti somber shadows seem to vanish. This canvas, because of its wide stretch of horizon, is known as a panorama composition. Page 17.

These fourteen pictures are expressive of the foremost tendencies of Romantic painting in eastern Europe from Italy to Russia during the nineteenth century. Most of them are tableaus of a very theatrical nature, done with photographic accuracy. Most of the tendencies herewith expressed have been entirely done away with in more western painting and in practically all European and American art of the twentieth century.

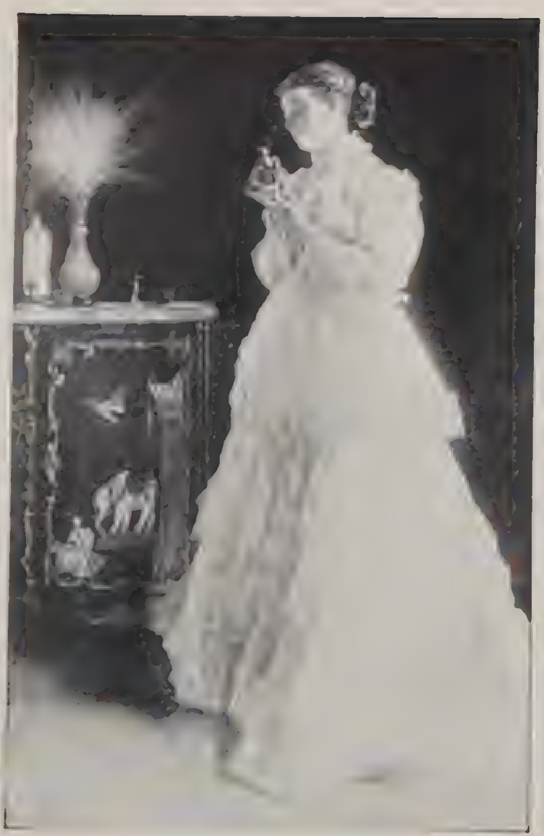
ROMANTICISM: BELGIUM, HOLLAND AND SCANDINAVIA

II

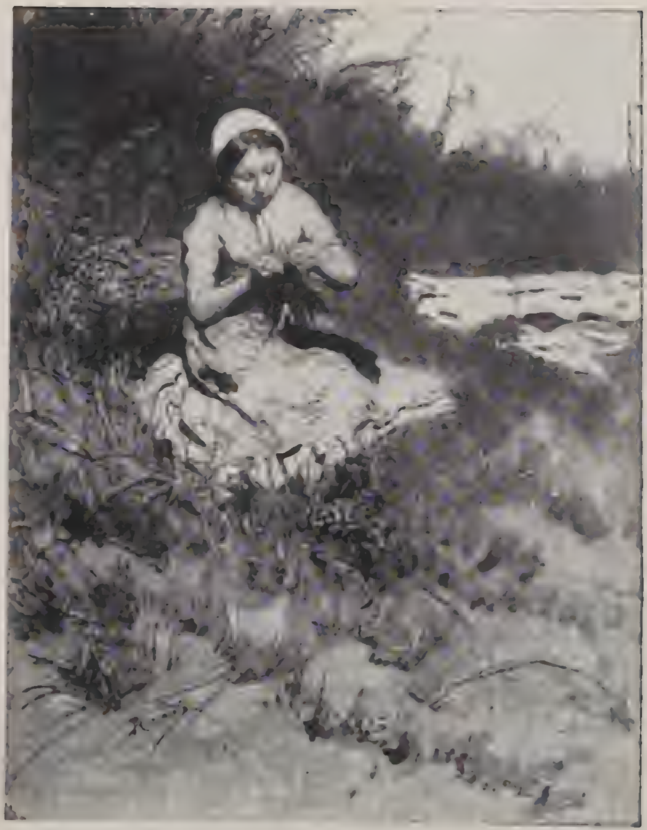
THE Renaissance radiated from Italy to all of Europe from the thirteenth to the seventeenth centuries. One expression only arose in an independent glow—the art of painting along the Rhine—but even this was kindled from the Italian fires of inspiration. Real art, however, can never be copy. One nation, imitating another either in methods or final performance, fails to stand on its own. Flanders, through its powerful church connections, had followed closely every precept of Rome, and while the history of the Flemish Renaissance is not a direct copy of the Italian, there is a subtle similarity all the way to the period of Peter Paul Rubens and the Spanish court supremacy. But when the break with Spain came, and Flanders was divided into two independent nations, Belgium and Holland, Belgium continued with its southern affiliations, but Holland accepted its affinity to Germany, being geographically, climatically and racially strictly Rhenish.

After Frans Hals and Rembrandt, the first mighty giants of Holland's expression, everyone seemed to turn to the practice or at least the enjoyment of painting. Holland had become Calvinistic, Germany essentially Lutheran. Neither of these creeds is conducive to free expression in sculptured form, so there is little in sculpture for this period. But domestic life developed rapidly, and the homely, genial beauty of daily living became a new inspiration. There was no photography, so the only way to record it was with the arts of drawing and painting.

Draftsmanship of a simple genre type became the first grammar of pictorial expression. *Genre* is a French term which is now used freely in the description of art in any language, but somehow, it is best applied to Holland. When the representation of a human incident is taken out



Lady with a Rose.—Stevens



The Little Knitter.—Blommers

of the spirit of elegance and the aristocratic, when it becomes homely or simply a humble representation of human life, no other term expresses it quite as well as *genre*.

The foundation of the Holland school rested in this spirit, and there, following the two great masters for a hundred and fifty years, sprang what is termed the school of "The Little Masters." They were called little masters for two reasons. First, their pictures were generally small, seldom being more than three feet in the longest dimension and generally much less; secondly, the subjects dealt mostly with the little affairs of life. This whole thing, as can easily be imagined, became Romantic. In fact, it is difficult to classify anything in the Dutch school of painting outside of the Romantic field. Up to the very end of the nineteenth century, not one painter of Holland had become conscious of decorative design as a fundamental principle of art. Even the greatness of deep emotion seemed to bother no one between the periods of Rembrandt and Van Gogh. In most European countries, Romanticism began in the nineteenth century, but in Holland it began in the eighteenth and continued throughout the nineteenth without a break.

Belgium was different. After Peter Paul Rubens, the elegance of the schools of painting of the Roman Catholic faith were followed by the regal splendor of the schools of painting patronized by the royal courts of France and England. Just as Dutch painting of the eighteenth century became Rhenish, so did Belgian painting become French. In fact, there is no geographic boundary marking the division between Belgian and French painting in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries. The schools of northern France are easily classed as Flemish, and the schools of Brussels and Antwerp radiate a French spirit.

Belgium

Alfred Stevens, whose painting *Lady with a Rose** is here reproduced, may be considered as highly typical of nineteenth century Belgium. One can see the influence of the whole school of David, who was the controlling influence of the Belgian as well as the French schools at the beginning of the century. Stevens was most interested in painting texture, especially of elegant fabrics, and in delineating with a photographic precision all the objects of a room—yet his color is little short of marvelous. He was a fine technician and a careless impression never satisfied him. A refinement of portraiture, miniature-like in its infinite pains and complete understanding, is his most distinct achievement. He comes by the appellation ''faultless portraitist'' quite justly. He did not paint portrait heads as such, but whole figures in lovely, rich surroundings. He told everything that was possible to tell about the things he saw before him. He studied thoroughly the whole visual aspect and represented it to the last possible touch. Other painters of the Romantic schools who have set out to do this have failed because they were over-sentimental or unable to measure the relative values of the things they saw.

Alfred Stevens was faultless in his taste and meticulous in his understanding. He did not delve one inch beneath the surface, however. Soul revelation, life symbolism, and so forth, were not of his seeking. His paintings were of things to be seen, and with no purpose of speculation or introspection in them. His paintings today are considered among the real gems of the century.

He had especial favor with the English collectors, and many of the finest canvases are to be found there in both the national and private collections, although America can boast of some splendid examples, particularly in the private collections of Boston, New York, Baltimore and Chicago. Stevens is worth hunting out in any picture gallery. His pictures come so consistently within the miniature class that a magnifying glass held to them brings an added pleasure. We cannot call them great art; they do not stir the soul. But they do delight the eye and give us a great

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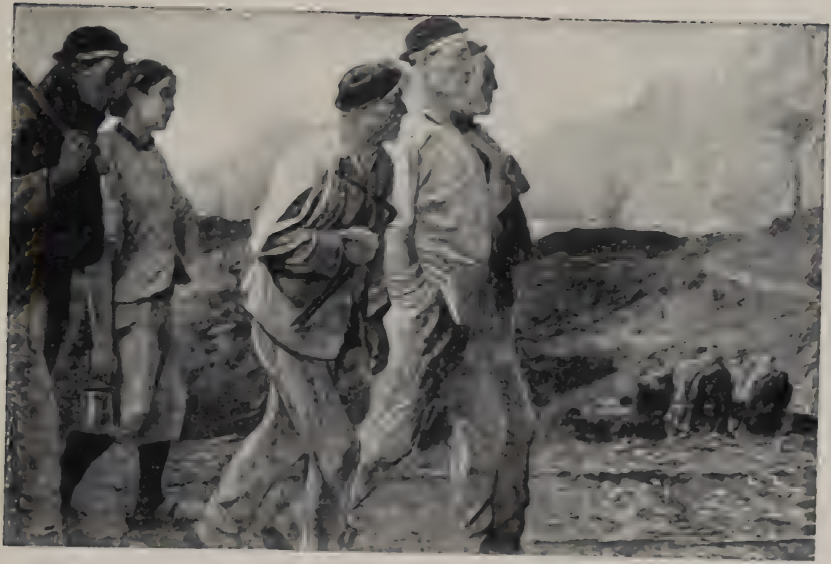
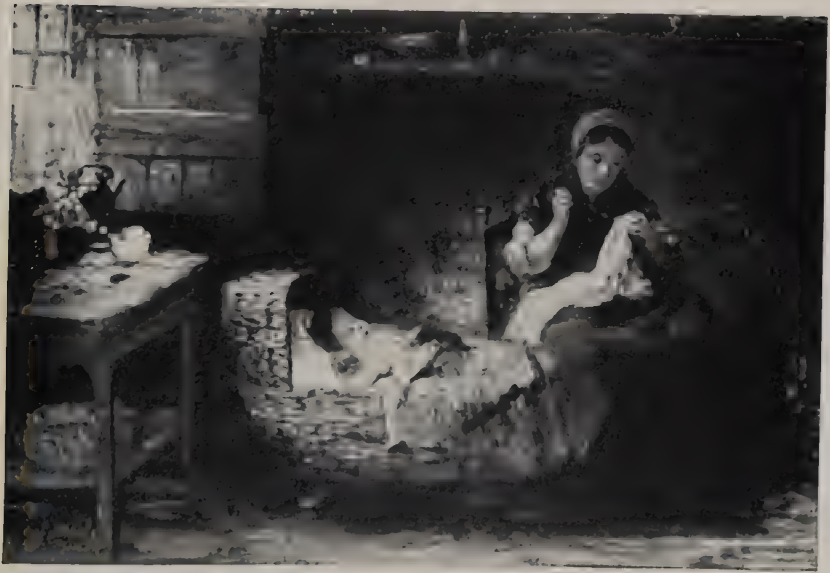
*See page 64.



Return of the Miners.—Meunier



Interior of Cottage.—Israels

regard for the painter as a master craftsman. One could easily live without ever seeing one or possessing it, but to know Stevens' paintings is to have one's life enriched as through some luxurious experience.

The great name of the nineteenth century in Belgium is that of Constantin Meunier.* The art loving world thinks of him as a sculptor, and he will ever be rated as one of the profound sculptors. However, he attained to no little success as a painter. But his painting is largely drawing, as the color is of little importance, and the form is everything. He came at the first of the second half of the century and at a time when industrial power became a controlling factor of progress. Brussels was one of the mighty centers of industrial development, and Meunier became its champion in the field of art. The forges, foundries and mines of Belgium were his source of supply.

He felt, in the strength of the sturdy Belgian men and women who worked in these maelstroms of coal and iron, new subject matter and he revealed them through his three-dimensional art with a great flare. He signed himself sculptor, and one believes that even when he painted or drew, the modeled form was his main objective. His men have more muscle and stronger jaws, his women sturdier backs and thicker necks than ever before went into art. He peopled the world with a new kind of monarch. Magnificent beasts they were, risen into material mastery. The bent back and the sweat of the brow were revealed as new privileges rather than the result of overwhelming burdens. The richest heritage of the city of Brussels is Meunier's sculpture—but more about that later. Even if his painting was a means to an end there is a new sort of dynamics in it, an unhaltable motion, the pageant of a mighty physical destiny striding onward. He had nothing to do with the smiles of life; neither did he give himself to tears.

Constantin Meunier is the least romantic of the Romantic artists of the whole nineteenth century. He used his art to reveal great ideas. You never leave one of his works as calmly and coolly as you approached it. This cannot be said of another Belgian artist of these hundred years. Such men as Clays, Verhaert, Baugniet, de Groux and De Jongh seem mere illustrators in comparison. The modern galleries of Antwerp, Ghent and Brussels are filled with acres of canvases of the maudlin sentiment of this very stupid school of painting. As dramatic painters they did not begin to succeed as the Spaniards or the Germans had, but some men, such as Wauters, succeeded well in illustrating stage tableaus. Possibly we are a bit unjust, for the taste of the world today does not run to such things, and with our pictorial mastery over drama and motion, through the mechanics of the moving picture, we cannot help but feel such laborious enterprise to which these hard-working painters put themselves as misguided endeavor. Unlike the Dutch little masters, these painters largely worked on huge surfaces. Their representation of light playing over myriads of objects, revealing the specific texture of each, was something astounding both as a matter of vision and representation. But at the hour we pen these lines these canvases are worthless in the market. Museums cannot give them away. No one will buy them at any price. From the truest art standards it is about the lowest ebb to which art has dropped in its whole history. Literature in England, Germany and France went a step lower, but music, poetry and sculpture have never become so inane and worthless.

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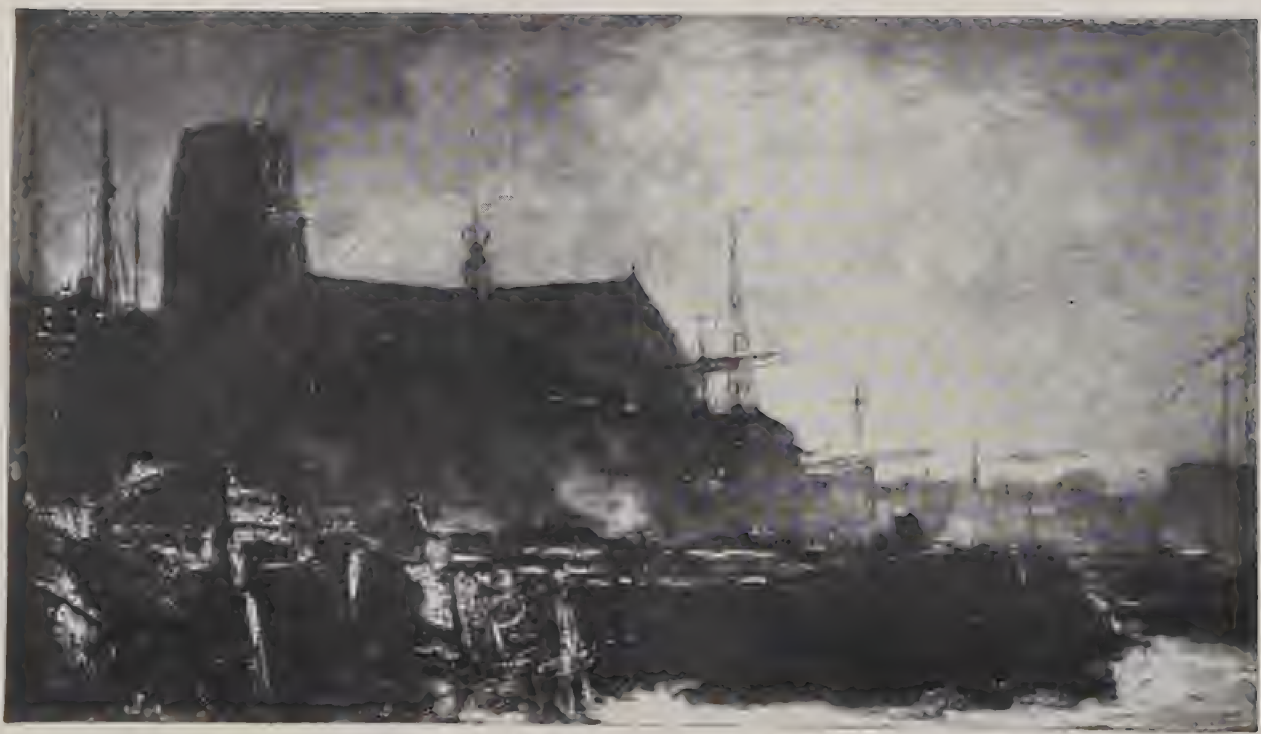
*See page 67.

The young student of art appreciation will say, "But why are they not good art? They look wonderful to me; they are so real and true, and their stories are thrilling. Then there is such wonderful drawing in the figures and such glorious fabrics and costumes that it seems impossible painting can create so true an illustration." The answer is one for long debate.

Step by step only can we acquire the culture of true art appreciation—that is, unless we are entirely naïve in the matter, without any preconceived notions instilled through false education. Children, and sometimes simple, unsophisticated grown folk, will go directly toward the best in art with a fearless and whole-hearted preference, quite possibly not having the least reason for their choice. However, there is a greater satisfaction in knowing why we enjoy a real work of art.

These theatrical, realistic tableaus of the nineteenth



View of Dordrecht.—Maris

century are not art for many, many reasons. One is that they are too much concerned with things and ideas that are entirely irrelevant and nonessential to art, or to beauty, or to life.

Belgian landscape painting reached no dizzy heights, and the Belgian painters of the sea and of animals are not to be compared to the painters of similar subject matter in Holland, France and England. Coutens brought a golden, yellow light to his landscapes, especially woodland interiors, and Van Aasche did flowery meadows with an understanding akin to the Barbizon school of France.

A terrible Realist-Symbolist came into prominence in Brussels the latter part of the century, and today one of the sights of the city is the Wiertz Museum. Anton Wiertz* (1806-65) was ten geniuses in one, all misguided. He was morbid as a child, laughing at the torture of dumb animals with a marked sadistic delight. He grew up a glorious person to behold, conspicuous in his personal beauty wherever he went. He had an inheritance, so was able to live independently, and was never bothered with affairs of the heart. In his youth he declared that the only salvation was work, and he put himself to the task of painting fourteen hours a day. This he kept up most of his life. His pictures are curious combinations of shocking Realism and allegorical Symbolism. He would paint the picture of a demented woman scalding her baby to death, and turn around to paint another of the heavenly universe held in the control of God, the Father. His allegorical canvases are sometimes so large that enormous figures have hands that actually measure ten feet. He had a great knowledge of Greek culture and used the gods of mythology quite freely in the huge, symbolic compositions, and was ever gloating over the destructive powers of the elements.

He gloried in picturing mankind as miserable atoms of fate being destroyed by wind or fire, water or earthquake. They make of the Wiertz Museum a veritable chamber of horrors unequaled in the art world. But even with his diabolical viewpoint we cannot fail to recognize him as a painter of genius. His understanding of anatomy, picture construction and dynamic design gave him unlimited power over his unfortunate subject matter, and his sweeping brush stroke and sensitive color are worthy of sincere admiration. In his treatment of the paint on the canvas and in his curious leaning to allegory, he is sometimes likened to the Englishman, George Frederick Watts, a contemporary across the Channel. Watts was an independent of the schools of art of his own time, as was Wiertz. A comparative summary of the two might be fair as follows: Watts, a great artist but a poor craftsman; Wiertz, a great craftsman but a poor artist.

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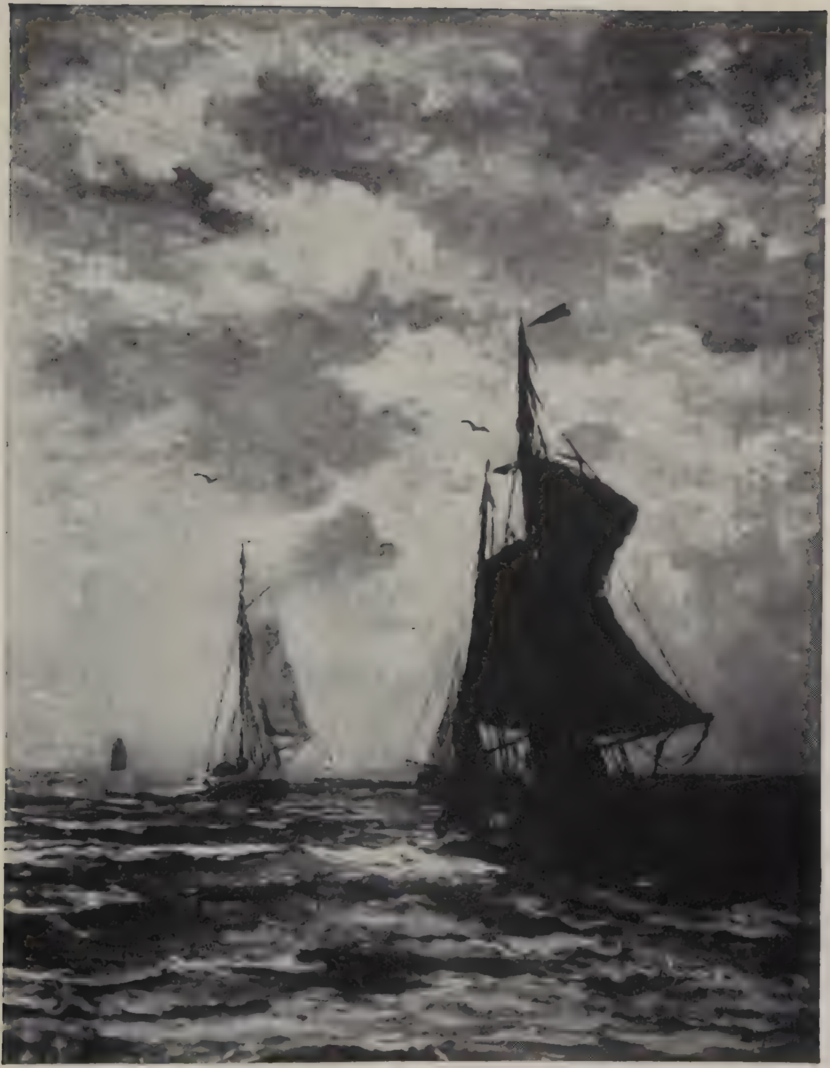
*See page 110.

One other Belgian of the last of the century who comes within the symbolic sphere was Fernand Khnopff. He was distinctly German in his feeling, rather than French, dealing with the super-man idea. He loved Egyptian symbolism especially; the sphinx was ever his symbol of the non-understandable mystery of life withheld from the consciousness of man, and before which man and his ideals seem caught in a mesmeric state. Twenty-five years ago Khnopff's art was the rage of Europe. Today it is passed off with a gesture of pity. Such is the passing fancy in the fashions of art!

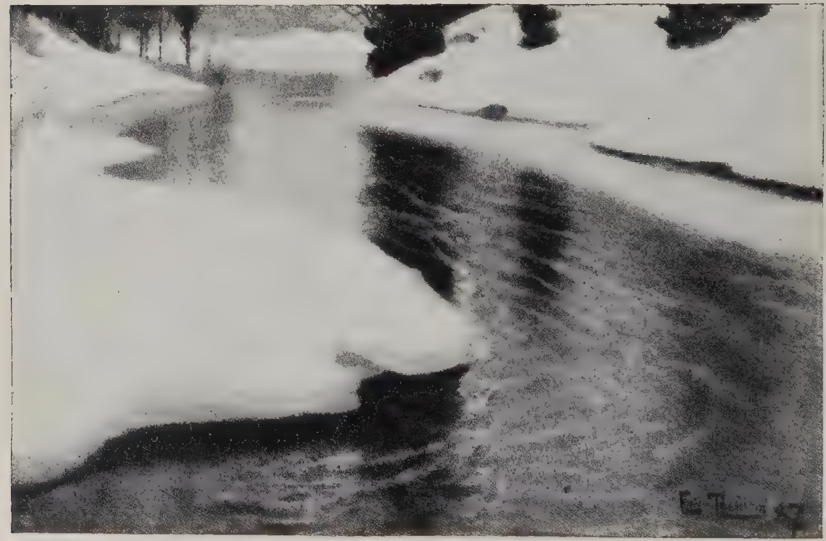
Two Frenchmen, of Flemish spiritual filiation, who had a marked influence over this school were Delaroche and Courbet. Courbet's influence, after 1850, was most noticeable, but his best Belgian product was the delicate landscape painter, Narcisse de Kayzer, whose paintings are bringing constantly increasing prices at the art auctions. In fact, it is considered today a mark of very good taste if one adds a de Keyser landscape to his collection. Another whose name is standard in the market place is Eugene Verboeckhoven (1798-1881), whose pictures, painted in the last twelve years of his life, are held in high esteem by the collectors. His landscapes are always backgrounds for excellently painted domestic animals, especially sheep. He was never as conscious of the amount of wool each sheep could produce as most of the Scotch painters of the same period, but as lasting contributions to the art world we may question them.

In summarizing the Belgian contribution it is fair to say that no European nation produced a greater artist in the nineteenth century than Constantin Meunier, and that



Fishing Smacks and Stormy Sky.—Mesdag

the most astounding Individualist of the century belonged to Belgium in the person of Anton Wiertz, but for the rest there is nothing superlative to be said until the dawn of the twentieth century, when a group of vigorous Modernists, headed by Anto Carte, made themselves known. The World War broke this spell, but it has been revived in the last decade, as we shall see in the concluding chapters of this course.



Ice Disappearing.—Thaulow

HOLLAND

Where Belgium's art was artistocratic and dramatic, Holland's was sweet, simple and romantic. J. B. Jongkind carried along the work of the eighteenth century little masters without any marked departures. The first half of the nineteenth century saw thousands of small pictures painted in this snug little country, but none of them bore names of importance. Charles Rochussen was an outstanding book illustrator in the 1860's, and then came Johannes Bosboom, who painted architectural subjects, chiefly church interiors, and did them with a fine understanding of light, which he certainly inherited from Rembrandt and Peter de Hooch. A perfect mastery of perspective and ability to introduce realistic figures without taking the interest away from his chief subject matter made him a distinctive painter.

But it was in landscape that the Dutchmen showed their progress during this century. The mighty seventeenth century painters, Ruysdael and Hobbema, had set a pace for the world to follow. But J. W. Weissenbruch turned the whole thing into a scheme of soft light and atmosphere, disregarding the detail of leaves, grasses, shingles, and so forth, and painted with fine understanding that which we call atmospheric envelopment. He was not an Impressionist, as we shall see when we study this school of France. He was distinctly a Realist, but the first to disregard the non-essentials of a landscape in consideration of the effect of the whole.

Mesdag* carried his canvas and brushes to the coast and painted nothing but the atmosphere enveloping the brown sails and clumsy hulls of the Dutch fisher fleets, swallowed up like tiny splinters in the lowering skies, great fogs and thick mists of the North Sea. There is a spaciousness, a lonely vastness, a silent wonderment in these Dutch landscapes and marines. They are not colorful, well drawn or brilliant in composition, and yet they hold us and impel our imagination. Strange that this little country, void of outstanding landscape beauty, should have produced some of the great landscape painters.

But, as we have already hinted, Holland has been chiefly interested in things of human interest; man at his toil or play, woman in her home at her ceaseless work. Jacob and Matthew Maris* have done the life along the coast—the life of the fisher folk. Anton Mauve† has gone through silent lanes with a shepherd and his sheep. All three of these men came into their greatest prominence at the Paris Exposition in 1889. Their canvases were all sold, and prices remained sky-high for many years. All three of them divide their attention between oil and water color, and may be considered the founders of a new Dutch school of water-color painting—painting upon a wet paper and in a few simple grayish colors. No forms have sharp edges and all seem to be coming out of the fog which is Holland's own. Mauve developed masterly tricks with his water-color treatment which, combined with a very delicate sense of color, make his pictures always fascinating to behold. He succeeded especially in suggesting rather than revealing his forms. We could swear that he had painted a great herd of sheep, when upon close observation are astonished to discover that not a single sheep is accurately delineated, and that only four of the whole flock have even been given a suggestion of anatomical parts. The flock itself is really indicated by a flow of color and light of exactly the right tone and intensity. As would naturally be supposed these water colorists of Holland painted pictures modest in size, which have been astonishingly popular with American collectors.

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*See page 73.

There is hardly a person in the United States today who cannot see a Mauve or a Maris within a reasonable radius from where he lives. Go to any art gallery or rap on the door of any citizen who you have been told has a collection of pictures, and ask to see paintings by these men, and you will probably not be disappointed. In the Middle West of America this is certainly most true of the Dutch painters, B. J. Blommers‡ and Evert Pieters, who, however, painted almost entirely in oil. Their canvases have to do with the life up and down the coast, and simple Dutch interiors with women and children. There is a rich glow to their canvases, going into golden tones when out of doors, and to rich browns and deep reds indoors.

In Dutch interiors with their low ceilings, yawning fireplaces and small window spaces, shadow is more apparent

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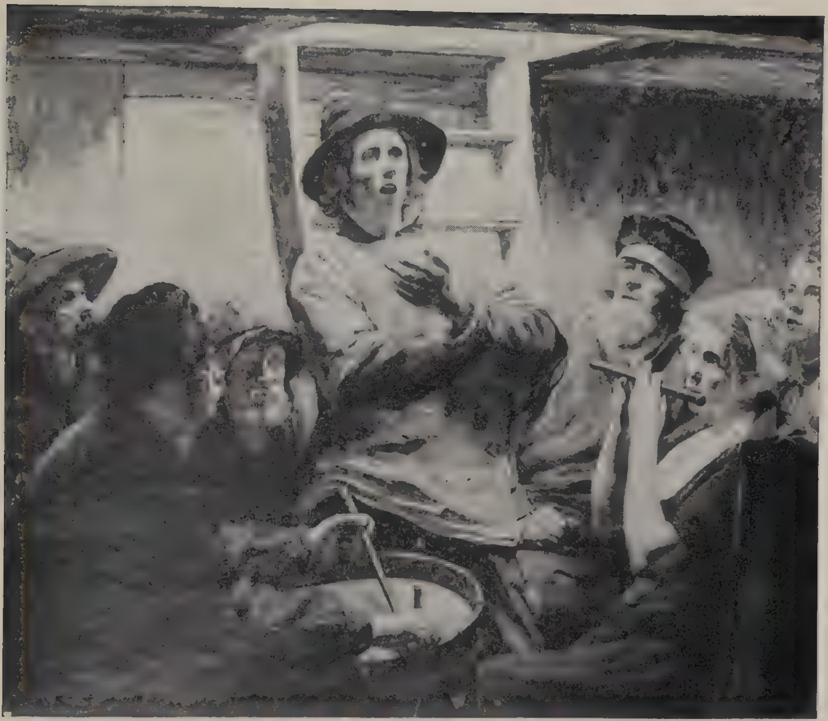
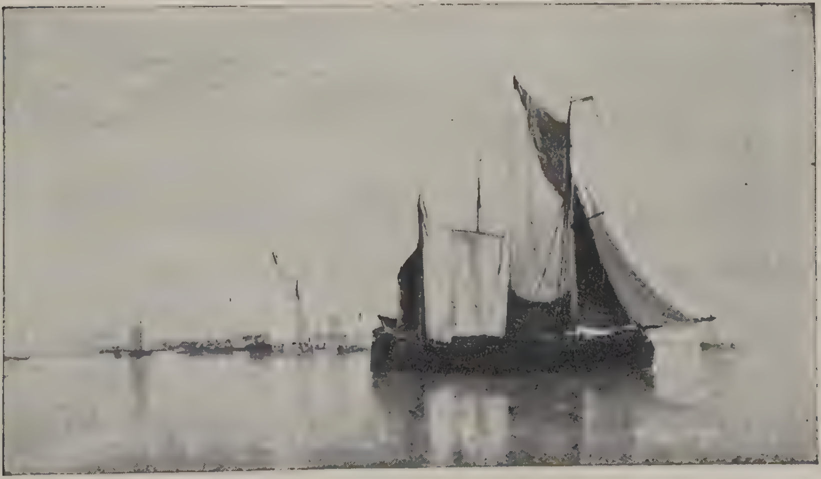
*See page 70. †See page 80. ‡See page 64.



A Song Between Decks—Fishing Boat.—Verhaert



River Scheldt Near Antwerp.—Clays

than light, and these Dutch painters carry out the Rembrandt tradition by engulfing their pictures with shadows that are deep and warm. The two whose names we have chosen to mention are probably not superior to many another, for their kind is legion. Each town seems to have produced its painters of this particular kind of subject between 1880 and 1910. It is not to be wondered at, for the subjects themselves have an appeal in an age of jaded elegance and extravagant expenditures. But just why every American boasting of a magnificent drawing room on Fifth Avenue, Prospect, Summit, Lake Shore Drive, Euclid, or Mission Drive should want hanging against his brocaded walls, between gold brocade draperies, a picture or two of the shabby poverty of a Dutch interior, with a hopelessly dumb looking woman and a still more dumb child, as a fitting background for a concert salon, a cocktail party, or a bridge game, is beyond our artistic comprehension.

The most important name of Holland from 1850 on to the advent of the great Van Gogh is Jozef Israels.* The most convincing canvas by this master the writer has seen is entitled *Alone,* and hangs in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. It is a long, horizontal picture of a meager Dutch interior. The furniture consists of a built-in bed, a few clumsy chairs and a window casement, through which a cold gray light falls upon the forehead and hand of a woman lying in death on the bed. Beside her, seated, with clumsy hands fallen hopelessly on clumsy knees, is the figure of an old Dutchman. His hair is sparse and gray; his eyes look blankly at us with the stare of the hopeless. His companion, his helpmeet, is gone. The blow has stunned him beyond self-assistance. The color chosen for this picture is blue and gray and black. We see it through a haze, as from tear-filled eyes. Israels has made this room empty beyond human comprehension. It is the genius of the real artist who can put spirit into art like that. It is something which defies analysis. Critics resort to the expression "the soul behind the picture," and such it is, and it is this alone that makes great art.

Nevertheless, Israels is probably a slightly over-rated master. Who would dare to choose him as one of the hundred great geniuses of the past century? There are many who would not even include him in any list. But he has left a few romantic pictures which pull at the heartstrings as no other pictures since Rembrandt. One wonders how much Israels would have done with his art, had he not been conscious of the Rembrandt that went before him. Very often his pictures are too closely reminiscent of the Rembrandt vision and the Rembrandt philosophy to be altogether convincing on their own. He came at a time when romantic literature and the gentler phases of fiction were placed within the reach of every intelligent human being through the development of the novel as a daily commodity. Each of Israel's pictures is a sort of climactic moment of a well written novel, and in the long run it is this human interest side which will be their chiefest undoing.

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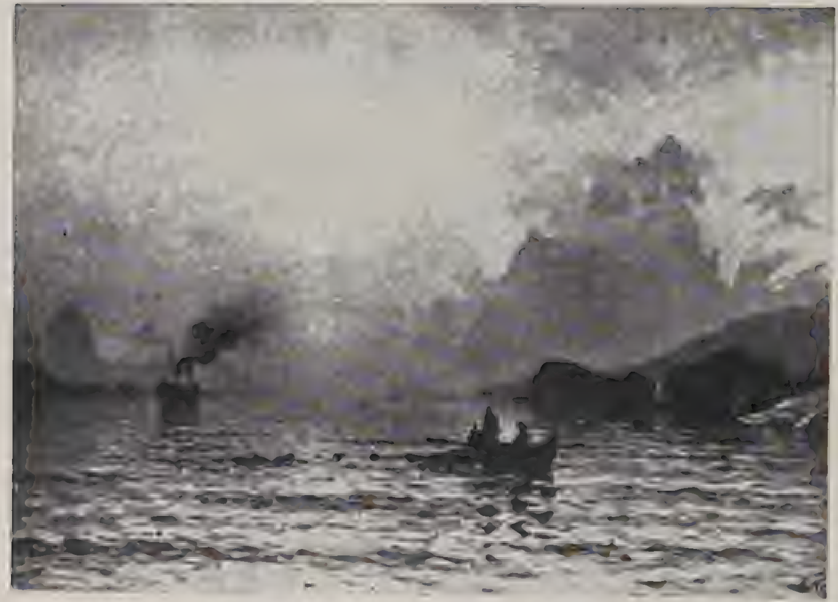
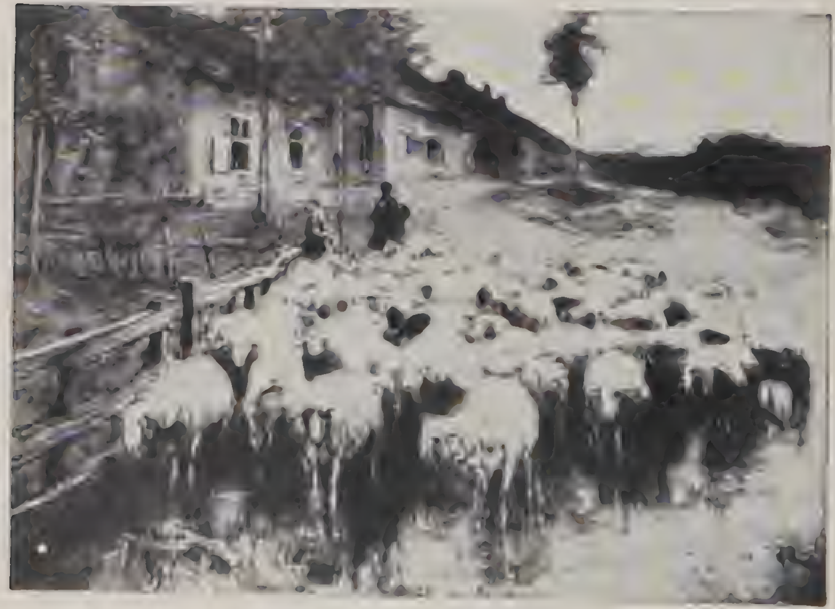
*See page 67.

He really had a lovely way of painting, sensitive to color, choosing with reason and feeling the parts of his pictures, and had the power of elimination beyond all of his kith and kin. He introduced nothing that was not a definite pictorial asset to his composition. He had a sensitive play of line that carries the eye constantly back and forth across the canvas. His tones are rich and yet restrained, and there is ever a lovely hush throughout the picture. He drew with understanding, but never once labored to make his drawing photographic. He was never a slave to his technique, but made his technique always serve his emotional feeling. Considering how many absurdly methodic, photographic, feelingless painters there were in the nineteenth century, we can rejoice that Holland produced the brothers Maris, Weissenbruch, Mesdag, Anton Mauve and Jozef Israels. Today there is a fine school in Holland, but they are painters still holding to the traditions. May we say that Dutch painting, from Rembrandt to Monnickendam and Sluyter, court painters to the present Queen Wilhelmina of Holland, are the most consistent, national, traditional painters of Europe. The only exception to the whole, unbroken chain is the great jewel who hangs as a pendant from them, Vincent Van Gogh.



Summer Night in Norway.—Normann



Sheep Going to Pasture.—Mauve

SCANDINAVIA

Scandinavia today properly includes Finland, but Finland, as a matter of racial heritage and esthetic endeavor, stands apart. Helsingfors is one of the most brilliant capitals of Europe and at the present moment seems to be producing astonishing geniuses in many fields of endeavor, especially in chemistry, athletics, architecture and music. The nineteenth century was not especially productive; there are scarcely any names to conjure with. Russia held a great dominance from one side and Sweden from the other. Likewise, Sweden felt throughout the century a definite German, Russian and French influence; Denmark came particularly under the Dutch sway, while Norway alone found a way to give fresh voice to its own eloquence. However, Norway's productions were meager in number in comparison to the sister countries to the south and east.

Sweden has risen into an eminent place in twentieth century progress. Denmark reaps harvests from the world of travel and commerce there at the crossroads of the Baltic. The sparse country of Norway, with its endless ribbon of austere scenic wonderment but meager sustenance, sees something and tells something, even in the light of modernism, which none of the rest have known. Sweden is our first and most bountiful reward when venturing into Scandinavian culture, but with her, as with the rest of these northern lands, we must not forget that man has lived his life here against odds unparalleled in the rest of Europe.

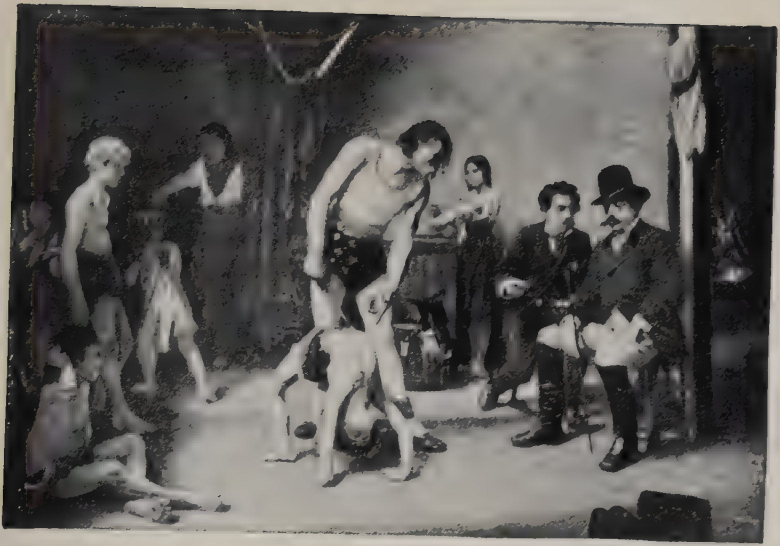
Their lot is endless winter nights for months, the sun either not appearing at all or merely peering over the rim of the earth for an hour in mid-day; deep snows; stars that can be plucked out of the sky; a strange moon; and the aurora borealis nights without end; then the coming of the sun to the north in May, when light blesses the earth and nature bursts forth in a rush with new life. Rapid is the growth, for soon the sun scarcely sets, the glory of light comes to its climax on mid-summer eve, June twenty-second. But even then a Latin from the Mediterranean or a habitué of San Diego would feel that he had been subjected to a draft from the North Pole. There is no warmth of climate in Scandinavia as we know it in America. Scandinavians must be ever clothed with wool, even in summer. The sensuous life, as it has prompted the art of the southland, has had no part in northern expression, and yet in temperate zones alone has man come into his best. Today the city of Stockholm impresses us as the healthiest, most progressive and most successful capital of the new Europe.

SWEDEN

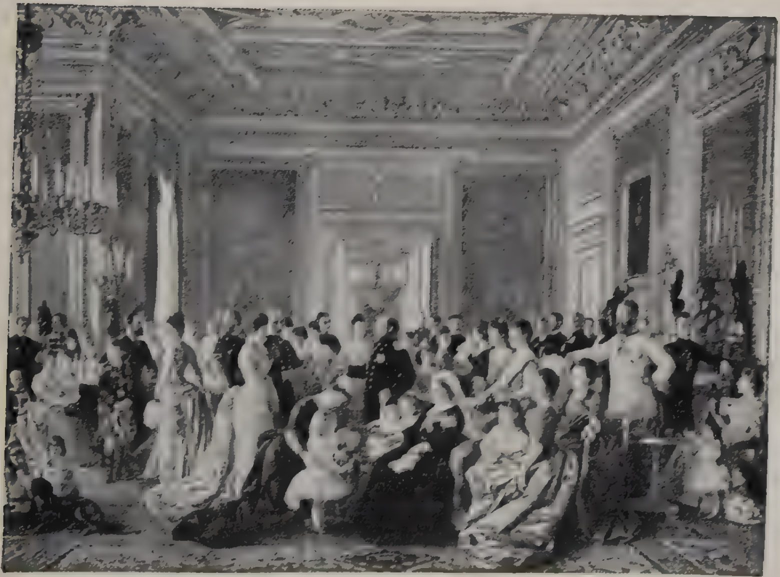
For a hundred and fifty years Sweden has revolved around its capital, Stockholm. This city, gorgeously set amidst the balmy fjords of the Baltic, is the nearest to a gentle spot in the whole land. Near by in the province of Värmland there is splendid agriculture, and the Island of Visby, five hours away toward Russia, has so mild a climate that its gardens rival those of Germany and Holland. Otherwise, Sweden is pretty severe. The winters in Stockholm are not forbidding; they are merely neck-deep in fluffy snows, and the summers are blessed with sixteen hours of sun and nights of magic silver light and invigorating air. The Swede somehow does his sleeping in the winter, for during June, July and August he seems never to go to bed, wishing to miss none of the blessed light that is his these entrancing months.

As far as his art and literature are concerned there is no indication that he discovered all this until the end of the nineteenth century. In fact, the whole pioneering life of Sweden lasted ages longer than in Europe proper. The fight for existence was too intense to allow many esthetic outlets until science and machinery had lent their aid. There was a literature and a so-called school of painting in Sweden in the eighteenth century, but it was a dogmatic imitation of German eloquence. Those looking for the light of racial expression through indigenous genius find little in Sweden until the 1880's, except in the sagas and folklore dating from the eighth century. Therefore, we may consider Sweden in the field of art as a fresh, young country.

From the advent of machinery, life became gracious in Stockholm, and her fashionable and social development, plus the charm of her island and fjord situation, soon gave her



Training for the Circus.—Forsberg



Queen Victoria and Family at Windsor.—Tuxen the name of "Paris of the North," or "Venice of the North," and certainly she deserves both of these appellations today. Swedes for two hundred years have migrated to the esthetic capitals of Germany, France, Italy and even Spain, but the support of esthetics at home was so meager they have in the main resided as adopted sons in these new lands. We find today in America a magnificent array of painters who were born in Sweden but who are now valiant citizens of the United States. Should they be called American artists or Swedish?

Our concern here, however, is with the Swede at home, and such a long list of names we could recite! However, most of them with apologies, for Hillstrom, Lafrensen, Roslin and many others of the middle nineteenth century or before succeeded in nothing beyond timid copy of German methods. The galleries of the northern capitals bore us beyond words with wall upon wall of stilted tableaus and coldly sentimental illustrations. The worst of it is that they painted large canvases, probably because most of them wished to make impressions at the Paris Salon, and from 1830 to 1880 size counted at the Salon.

Sweden had a Nazarene movement under Karl Plagemann similar to the Overbeck-Cornelius religious spasm of German art. Out of this developed Nils Blommér, who in the 1860's seemed to be a close follower of the Austrian saga illustrator, Schwind. And all the way along to 1890 there seems to be a sort of counterpart in Sweden for each of the painter leaders of Germany and Austria. These do not need to give us much concern, for they created little or nothing, and unless their pictures are illustrations of familiar historical or literary incidents, we pass them by in the galleries without a second look.

After the Paris Exhibition of 1878 we find two names at home that stand for something national, Cedarström and Forsberg,* who did big figure compositions of a highly dramatic, almost Russian character. Then came Nils Kreuger and Karl Nordström, who brought a genre quality to both figure and landscape. But the last decade of the century finds Sweden sweeping into the front ranks of art with powerful and brilliant painters in almost every field.

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*See page 83.

The Chicago World's Fair revealed the new Sweden. We became acquainted with names—John Bergeson, G. von Rosen, Albert Edelfelt, Ernst Josephson, Oskar Björck, Karl Wilhelmson, Richard Bergh and, above all, Anders Zorn.

In a later program we study at length this supreme painter man of the northland, he who caught the cold light of northern skies and bathed figure and landscape alike in its silvery wonder. He was a master visionary plus master craftsman. He became one of the world's great etchers and a portrait painter with no peer in the modern age. He was fearless as a water colorist and painted in oils with a larger arm swing, more freedom of touch and a more magnificent color sense than anyone who had lived before him. To survey his life and work is to know what the northland can do in producing a proud son. Let us study here the few superlative masters of the last hours of the century, even though their art is generally classed in the twentieth century.

Richard Bergh might almost have held a place equal to Zorn's had he stirred himself out of his provincial environment a little more. He studied in Germany a little while, visited Paris twice, but came home with too much contentment. Tremendously industrious and a fine master of the academy at home, he created pictures, however, that were more provincial than national. He did not see his portraits and their environment in a big way. His pictures have many insignificant incidents that lend nothing to their message, although a more suave painter or a more delightful tonalist never existed. When we speak of tone in a picture we borrow a musical term, as no other seems to express the meaning. It refers to the harmonious relationships between the various degrees of blacks, grays and whites in the picture; in other words, the arrangement of darks and lights.

Bruno Liljefors,* animal painter, was born a few miles north of Stockholm in 1860, and there he still lives, painting the wild life of his Sweden and the near Arctic. In the whole range of animal representation, from the reindeer drawings twenty-five thousand years ago, in the Paleolithic caves, through the subtle and decorative limning of animal

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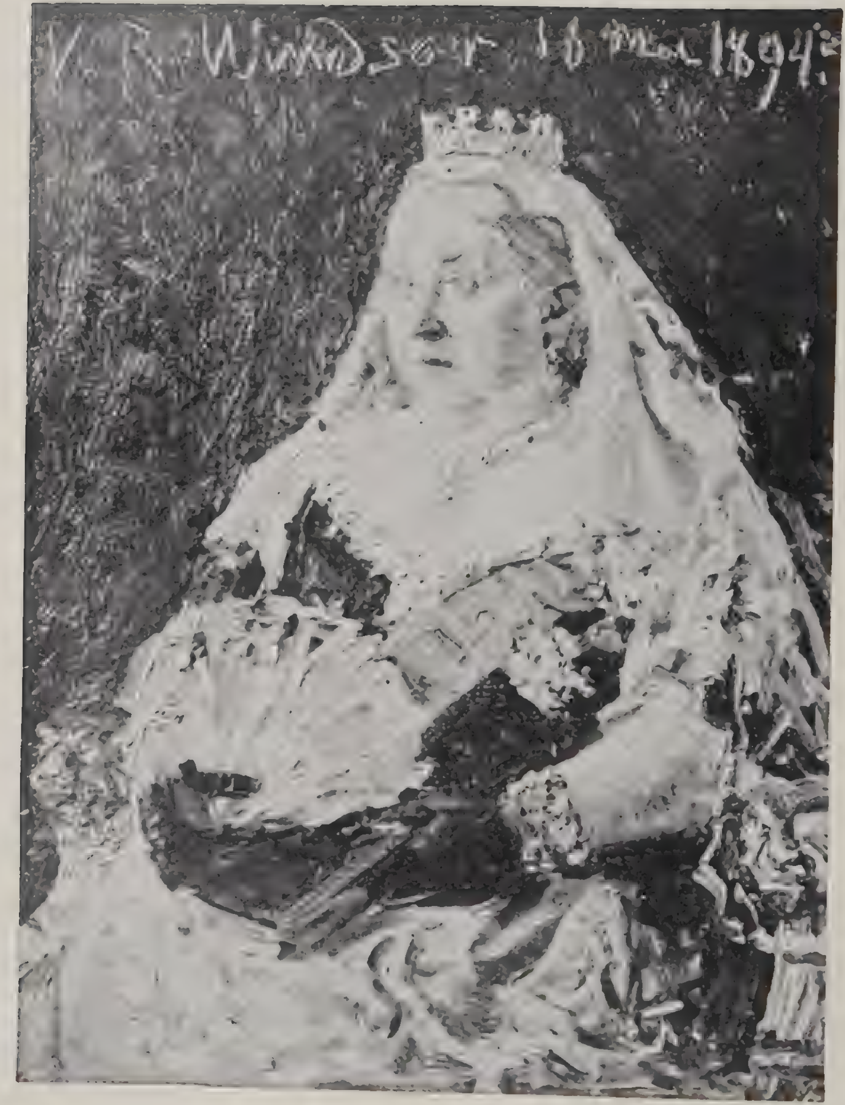
*See pages 104, 111.


V. R. Windsor 18 Mai 1894

Portrait of Queen Victoria.—Tuxen

life on the temple walls of Egypt, the exquisite and tremulous animals on silk and in bronze of the Han period, China, the joyful chiseling of the forest's little people in the moldings and corbels of Gothic cathedrals, to the art of Barye, Rosa Bonheur and Landseer, no one has comprehended wild life or revealed it through such eloquence as Bruno Liljefors. We can scarcely believe that a single man can stand so alone in this field. According to the general rule, he would be the culmination of a long line of animal painters, a school that had gone through many generations. This is not so, for Bruno Liljefors stands alone, a solitary pinnacle, reaching higher to the heavens than any animal-life interpreter has attained.

We know little of him in the western hemisphere; even England and France know him but slightly. He is little appreciated in Germany or Denmark; even Sweden and Norway, outside of Stockholm, are only slightly aware of him. There was a considerable exhibition of his vast canvases at the San Francisco Exposition in 1915 and stray examples have appeared in almost every collection of contemporary Swedish painting displayed anywhere in the last thirty years. His canvases are vast in theme and sense rather than in size, although at times they assume the proportions of mural decorations.

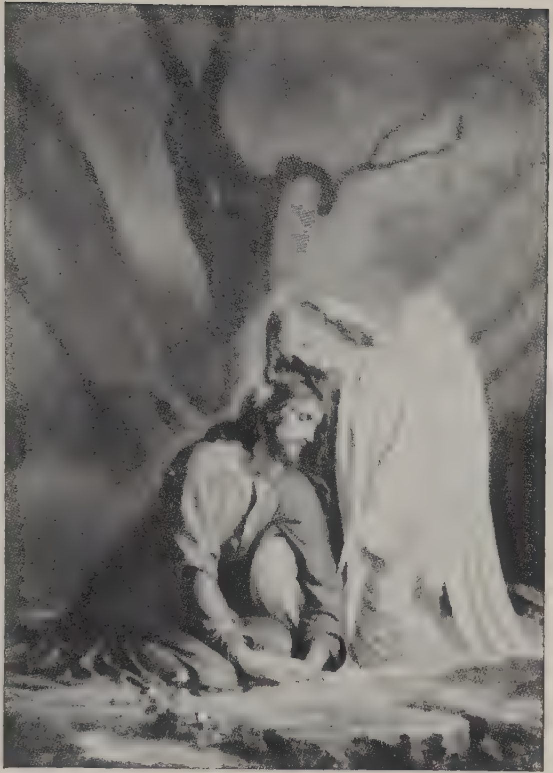
There was a little canvas in the Carnegie Institute Exhibition of 1928 of a few gray geese lining the shore at low tide, with a stretch of northern sea going to an endless horizon, and a few of the birds in flight against the tumult of gray sky. Through a single expression man has never told more of the vastness of the world in which he lives than this little canvas portrays.

In the new museum of art at Göteborg there is a Liljefors canvas so crystal white that it dazzles. A freshly fallen snow piled gently around the trunks and lower branches of staunch pines are seen in "close-up." We seem to be peering at the ground directly at our feet. We are startled and become suddenly breathless, for there within our reach is the most exquisite long-eared white rabbit. How was it that we did not see his eyes before, looking straight at us, or the little tracks he made in the snow as he came out from his hiding, just to stop because we are so close? This white, living little animal in the silence of his white wilderness is so real that we do not know whether to stamp on the floor to see him scamper or to back quietly out of the room without alarming the timid, beautiful creature. But with all of its naturalistic reality it is a great work of art because it is entirely an interpretation of life through marvelously manipulated form and color. Liljefors' greatest eloquence is his color, treated as only a superb painter could do it. He is a propagandist, but first of all he is an artist, and while his pictures are startling revelations of nature they are always works of art.

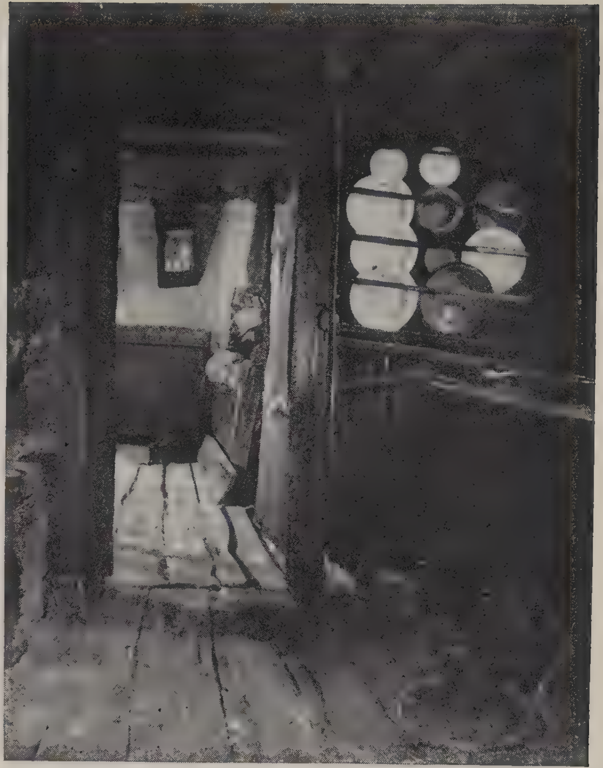
In Stockholm there are many important canvases of red fox, plover, swan, quail, ptarmigan, mallard duck, moose, reindeer, and so forth, but to Thielski, the lovely home of the Stockholm banker, the late Mr. Thiel, which is situated along the fjord parkway, twenty minutes by motor road from Stockholm, we must go to see Liljefors in all of his magnificence. Thiel was a patron of Liljefors from his youth and many a year his only purchaser. Somehow, back of every successful artist, there has had to be the friendship of someone who had vision to see and wisdom to know that support of that artist was an investment worth while. Thiel was evidently such a friend to Liljefors, and we must thank his memory for his share in giving to the world this greatest of animal painters.

Thiel built his home as much to house the collection of pictures he had amassed as to make an abode for his family. Many of the rooms are sky-lit; they are spacious, but furnishings, illumination and all give precedent to the wall spaces, and there one may behold the finest array of modern Swedish painting and sculpture that has ever been collected. It now belongs to the city of Stockholm through the gift of this financier and his widow, and constitutes one of the loveliest and most consistent art galleries in the world. A reward it is for a journey to Sweden, even though the other myriad rewards were not to be had.

Zorn, Eugen Jansson and others can be readily studied here, but Liljefors is the *pièce de résistance*. Two warlike eagles swoop down upon their prey, a tragic little hare try-



Christ in Gethsemane.—Bloch



Grandfather Asleep.—Thaulow

ing to escape through the underbrush. Some wriggling, fussy ducks are tipping down into the glittering, golden waters of a swampy pool, their bodies and the reeds silhouetted black against the reflections of a low sun. Two great swans glide under the silver gray of overhanging willows. The tumultuous surf of a cold Arctic sea piles up on rocky cliffs as ducks in rapid flight sweep into a school of tiny fish, caught unawares at the crest of a wave. These are a few of Bruno Liljefors' pictures at Thielski.

No black and white reproductions can give the first impression of the complete satisfaction and the unalloyed charm conveyed to any beholder by these amazing interpretations of one of the most beautiful phases of life in nature. Even color reproductions are inadequate. One must go before these pictures to know them. They stand at that supreme place in art which defies copy, analysis, or reproduction.

With all this superior attainment, Liljefors is consistently classified with the nineteenth century painters. His work these last thirty years has merely been the fulfillment of his nineteenth century promise to the world. He has not been touched by the abstractions of Modernism. He may hardly be classed with the Impressionists; he belongs to the great old schools of Renaissance Realism. He has interpreted the whole of the visual reality of what he saw, but he has made it profound art, not through his own artfulness or any ability to use art as a medium to transmit the sense of beauty to the human consciousness, but through his deep love of life, his sixth sense of the living power behind the reality. Few artists have known what they were trying to do, have been sure of the end, and then have done it regardless of style or rule or school or criticism, as frankly and sincerely as Liljefors has done.

It is hard to place any of these important living Swedish painters with the twentieth century Modernists. We are able to find but two whom we may include in the last program. Sweden is still racial and national. France worked through that years ago; even America and England have an international, universal expression that is not yet Sweden's.

Among the unique painters whom Sweden has produced is Anna Boberg, the wife of a distinguished Stockholm architect. A number of years ago, as a mere girl, in fact, Mrs. Boberg went to the Lofoten Islands of Norway on a pleasure cruise. They overwhelmed her; she felt they should be painted, and while she had never studied drawing or used paints, she went straight back to her Stockholm home, equipped herself with paints and canvases and returned to the Lofoten Islands. There, far above the Arctic circle, not one bleak winter but many, when the nights are longest and the cold most gripping, one might find Anna Boberg sewed into skins with easel strapped to her and an oil lamp under her palette to keep the paints fluid, recording the bleak desolation of the life among the fisher fleets and the fjord villages of the far north, under the aurora borealis or stars as large as saucers, or the black of endless nights.

Europe first became acquainted with Anna Boberg and her art in 1912, when she occupied alone the Swedish pavilion at the biennial exposition at Venice. The delicacy of a most feminine personality whose blonde loveliness was gowned in lavender tulle under a cream lace parasol seemed curiously incongruous against the huge canvases of the bitter northland which were her contribution, and all of this in a sunny pavilion surrounded by tropical trees at the edge of a Venetian canal. Since then, Anna Boberg has spent most of her summers in Paris, but now has returned to Stockholm, where Mr. Boberg is building them a huge studio and establishing their permanent home.

Architect Boberg designed the palatial home of Prince Eugene, the younger brother of the king, and one of Sweden's foremost landscape painters. Is it extravagant to call Prince Eugene* the most talented member of royalty in Europe today? Few members of royal families have distinguished themselves in the arts, but Prince Eugene's canvases are found in all the Scandinavian museums and most of the important collections of European art, not because they were painted by a prince, but because they are splendid pictures. Twilights and nocturnes over wide panoramas of Sweden's wildernesses have interested him

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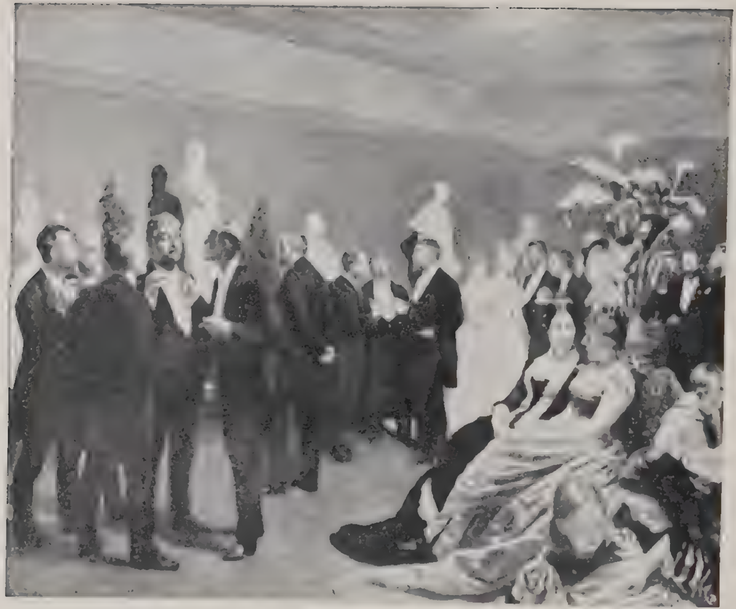
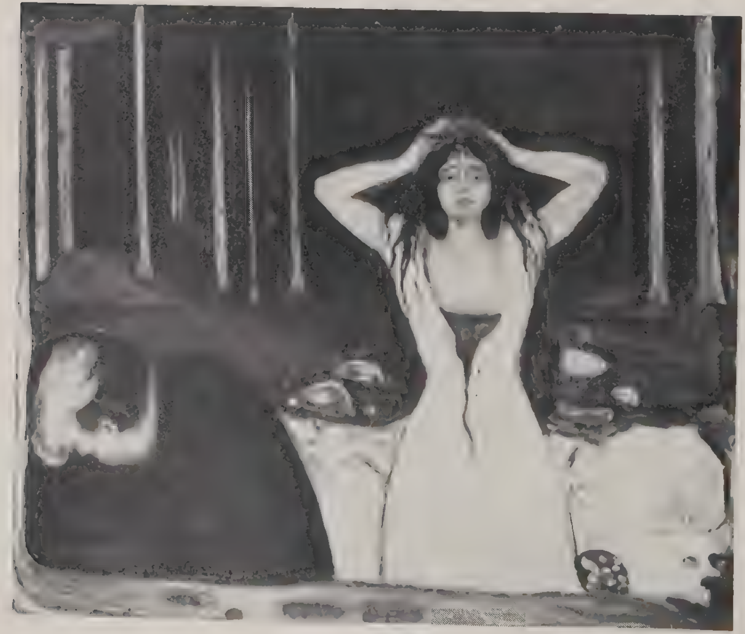
*See page 101.



Dedication of Sculpture Gallery.—Kröyer



Morning.—Munch

most. But he has done beautiful pictures of deep woodlands and fragrant gardens, also vistas of fjord, wharf, shipping and distant city, viewed from the grounds and porches of his home. He has a rich color sense and a very decorative feeling in his design.

Carl Wilhelmson* of Stockholm and Jens Ferdinand Willumsen† of Copenhagen are often confused even in catalogues. This is unfair to both, for Wilhelmson, the Swede, is a Realist of almost the genre type, a worshiper of light, consistent for the Scandinavian, and he never paints a portrait or a figure without giving it a rich background and a composition of brilliant color and vigorous line. He is one of the strong men of the hour, and the joy of his painting is in the way he applies the pigment to the canvas in rich, full strokes of brilliant color. And Willumsen, the Dane, first becoming noted as a painter of sunlit figures scampering along the beach, snow and sunshine over the fjords, and portraits revealing intensive character, has become the foremost Modernist of Scandinavia, doing strange abstractions in sculpture, tapestry and painting of emotional symbolism, with whom we will deal in a later program.

But it remains for us to conclude this lesson of modern Swedish painting by endeavoring to give full credit to the lovely art of Carl Larsson.‡ He was born in 1855 and lived near Stockholm all his life, becoming a social example as well as an artistic one through his gentle, domestic life and his fine democracy, all of which have proven him a master of the art of living. He built his house with his own hands with many years of loving thought and many hours of labor, a house that marks a great departure in the arts of interior decoration, a house and rooms that have already had a great influence in the new spirit of the home beautiful. This house was peopled with a lovely family of a gentle, strong wife and many blonde children. We know all about this, for it is this very home and these personages who have been the chief subjects for his pictures.

Some think of his work as being merely colored drawing. Surely it is illustration, but of the highest order, and embodied with a delicious sense of humor that we do not find elsewhere in Scandinavian art. He has worked in water color and oil with equal facility, and the color is so rich and meaningful that it is hardly fair to consider it merely a filling in between the lines. Larsson has illustrated children's books but has done many pictures independent of literary accompaniment. Books could easily be written around his pictures. In his case, the illustration has really gone before the story. The delightful little incidents of daily life—a punished dog, an inquisitive cow in her stall, the baby's interference with the father's work in his studio, the studious boy who has just come to the reading stage, a lovely model waiting to be posed within his studio, a son trying to shave himself for the first time in front of a poor mirror, little tots not sure which of their clothes should go on first—these are painted against the setting of a perfectly designed house, its furniture planned and built for each room, scrubbed pine floors, white walls and vermilion or jade green beams.

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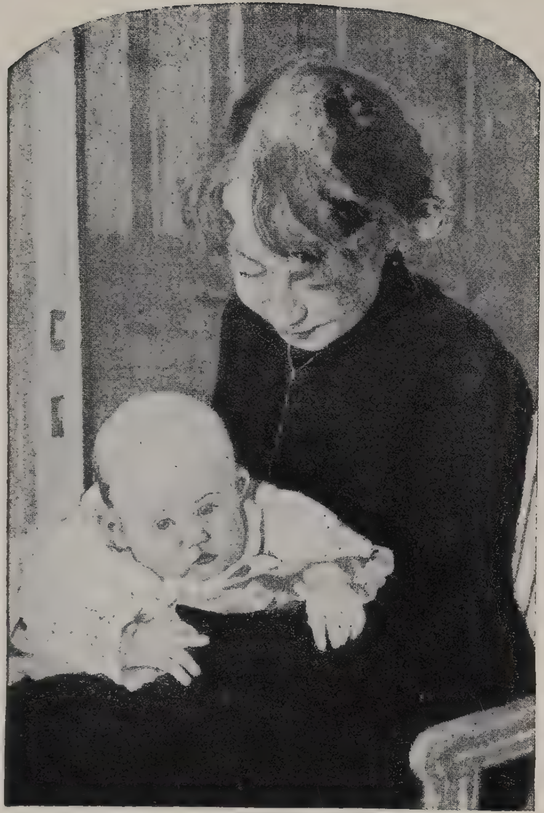
*See page 95. †See page 106. ‡See pages 98, 101.

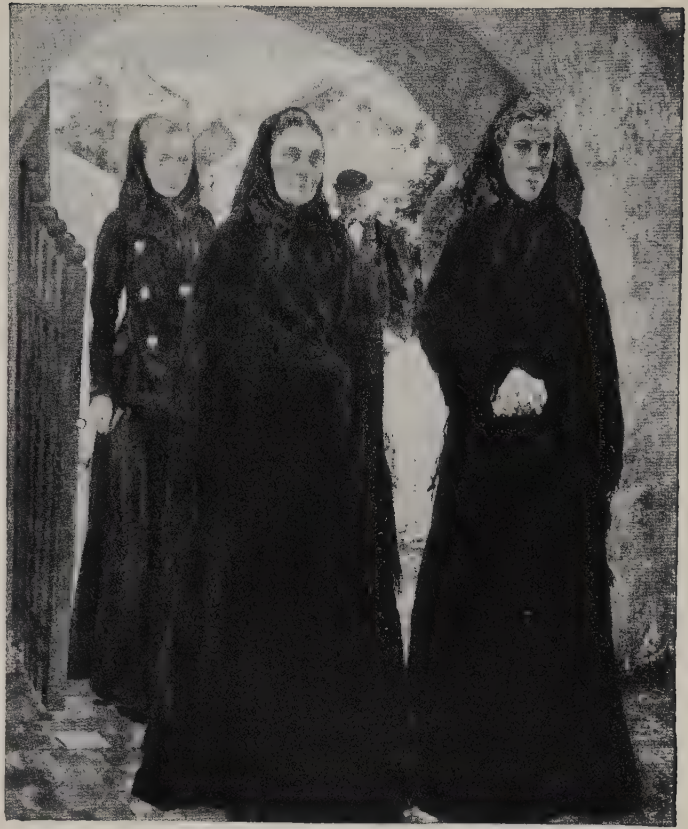
There are also many drawings without color, and then outdoor pictures of the children playing in the snow and horses dragging sleighs through deep drifts. He has designed furniture and stained glass windows, has done much woodcarving and built many a delightful toy. There is nothing dismal in the art of this Swedish master of illustration. There is a happiness about it all, glimpsed occasionally in the art of Anders Zorn, but otherwise rarely found in Scandinavian art.

A list should now follow of many a worthy contemporary Swede. There are a number of sculptors whom we shall mention later, but we cannot go by without a word for that excellent landscape painter, Schultzberg. He has been the president of the Swedish Society of Artists a number of years and has helped much to weld the Swedish group of painters into a fine fraternity. He paints vigorous, colorful landscapes, and his snow scenes, freshly and freely done, are especially admirable.

Let us conclude this program with a testimony to the most remarkable painter of snow. American landscape painters have done the winterscape as well as anyone, but



Mother and Child.—Wilhelmson



The Door of the Church.—Wilhelmson

to Gustav Fjaestadt* must be given the credit of presenting the art world with its most vivid interpretation of snow. He lives at Arvika, close to the Norwegian border, at the outer edge of Värmland in the midst of lovely forests where verdure reaches its climax in Sweden. Here there is hoarfrost, and it is this that has held Fjaestadt in Arvika throughout his painter life. He is not satisfied merely with the snowfall, but he wants this white blanket starred with the myriad shiny crystals that come with a frozen mist. He does summer scenes with enthusiasm, and the intricate patterns of gently flowing water reflecting a thousand ideas from yonder bank are no mean attainment of this great nature lover and ardent painter, but the tracery against the delicate winter sky of branches coated in crystal white, with untrod meadows sweeping in turn toward great pines heavily laden with snowy blankets, give Fjaestadt his unique place in the art world. Sweden has contributed much to modern culture and a great deal to modern science, but nowhere in European expression has the national feeling been more excellently told than by her painters and illustrators.

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*See page 104.

DENMARK

What has been said in general of Sweden will do pretty well for both Denmark and Norway, except that there seems to be no sense of humor, no playful spirit in the art of these sister countries, as we found it in Sweden. Denmark's easier proximity to Europe, and the fact that all of Europe sooner or later passes by her doorstep, Copenhagen, have made it even less easy for Denmark to maintain her true national expression. Nineteenth century painting here was almost entirely of the grandiose tableau type, much of it Biblical. There was a slant toward portraiture that seemed very much influenced by the English schools, and, in fact, in the museums in Copenhagen some day some wiseacre will discover formidable rivals to the aristocratic portrait painters, Gainsborough and Reynolds. Jens Juel* did portraits in the Grand Empire style, elegant and realistic to the last degree. When the art promoters really discover him, fortunes will be made. William Marstrand of the 1840's was a veritable Hogarth. Köbke was so literal that it is hard to believe he worked before he could employ the aid of photography. Constantin Hansen also did portraits of an elegant type, while Hammershöy painted portraits in a mist, almost in the spirit of the Frenchman, Carrière.

Carl Bloch† is still today the idol of the Danish people. From 1850 on, he painted astoundingly a full series of illustrations of the life of Christ, which are to be found in Fredericksborg castle, and huge stage-like pictures of everything from Anthony and Cleopatra through Shakespeare and the horrors of feudal torture to the touching scenes of eighteenth and nineteenth century Danish heroism. In his life of Christ series, painted upon copper sheets, color has been carried to its most sentimental climax. It is anything but vital. It has delicacy without strength, prettiness without truth, the kind of sentimental art that becomes cloyingly sweet and leaves us distasteful of it. If modern thought and the modern schools of art have taught nothing else, they have made us believe in beauty only when there is strength and truth first. Delicacy is unhealthy unless it flowers on a strong stem.

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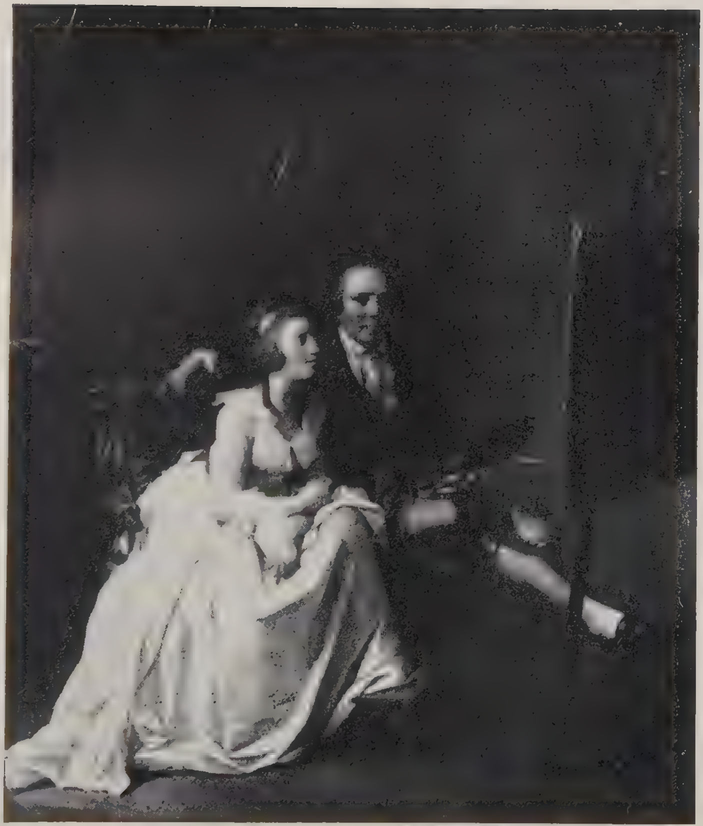
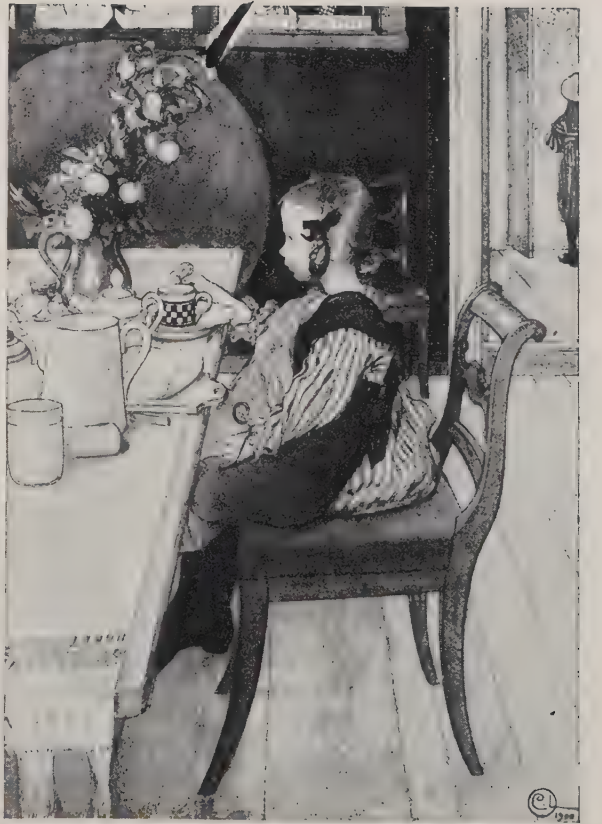
*See page 98. †See page 89.



THE ARTIST AND HIS WIFE.—JUEL



LIE-A-BED'S SAD BREAKFAST.—LARSSON
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

P. S. Kröyer* was Denmark's contributor to the interpretation of sunlight. He was born in 1851, therefore belonging quite definitely to the Danish Academy. But before the end of the 1880's he was delighting in painting his figures out of doors, and he managed various vacations in Italy, where he painted Italians against whitewashed walls and in market places. In 1888 he painted a huge canvas delineating the important personages who were present at the dedication of the Carlsberg Glyptothek in Copenhagen. He revealed the actual scene as it had occurred, in the main sculpture hall of the big museum. After this he did many assembly pictures, chiefly concerts, and often they were in the spirit of the art of Menzel, the German painter of Sans Souci.

Michael Ancher and his wife, Anna, consciously or unconsciously injected a very marked Dutch feeling into Danish painting. Their interiors with figures against small paned windows are for all the world like the Dutch little masters. Their out-of-door scenes are much more bleak than the Dutch, and you wonder if they did not really paint more in Norway than in Denmark. Scenes of death, especially of seamen, often occupied their attention. Blind old women, orphan children saying their evening prayers, a fanatic missionary preaching to a forlorn group on a barren hillside, are not exactly subjects to delight the seeker of beauty. The Anchers made their first international appearance in the Paris Exposition in 1889.

Another academic painter of this period who brought the French influence especially to Denmark was Laurits Tuxen.† He won many an honor in his Paris student days during the 1860's with his excellent drawings and paintings of the nude figure, but these found no favor at home. He succeeded in managing a few commissions for mural paintings at Frederiksborg Castle and in other royal buildings of Denmark, and then he became a royal painter and was invited to England to do large family groups of young Queen Victoria and her numerous household. His most important dramatic tableau is a huge mural in luminous atmospheric color of the tearing down of the barbaric idols of ancient Scandinavia by the first Christians of the north.

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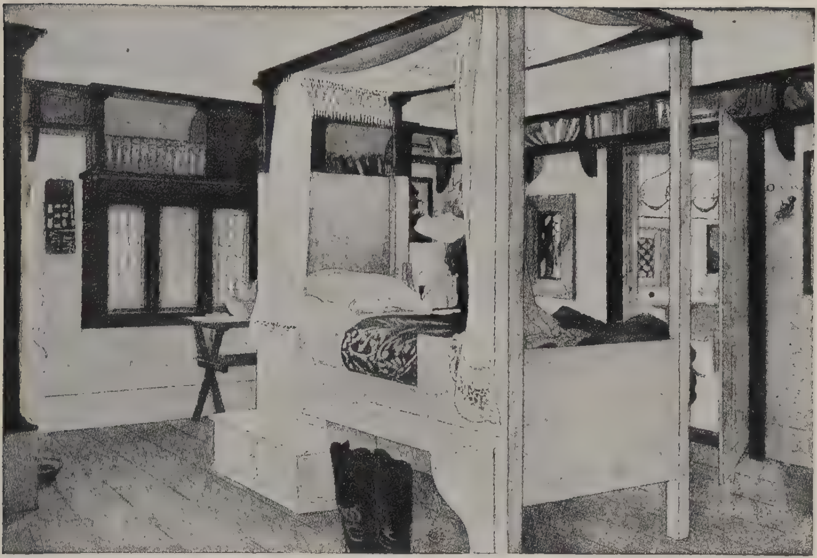
*See page 92. †See pages 83, 86.

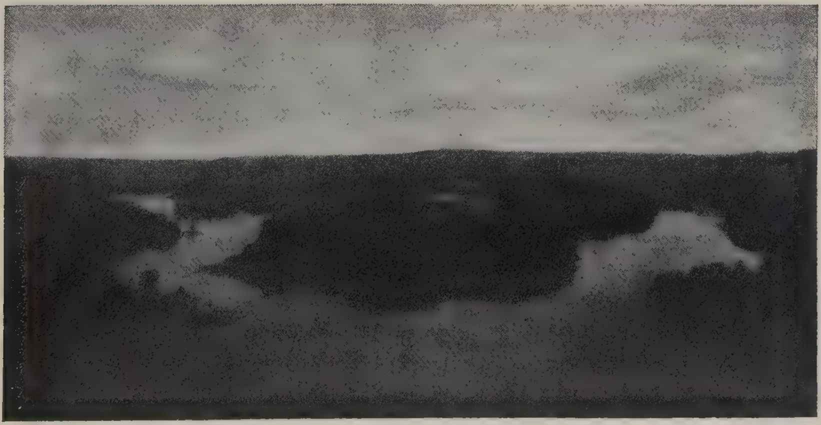
It is also at Frederiksborg. He even painted for the Russian court, doing the crowning of the Emperor Nicholas II at Moscow in 1896. He was a tremendously versatile painter, but it is hard to imagine that such a stiff and dry composition as the last mentioned could have been painted by the man who did the magnificent, vibrant portrait of Queen Victoria at Windsor Castle in 1894.

To Einar Nielsen we must give the credit for the most distinctive Danish contribution, and he has painted the tragedy of life as it has only been lived by the unfortunates of Scandinavia. The loneliness of the blind, the helplessness of the lame, the dejection of the poverty-stricken, have interested Nielsen. One picture of a young girl in the pallor of death, seated at an open window where the spring breeze comes in and blows the curtain with a new life, but all too late, and another, the picture of the gathering of a little family around a board where only a few crusts of bread remain, are characteristic of his subject matter. It sounds hopeless and would be negligible were it not for his remarkable craftsmanship. A picture of a group of old men and women seated and standing in a silent line is called *The Bells.* It is evident they are all waiting for the death bell to toll them into the beyond. The color is gray, black, ghastly green, and steel white. He has found a definite symbolism in the very color he uses in every canvas. If he were not so wholly Realistic, he could be classed with the Expressionists. A blind girl standing in the meadow holding the seed-sphere of a dandelion delicately in her hand sees not the golden yellow of the world about her, so the picture is all done in gray and white with only a suggestion of green or yellow that real eyes might have fully seen.

Kay Nielsen is the Danish artist who corresponds to Carl Larsson in Sweden, but Nielsen has lived so much away from Denmark, having been so closely associated with the French and English schools that they can rightfully claim him. His illustrations of children's stories are most delightful. In fact, there is no question of the fact that he is one of the most imaginative and fascinating illustrators of our day, but at home in Denmark, we are surprised



Father's Room.—Larsson



Summer Night.—Prince Eugene

to find him most definitely regarded as a sculptor. The museums in Copenhagen are well filled with his art.

It is not surprising to find an especial regard for sculpture in the new Denmark, for Copenhagen has not only the Thorwaldsen museum, but in the Carlsberg Glyptothek is one of the finest collections of nineteenth and twentieth century sculpture to be found in Europe. In two later programs we will refer to the art of J. F. Willumsen, whose astounding painting and sculpture lift Denmark into the progressive vigor of twentieth century art.

NORWAY

It is difficult to see Norwegian art outside of Norway, but in the museums of Oslo and Bergen one finds the sturdy pride of these most modern people of Europe displayed in a somber array of hardy paintings. Hans Dahl seems to have begun it during the nineteenth century, and he painted all sorts of things, the drunkard in the village street, the valkyrie riding through the clouds, trolls in their fjord kingdoms, occasionally valiant incidents from Viking Saga. It was mostly done in the Düsseldorf manner, and while straightforward and honest, means little as an art contribution. Ludwig Muenthe is generously represented in the Norwegian museums with pictures of much the same type.

Normann* was a grandiose landscape painter, the first to do the majesty of the fjords with a grand splendor. He was also of the Düsseldorf persuasion and may be likened to Bierstadt of America and even to our Thomas Moran, although he did not paint in so free and excellent a manner. These pictures are grand panoramas of interest as topographical records of grand scenic spots. When we look at them, we wonder if a real work of art is not measured by the little it can tell well, rather than by the quantity.

Otto Sinding developed his viewpoint largely in Munich, but the Riefstahl, Thoma and Böcklin influence did not entirely ruin him as a Norwegian painter. In the 1880's he went north, painting the drama of the return of the sun to the Laplanders of the Lofoten Islands. But his truly Scandinavian pictures are not numerous.

Christian Krohg fell under the spell of the French Academy and after winning a prize in Paris in 1884, he returned to do large paintings of his fellow-kind in Christiania, especially bread-lines of children, funeral processions, and unhappy scenes in police courts. He then turned to the life of the north seamen and painted bold and grisly canvases of this most vigorous of all experiences, fishing in the northern seas. It is too bad that Krohg did not have a more consistent urge or a more simple mission. He

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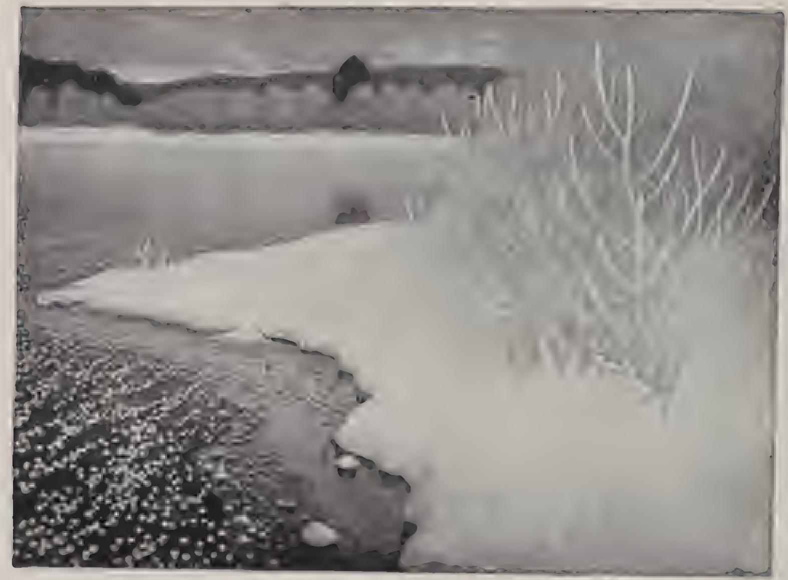
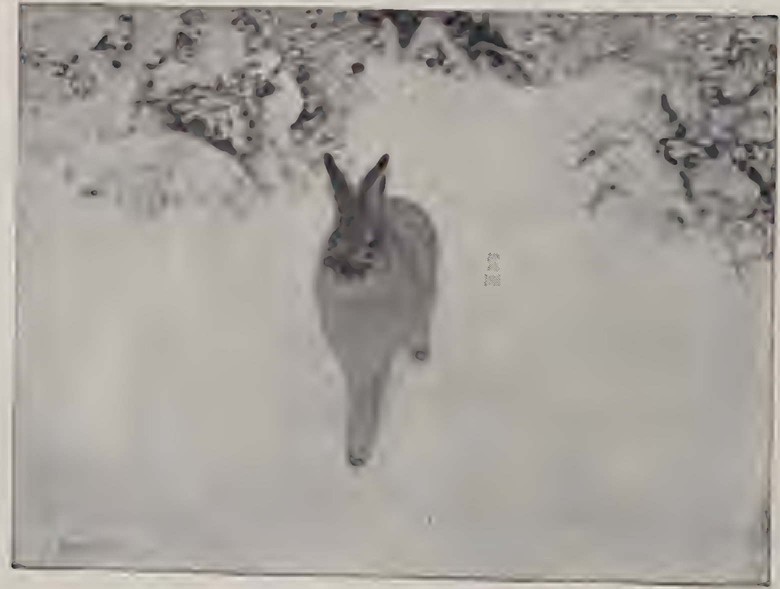
*See page 80.



Rime Frost.—Fjaestad



Winter Hare.—Liljefors

could have become a great master if he had had more definite art principles and had not dissipated his talents through so many channels.

Richard Bergh, first coming to notice about 1880, did many a fine portrait and some tremendously vigorous scenes of the northland. He has been likened to Jonas Lie, the great writer of northern Norway. A fine portrait of Jonas Lie by Bergh is well remembered after visiting the museum of Oslo.

Frits Thaulow,* a pupil of Amandus Nilson, departed from the stiffness of Nilson's landscapes into a general refinement that no landscape painting had achieved. Thaulow rapidly leaped into fame, and by 1890 he was the favorite northern painter in the French and English markets. He had a great way of painting running water, especially little Norwegian streams between wooded banks, with glimpses of red-roofed houses seen through the trees. He painted snow with fine feeling and made the light of heaven shine from his skies over all of his landscapes. The source of light was understood, likewise the sense of motion in branch and water. While he is most noted as a painter of running water, there are a few nocturnal street scenes and room interiors, particularly one in the Meyer gallery in Bergen, that would place him at the very head of these schools of painting anywhere. Since Thaulow, there have been a group of younger men forging to the front in Norwegian art, as we shall see in chapters nineteen and twenty.

But a man who belongs to both the nineteenth and twentieth centuries is Edvard Munch.† There is not one gentle note in Munch's art. It is mostly diabolical in its relentless revelation of the least pleasant character of Norwegian life. His brush stroke is the most vigorous ever used, not as generous in pigment as Fechin's, the Russian, or as well-mannered as Mancini's, the Italian. He drags great lines of blue over his canvas, outlines crag or cloud, thumb or eyelid, if he has the urge to do so. Sometimes the whole world seems to be stark staring mad; again, it is deluged in woe. In one room alone at Oslo, seven deaths, most of them violent, are revealed in his pictures—three old men

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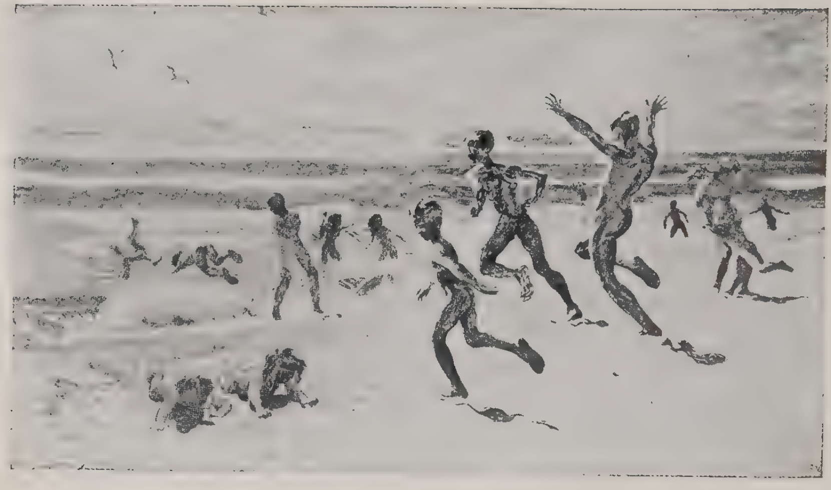
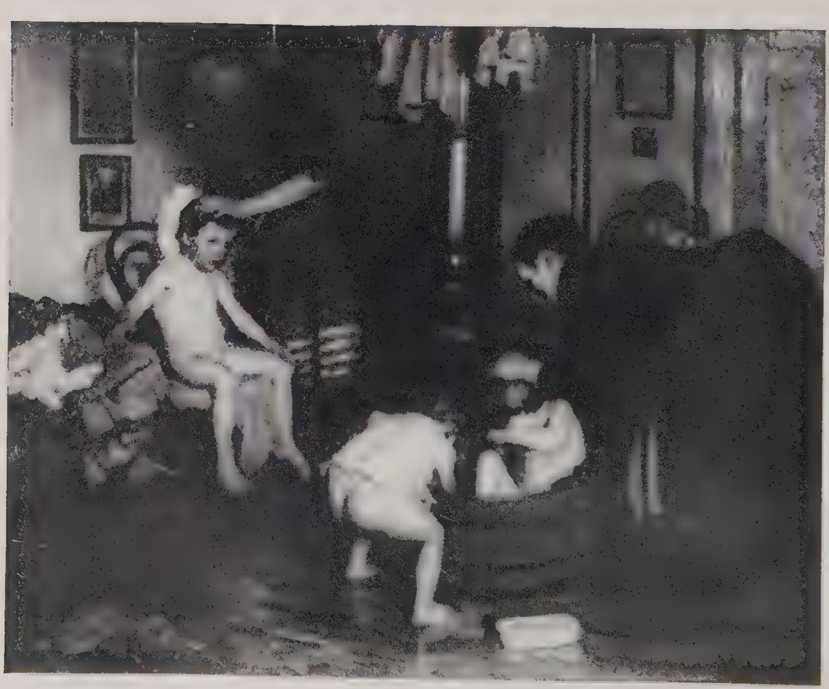
*See pages 74, 89. †See page 92.



SUN AND YOUTH.—WILLUMSEN



THE CHILDREN'S BATH.—JOHANSEN

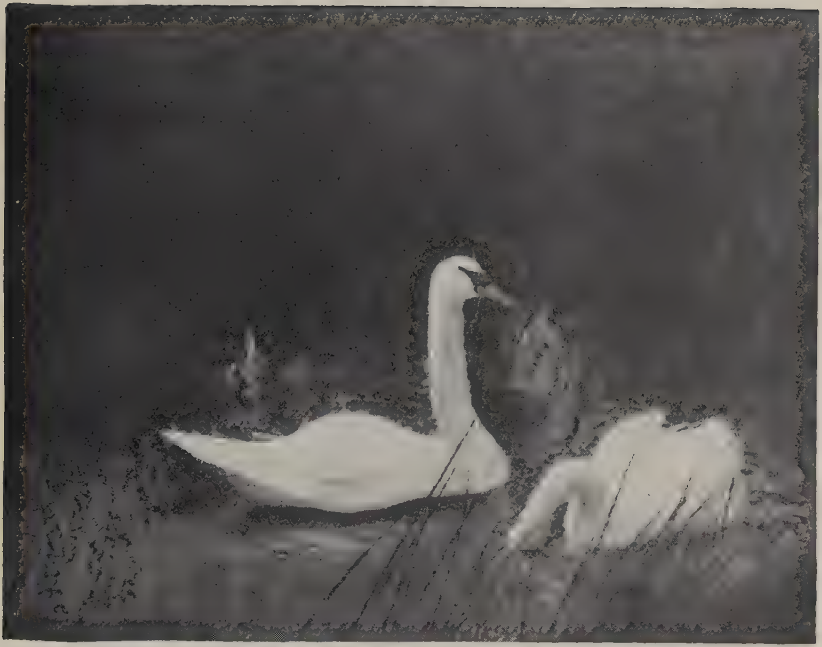
in a row whose bodies have endured near-starvation decade upon decade, stare blankly at us; a series of nude pictures are harrowing in their consciousness of the decay of the flesh.

Munch somehow springs Norway upon us like a jack-in-box. We are startled and often horrified, but never amused. His color is certainly Expressionistic, but his subject matter is highly Realistic. He has frankly chosen to paint the viewpoint of life that was simply unmentionable in the romantic Victorian era. Munch is the most vigorous counteractionary to Romanticism in art that Europe has produced. He disgusts and almost angers us, and yet we are tremendously relieved to find someone so honestly, vigorously truthful with himself in the mawkish sea of ridiculous sentimentality that brought nineteenth century art down to an ignominious finish.

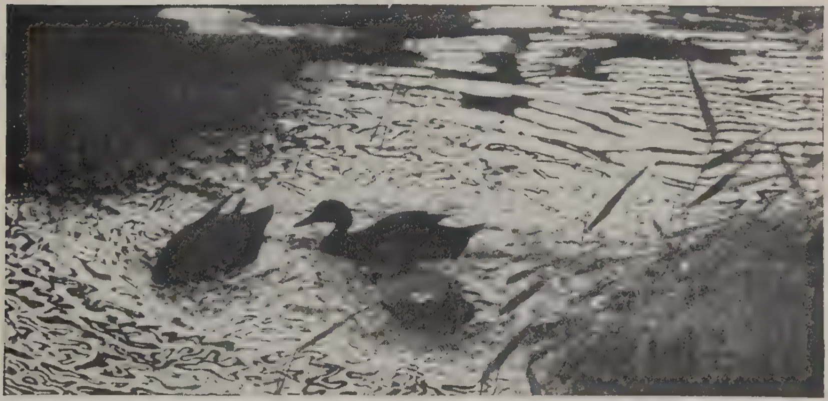
Henrich Sorensen is another of these vigorous, relentless painters, and the Meyer gallery in Bergen reveals all too many of his unpleasant nudes. Most of them are entirely unbeautiful, and in some cases there is a feeling that they might be of interest in a medical clinic. Yet these men may be rendering a fine service in showing that the art of painting can be powerful and speedy, that it is a language most misunderstood in the nineteenth century. Norway is really the youngest country of cultured Europe, the last to find itself but certainly lacking no courage in its viewpoint.

Each of these northern countries has produced a stirring modern sculpture, and Denmark and Norway have produced at least two of the most interesting figures in modern painting. The art of these countries is so young that we cannot measure its full worth any more than we can that of America, but we are very conscious that a racial spirit and straightforward national vigor have come into their expression. We cannot say that the Scandinavians have had a good time in finding an art outlet, but they have honestly endeavored to find the new road to beauty, and there is not a lazy stroke in Scandinavian art. To southern or western eyes there seems little beauty in what they have done, but there is always vigor and truth.

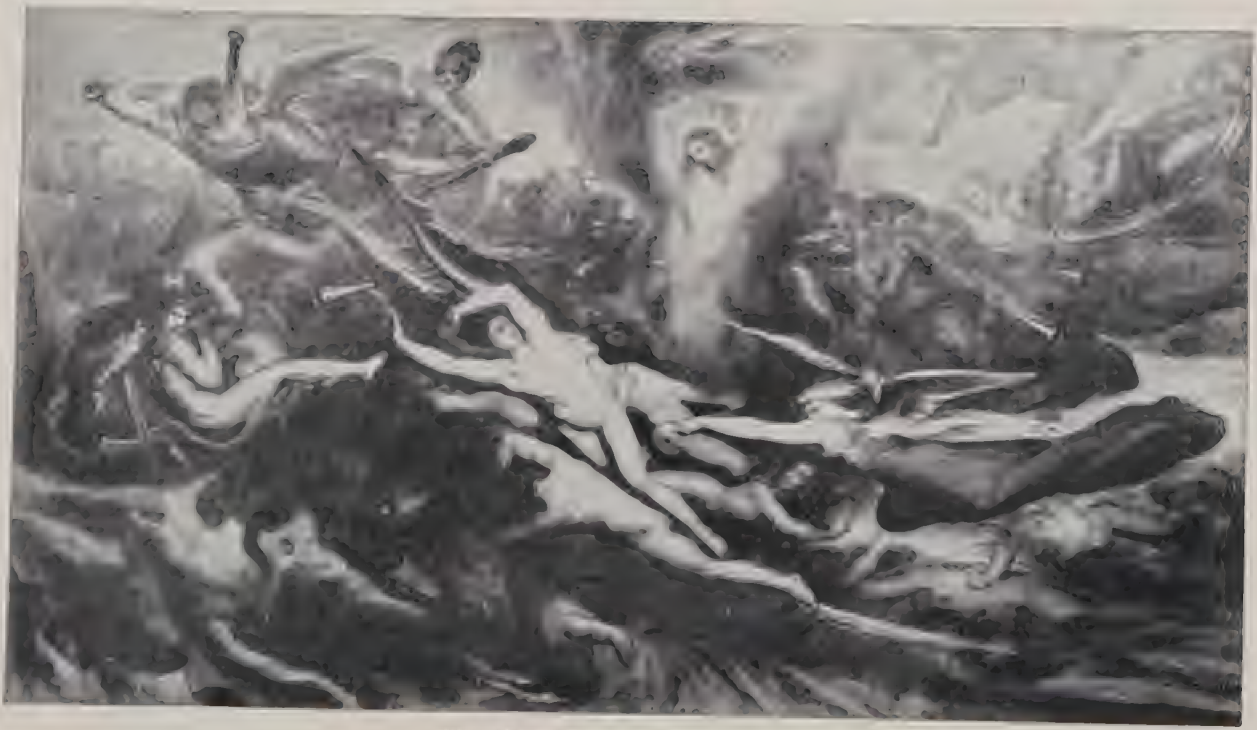
In the music and architecture of these three countries, one finds the same national enterprise, but with a more gracious approach. To know Norwegian art, read Ibsen and Bjoernson, and hear Grieg. Art is the first urge and the last attainment of every race. Scandinavia is on the first stage of this attainment. The art of Holland is centuries old in comparison, and Belgium has lost its national utterance, for the Belgians of today who have attained eloquence are speaking in the universal language of the wide world. This, of course, will also be true of Scandinavia altogether too soon, but for the time being, it is the racial integrity put forth in honest ways that intrigues us most in Scandinavian expression.



Swans.—Liljefors



Ducks and Water.—Liljefors



The Triumph of Christ —Wiertz

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

ICE Disappearing by Thaulow. Here the art of painting is brought to a fine realistic climax by this late nineteenth century Norwegian painter. Page 74.

The Little Knitter by Blommers. A late century Dutch genre painter, making his figure very real in the apparent truth of out-of-door light; *Lady with a Rose* by Stevens, a very important Belgian artist's concept of aristocracy as elegant as the other picture is simple; a master of detail without being photographic. Page 64.

Interior of Cottage by Israels, domestic, gentle, mother love tenderly suggested by a great Dutchman; *Return of the Miners* by Meunier, sturdy force approaching ugliness, a very masculine interpretation by a great Belgian painter who became a still greater sculptor. Page 67.

View of Dordrecht by Maris, the very atmosphere of Holland, unpretentious in composition but as rich as the scene itself, atmospheric and luminous rich shadows. Page 70.

Fishing Smacks and Stormy Sky by Mesdag. No one before him ever painted the feeling of the North Sea and the moist skies of the English Channel as well. Page 73.

River Scheldt near Antwerp by Clays, as clean cut and photographic as the Mesdag is atmospheric and emotional; *A Song Between Decks* by Verhaert, a close-up characterization of interesting people who appear slightly as if they were doing comic opera. Page 77.

Sheep Going to Pasture by Mauve, an excellent example of Dutch pastoral painting, suggestion rather than revelation and far more poetic though not as dramatic as *Summer Night in Norway* by Normann. Page 80.

Training for the Circus by Forsberg, very much in the German spirit of painting but excellently illuminated; *Queen Victoria and Family at Windsor* by Tuxen, astounding in its accuracy. Page 83. *Portrait of Queen Victoria* also by Tuxen, a free brilliant sketch done from life at Windsor. Page 86.

Christ in Gethsemane by Bloch, the most sentimental of all the Danish painters; *Grandfather Asleep* by Thaulow, a wonderfully done interior as natural and honest as the Bloch is artificial. Page 89.

Dedication of Sculpture Gallery by Kröyer. More German than Danish, but delightfully amusing in costuming and characterization; *Morning* by Munch, a terrifying composition expressive of ugliness, remorse and hatred, neither pleasant nor pretty but certainly forceful. Norwegian tragedies are his themes. Page 92.

Mother and Child by Wilhelmson, a delightful, homely, realistic portrait group in characteristic Scandinavian manner; *The Door of the Church* also by him, a plain picture of plain and somber folk. Page 95.

The Artist and His Wife by Juel, the most aristocratic and elegant of all the Danish painters, coming early in the century, in great contrast to Larsson late in the century, who painted the dry humor of *Lie-a-Bed's Sad Breakfast*. Page 98.

Father's Room by Larsson, an inimitable illustration by this most charming Swedish painter; *Summer Night* by Prince Eugene, the light that comes across the North Pole, a Scandinavian summer night by the world's foremost royal artist. Page 101.

Rime Frost by Fjaestadt, *Winter Hare* by Liljefors, Sweden's greatest snow and animal painters; absolute realism, rare beauty of color. Page 104.

Sun and Youth by Willumsen, a dazzling painting of sunlight by Denmark's foremost modernist in great contrast to Johansen's solid illustration, *The Children's Bath*. Page 106.

Swans and *Ducks and Water* by Liljefors, even in the black and white are great interpretations of bird life, perfect revelations of nature. In Liljefors the artist and the naturalist meet as in no other master. Page 109.

The Triumph of Christ by Wiertz, a dynamic example of the dramatic allegory of this strange painter of Brussels. Page 110.

SPANISH PAINTING

III

SPAIN has expressed itself freely in all of the arts, but the very dramatic character of this most oriental country of Europe leads us to believe that some day Spain will express itself most perfectly in the theater.

The topography is dramatic; an extensive and spectacular coast line facing most of the world, the whole central area of the country a high plateau ribbed with white capped mountains. With the exception of Switzerland, Spain is the most mountainous country of Europe. There are vast desert wastes and paradise valleys. The Moors put wonderful systems of irrigation through the barren spots of Andalusia and Valencia. The result is the most intensive and luxuriant agriculture in the world.

Climatically Spain is dramatic. The winters are cold with bleak winds from the north and heavy snows upon the plateaus. Three hours away there is bathing in the blue waters of the gentle Mediterranean the winter through. The summers are torridly hot, especially in the coast cities and those along the old rivers. In the heights, the summer nights are perfect—cool but not damp, and almost totally void of wind. The Spaniard has learned to sleep at midday during June, July and August, and to stay up all night. Therefore Spanish music.

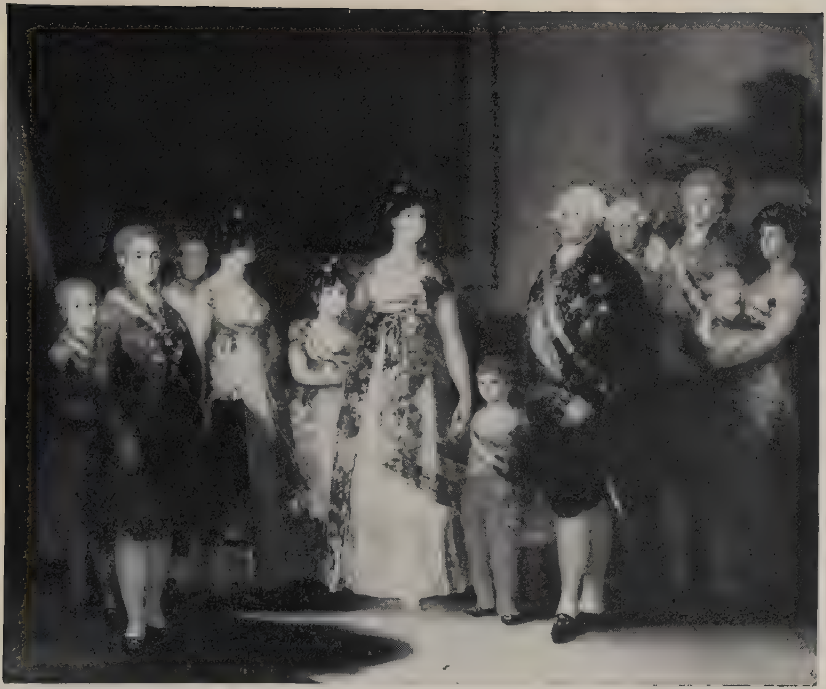
The people of Spain are either rich or poor. There are very few in middle ground. It was not so long ago that Spain terminated the dramatic and diabolical Inquisition, which lasted nearly five hundred years. Spain still has, as its chief sport, the most dreadful of medieval institutions, the bull fight. Beautiful women, lazy men, ascetics galore, brilliant philosophers, a care-free court but a reactionary government. The poor are careless and happy or sick and dejected. Havelock Ellis tells us it is the richest of all civilizations for the study of petty crime. The rich are pleasure lovers and spendthrifts or long faced misers. Spain is a land of contradictions, not gentle as Italy is, not visionary and philosophical as is France, not thrifty and industrious as Germany, nor sturdy and dependable as is England. Spain is just Spain—the most dramatic corner of Europe.

Today we summarize the drama and poetry of Spanish literature as excellently expressive but of no outstanding significance in comparison with its music and painting. Spanish architecture rewards the traveler beyond his most hopeful expectations, but little of it is truly Spanish. It is French Gothic, Islamic, Roman, Carthaginian, or Italian Renaissance, revamped to satisfy certain climatic or esthetic demands of Spanish life.

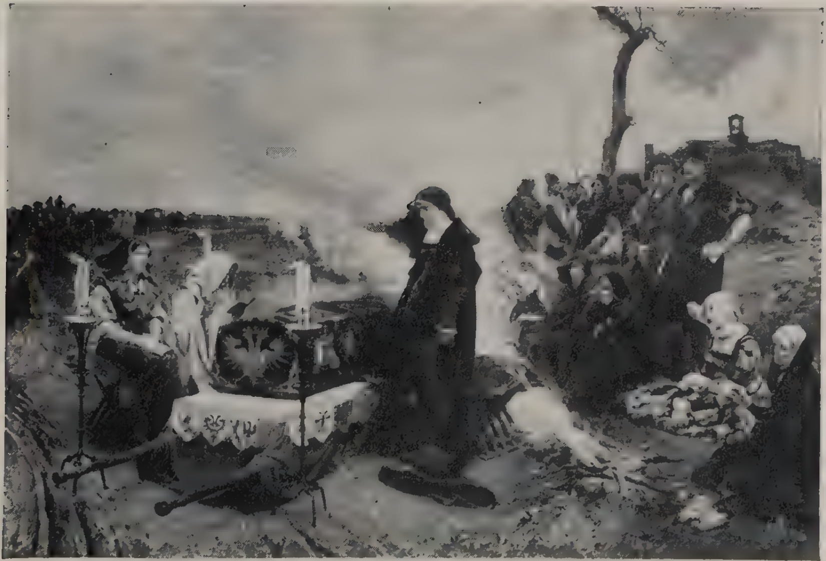
Spanish sculpture has ever been purely the handmaiden of the church and no art attains greatness when it is a medium of propaganda. Art, in its highest sense, serves itself and thereby the world of beauty, organized harmony. A picture or a play may point a moral, and the defense of peace or the creed of a faith may be expounded with fine eloquence through an art. But the performance will not be regarded long unless in itself there are art qualities above all else.

At once let us understand that most Spanish art has been propaganda, but the vigorous temperament combined with the Latin love of life has made many a Spanish artist pre-eminent in his chosen field. Is there any music in the world more distinctive than Spanish? Even Hungarian and Russian music must take second place.

Spanish painting stands brilliantly and distinctively alone. The ''isms'' have fooled it not. A straightforward realism has been the controlling factor in the whole history of Spanish painting. Only once has it given way wholly to an influence beyond its own borders, and this was in the first half of the nineteenth century, when the French Academy and the annual Paris Salon controlled and hoodwinked Spanish art as it did most of the rest of Europe. On the other hand, Spanish painting had a most marked influence over an important tendency in mid-century French art known as Orientalism, when many a valiant Paris



Family of Charles IV.—Goya



Queen Joanna the Mad.—Pradilla

Academician went off to North Africa to find his subject matter. The Spaniards who were then studying in the French schools taught their Paris confreres to do this. Then when we come to later chapters we shall see that Spain has produced a few of the mightiest men of modern art, who managed to excel the French at their own game.

Great are the reasons for the straightforward realism in Spanish painting. For seven hundred years, Spain was under the political and ethical dominance of the Mohammedans, Asturias and Basque being the only provinces where Christianity prevailed. Had it not been for the impenetrable Pyrenees, Islam might have carried its faith and its culture straight over France and to all the rest of Europe. At the end of the fifteenth century, the Christian had regained all of his beloved Iberia, and in 1492 the Moor was driven from his last stronghold, Granada. The cry then went up from the housetops that Spain was once more God's stronghold, and every Spaniard did his best to prove that he was Christian and not Mohammedan.

The teachings of the Koran forbid representation in the arts. The Mohammedan could neither paint nor model the representation of a living form. As this, to him, was little else than worshiping graven images, his art became entirely geometric and abstract—impersonal straight line designs which he applied to carvings, inlays, and even weavings. The Moors of Spain, in the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, became the greatest designers in geometric form that have ever been. The laws of the starry universe, the intricate beauty of a million snowflakes reveal no more of the beauty of geometric laws than the elaborate art of the Moors.

When it was obliterated in the sixteenth century and the Church of Rome was reëstablished in Spain, the significance and symbolism of the Christian faith, revealed through the high ritual and corporeal symbol of saints and the Deity, became the theme of all Spanish eloquence. The less abstract and the more materialistic, the better it suited the Spanish mind. The torture of the martyrs, the crucifixion of the Christ, the woe of the Marys, all the sorrows of the world were brought forth with relentless, even brutal realism. The great school of Spanish painting strode forth with a dazzling light in such men as El Greco, Ribera, Murillo and Velasquez. Velasquez reached such a pinnacle that his art dazzled his followers into a timidity, and for nearly a hundred years, or during the eighteenth century, there was a lull in Spanish painting. Then came, during the reign of Charles IV and at the time of the Napoleonic intermezzo a genius beyond compare, electrifying not only Spain but the whole of the art world with his brilliancy.

He was fifty-four years of age at the dawn of the century, but just stepping into his prime as a painter and etcher, and his work became more and more magnificent up to the very hour of his death in 1828. Francisco Goya* was this stirring Spaniard, and his art stands as the most brilliant contribution to the culture of the world in the first quarter of the nineteenth century. The only other artists of this time who attained places of preëminence were Turner and Constable of England.

Goya seems to inherit the craftsmanship of his Spanish predecessors plus an added dramatic flair. He lived in a supercilious age when the courts of Europe rocked with deceit and imbecility. The Spanish court was no exception. Goya as a young man became the chief painter to the Spanish king, Charles IV. Society as a whole was superficial and extravagant through the false support it had received from the gold of the Americas. The Inquisition had long racked the church of Spain. Subtle social rebellion had set in throughout the country. Goya tackled it all and revealed it in no mincing terms. He was a satirist of the first water, and he dared to caricature most of the persons he painted, even to those who posed for commissioned portraits. But they never saw themselves as others did, and it has taken the succeeding generations to see through the surface of Goya's paint into the hearts of the ridiculous persons whom he painted.

He must have had a very engaging personality, for he was sought in court life, favored by the ladies, and even credited with many a savory escapade in the high ranks of princesses and duchesses. On the other hand, he was a great democrat, mixing with the people of the street and enjoying best his pals at a famous old wine shop in Madrid. He had his friends in the church and painted many a priest and hobnobbed with many a monk. But he did more to turn the Spanish world topsy-turvy than all the other propagandists and reformers put together.

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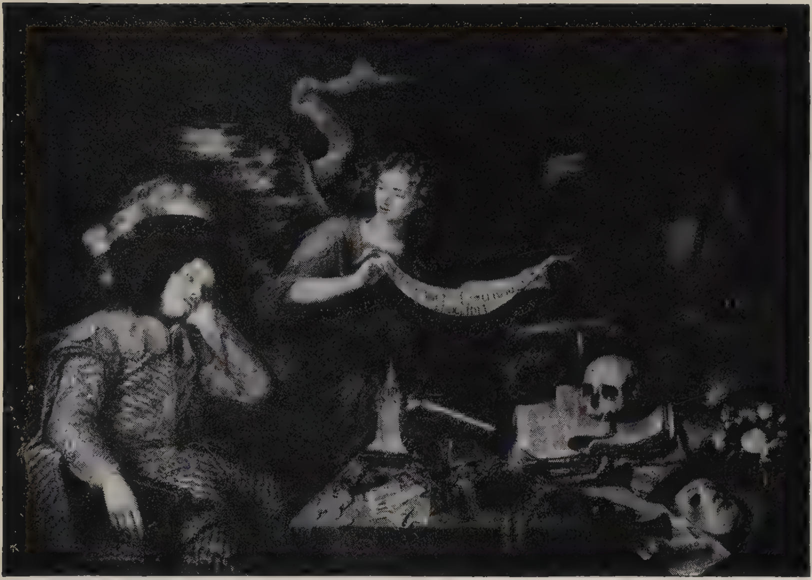
*See pages 115, 122.

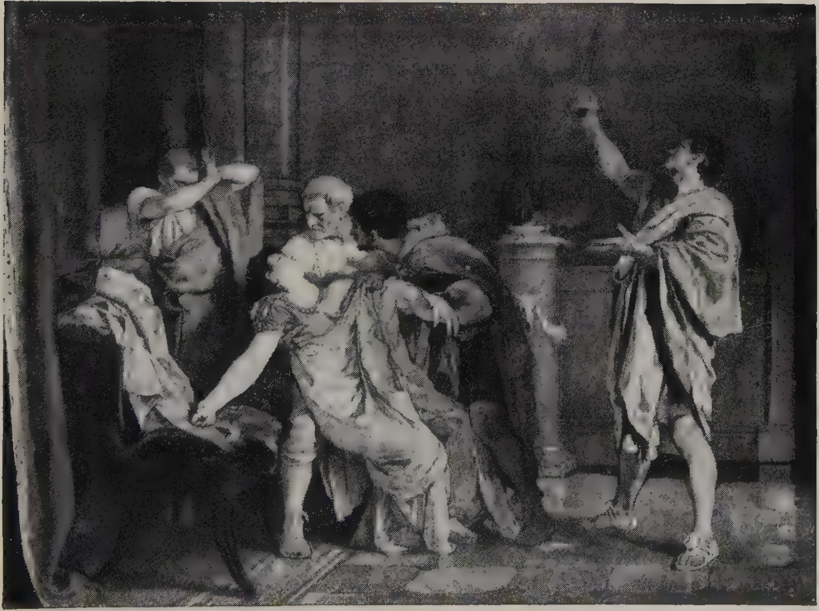
He made a series of etchings attacking the Inquisition, actually putting the inquisitors in dunce caps. This caused him to be banished from Spain, but he only lived in Naples two years before being recalled to paint a series of cartoons for tapestries to be woven for the Escorial, the mountain castle of the Spanish court. These tapestries hang there today and are the gentlest things Goya did. They show the childlike games of the gentlemen and ladies of the court. The costumes of the period were the essence of pictorial charm—of course the echo of the courts of the Louis's of France. It is charming to see, along the walls of this austere old castle, the gay leaders of Spanish society, in blue, red, gold and white, scampering around at "Blind Man's Buff," "Drop the Handkerchief," "Spat in and Spat out," stilts, "To Jerusalem," "Ring-around-a-Rosie" and so forth. *The Burial of the Sardine* reproduced here belongs to this series. It is a buffoon's game that is still played in Spain. If one examines each figure and countenance in this picture, Goya's satire is easily discovered.

As a matter of design, these things do not compare with those by Watteau of France. As a matter of color, they are nothing like as lovely as those by Gainsborough of England or Lancret of France, who had painted similar subjects, but ah! they have other qualities.

Then Goya was commissioned to do a mural painting directly upon the wall of the dome in the new church of San Francisco in the brilliant new capital, Madrid. Why he was not straightway excommunicated or beheaded or something we cannot say, for when the painting was done it was found to reveal St. Francis as a half-wit fanatic, preaching to a jeering multitude. A balustrade was painted



THE DREAM OF LIFE.—PEREDA



DEATH OF LUCRETIA.—ROSALES

around the lower edge of the dome, and riding this balustrade were dirty urchins thumbing their noses at the saint, and in general making themselves obnoxious. The painting "got by" and Goya was honored for it. Today the priests of the church, in showing it to you, are doubled up with laughter to think how Goya fooled his public.

As a painter he was not brilliant. His drawing, many times, was clumsy and inexpressive. Shoulders and arms in his portraits are often too small for the heads. He left many canvases unfinished. He was not especially keen about his composition. His color was often ugly and crude, and his shadows virtually colorless. But with all that, he drew with an emotional *flair* almost equal to that of the earlier master, El Greco. He put his story over, like the bursting of a bomb, and he was so intent on doing just one thing in each picture that he had no time for nor interest in silly non-essentials. Textures and accessories bothered him not. He was a big, bad, bold painter, often dreaded in his own time but beloved by the whole art world since.

His etchings and drawings are masterful way beyond his paintings, and he did hundreds of them. One series was a challenge to illegal surgery; another was an attack on no less an institution than the bull fight. He pictured, in the former, the secret practices of the midwife; in the latter, he made the bull appear more like a forlorn rabbit, the toreador a wicked boy, and the excited multitude a crowd of babbling idiots.

He even painted the family of his king, old, puffy and blear-eyed, an absurd puppet standing vainly in absurd clothes—the queen a vicious termagant, evidently the original militant suffragette—the other princesses of the court, with the exception of two delightful children, cantankerous old crabs.

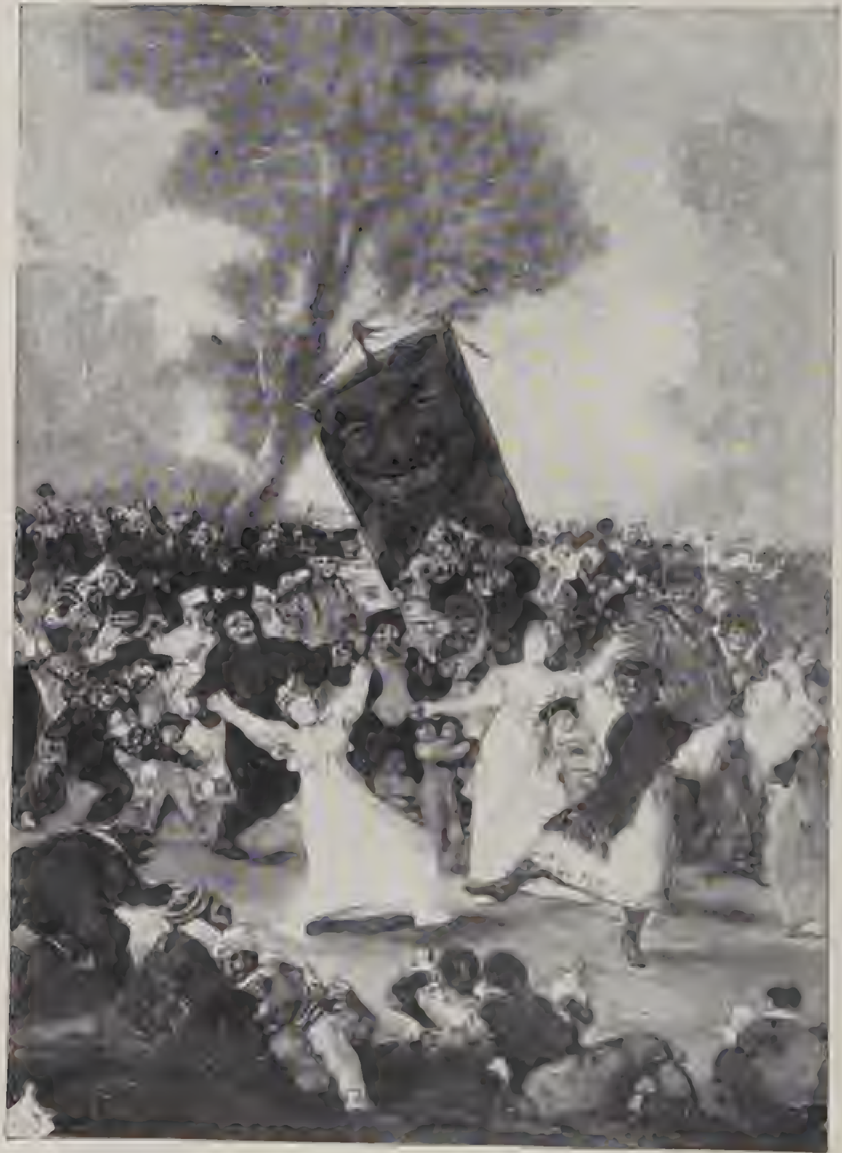
After his condemnation for an affair with a certain duchess, he was so ungallant as to do an etching for publication showing himself being unwittingly led on by the enticements of the fair lady. They are both walking across the picture, the duchess in the lead, dressed fetchingly in black with high comb, lace mantilla, and fan which she uses coquettishly to beckon him on, as her eyes and glinting teeth seen through a fascinating smile do the rest. Goya, with arms extended in protesting supplication, slowly follows, as if to say, "What could the poor man do?"

Examine any of Goya's etchings and see with what direct methods he told his tale. If a figure could be massed in one solid tone against the light, he did it. If four deft lines would suggest the features of a face, he did no more. The graphic quality of his art is its best part, and makes him the peer of all artists of this type. Neither Cruikshank nor Hogarth nor any other of the mighty illustrators or cynics approach the terseness or the directness of Goya.

One of Goya's most dramatic moments came on a rainy night in the habitual wine house. Citizens burst in with the information that the Bonaparte armies were well on their way to Madrid. Goya is credited with pulling a wooden shutter down from the window and limning thereon a picture of the leading citizens of Zaragoza being shot down in cold blood by the French soldiers in the famous Twelfth of May massacre. This picture was carried through the streets of Madrid and so incited the patriotism of the people that they reorganized the army and marched forth, repelling the French forces and eventually driving them over the French border. The wine shutter sketch has somehow disappeared, but the large canvas of the same subject in the Prado gallery in Madrid is said to have been painted by Goya at the request of the Spanish chancellor from the sketch on the shutter.

Goya must have known the engravings of Hogarth, for he did a series of etchings on cruelty to dumb animals which are so similar, in their subjects at least, that they are practically counterparts. In their composition and treatment, however, they are as unlike Hogarth's as day is from night.

His most famous series of etchings was *The Caprices.* Not only in subject but in treatment are they Goya at his best. Etching is done upon a copper plate, the surface of which is covered with wax, a substance impervious to the action of acid. A needle is used to trace the lines of the drawing through this wax, laying bare the copper plate in



The Burial of the Sardine.—Goya

these hair line grooves. The plate is then subjected to the action of acid which bites or etches away the copper wherever exposed. When the lines desired to be most delicate are etched away they are stopped with more melted wax or tar and the etching proceeds for the stronger lines. This process goes on and on through many stoppings until the darkest and strongest lines desired are etched broad and deep. The wax is then removed, ink is rubbed into the grooves and a print is made by pressing moist paper over the plate in a press which pulls the ink out of the etched plate and the print constitutes the finished picture.

If the lines originally drawn through the wax are too complicated or indefinite the print becomes a mess. If the scheme of the strong and delicate lines is not well thought out the resultant design is a disappointment. A successful etching is an art project depending upon a careful plan and excellent, painstaking craftsmanship. There have not been many great etchers, and Goya was one of the greatest, as we find especially in his *Caprices.*

There is one on the quack doctor. A dying man whose night-capped head lies back on a pillow is being attended by a donkey in fashionable civilian's clothes. He is feeling the pulse of the afflicted with his hoof. It is told completely in a few simple masses of white, gray and black and a brilliant arrangement of a few shading lines. Another shows a lot of tottering sages being preached to by an owl. One of *Gossip* shows a young woman with veiled face whispering into the ear of a cackling old crone.

The subjects are terse, but it is their clever, eloquent treatment in the most brilliant of etched plates which makes them priceless. As Mather says, "The etcher's needle was the poisoned dagger with which he attacked—tyranny, superstition, intrigue, adultery, honor that is sold and beauty that lets itself be bought, the arrogance of the great and the degrading servility of the little."

Goya did not form a school. Apparently he stood alone without forerunners or followers. It has taken us years to classify him with El Greco and Velasquez. Now we can see many traits in his art that came from them.

In the Prado gallery hangs a canvas some twelve feet tall, crudely painted, a veritable scribble, but it marks most convincingly Goya's genius. A monstrous figure of a demented genie, hideous in proportions, repellent in color, anatomy and posture, somehow suggesting seventy feet of height, holds in his hands the decapitated body of a woman which he is devouring. Gore streams over his horrible body. The shriek and cry of dementia tears the entire composition. It is entitled *War*.

In the Martin Ryerson loan collection of the Art Institute of Chicago there is a series of little pictures by Goya which relate the succeeding incidents of a priest being held up by a bandit but who in turn wrests the bandit's gun from him, shoots the bandit in the heel and carries him away to prison. These canvases are rich and warm in browns, the lights are luminous, the figures are animated, and the restraint in the drawing is most excellent. The series is almost a comic strip and marks a departure in art.

In Goya's portraits the eyes are ever the center of interest, piercing the beholder through and through. Many times they are large for the rest of the features. Goya never hesitated to exaggerate when he wished to force an idea.

Goya's death left the art field of Spain pretty empty and it did not reveal important names until José Madrazo won a Prix de Rome in 1840 and mastered a medal in the French Salon a year or two later. He was the forerunner of the Orientalists and painted many a picture in the open with an astonishing amount of sunlight revealed. He was a detailist, however, and his painting was crisp and hard. He played for favor at the court of French Romanticism and did not succeed in revealing Spanish temperament or taste. However, scenes in parks and gardens, sometimes along the beach, or in a tropical grove peopled with many well dressed, tiny figures gave something of an outdoor expansiveness that pleases us wherever we run across one of his pictures.

But the most important painter to follow Goya was Mariano Fortuny,* who at the age of fifteen was startling academic Spain with his facile draftsmanship. By 1860 he was heralded over Europe as a very important painter. His pictures are almost miniaturistic, painted with an ex-

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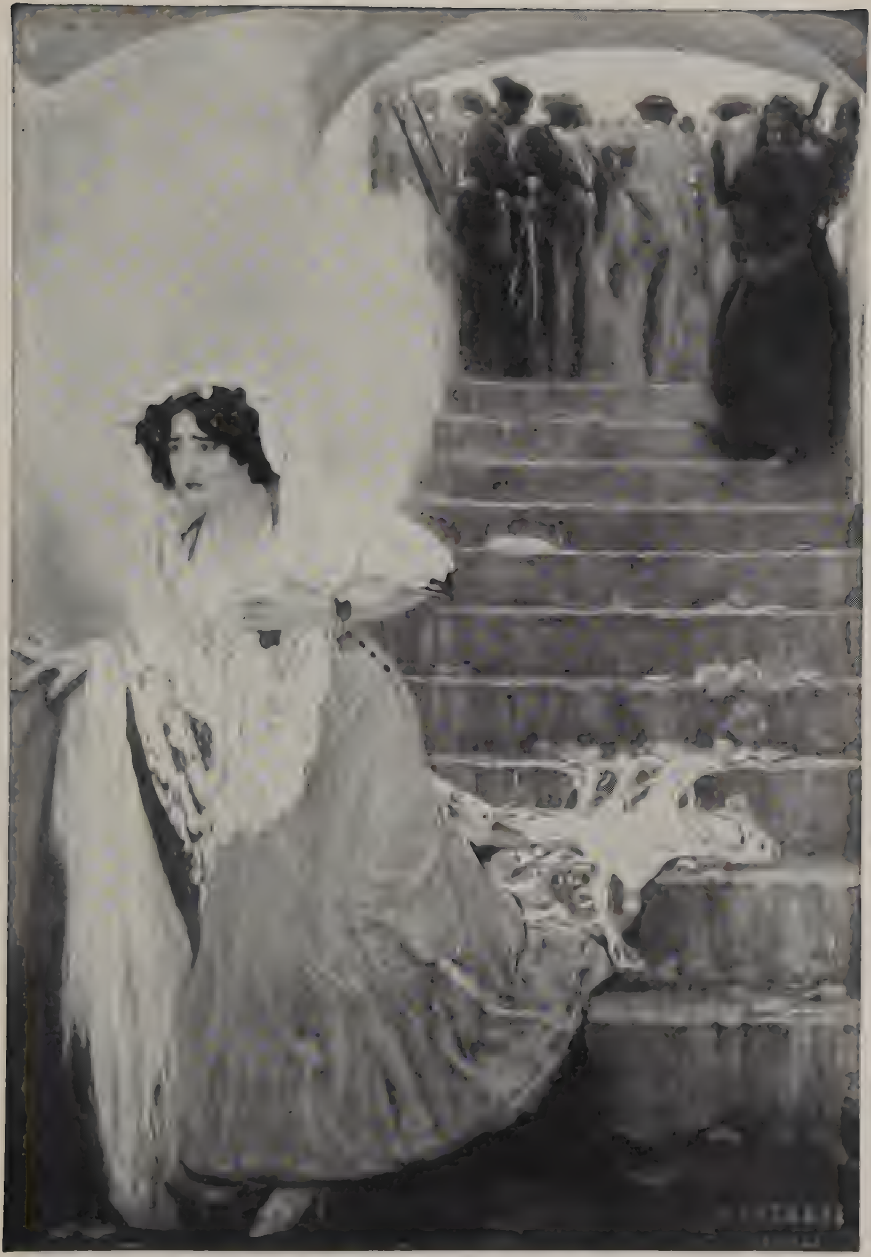
*See page 128.



A Torrero Injured.—Vasquez

quisite detail that is ever subservient to the effect of the whole. He never hesitated to put many figures in a canvas, but there was never any crowding nor undue extravagance. But he painted the glory of court rooms, the halls of baroque castles, the extravagant salons of the most regal splendor as no other painter had ever done. His color has a jewel-like brilliancy and even the most fugitive colors, pale blue, shell pink, violet and lemon, are as clear and clean today as when he painted them.

In a canvas of forty figures, none more than four inches in height, the countenance of each is done with characteristic Spanish intensity. Two of his most famous pictures are *Choosing the Model* and *The Spanish Marriage.* In the former the resplendent marble columns of a baroque chamber rise to the canopied ceiling amidst gilt and velvet, mirrors and onyx. Upon a marble table, placed against one of the mirrors, poses an exquisite nude female figure. A group of elegant artists in periwigs, silks and satins, with diamond buckles and ebony sticks, peer through their lorgnettes at the charming creature as they endeavor to come to a decision as to whether her beauty is worthy of their artistic talents. The whole essence of the baroque life is summed up in this picture. *The Spanish Marriage* shows a splendid carved-wood and wrought-iron interior peopled with a gay throng of fastidious men and women who are intent upon watching the beau of the scene, a young swain clothed in white satin and blue silk, sign the marriage papers. It is all debonair and exotic. The detail is exquisite and never annoying. There is a quiet light through the scene and big spaces throughout the room.

Fortuny was the first of the real Orientalists and the first Spaniard of Christian persuasion who dared to paint Mohammedans freely. One of his canvases which stirs the beholder is called "the blackest spot in art" and is a Moor of the coal blue-black type, his head swathed in a purple and orange turban. It is a life-sized head with a penetrating eye. Many a scene he captured in northern Africa, with snake charmers upon their oriental mats, tea drinkers in a corner of the café, or a swarthy guard at the gate of a harem. He loved twilight and even moonlight, painting them ever with a great feeling for all the color that could be found. Shall we say there never was a more exquisite painter than Mariano Fortuny? We must classify him, however, as a painter, for it is questionable how high his place may be as an artist.

Fortuny died at the age of thirty-six—a great loss to Spain and the art world. His demise came in Rome, where he had gone as a teacher. He had exerted much influence over the Neapolitan school and at times he was the most talked-of painter in Paris. Richard Muther in his *History of Modern Painting* says, "He united to the patience of a Meissonier a delicacy of color, a wealth of pictorial point and a crowd of delightful trifles which combine to make him a most exquisite and fascinating juggler of the palette." If color is the first misson of painting, Fortuny, judged by his color alone, would stand with the foremost masters. But great paintings, we are wont to believe, must have greatnesses other than color.

The first follower of Fortuny was Francisco Pradilla,* who painted almost entirely the out-of-doors. His most famous picture is a large panel in the Senate chamber in Madrid of the *Surrender of Granada.* The figures and horses are approximately life-size and it is somewhat disappointing in its color and masses. But the original sketch is in the Layton Art Gallery in Milwaukee and is far more brilliant and satisfying. In the background, seen through the haze, are the high, fortified walls of the Alhambra Palace. We are in the plain before the city of Granada, and against a tall cypress is massed the throng of Queen Isabella's retinue and court. The queen rides a white horse, Ferdinand a black. In the background one glimpses a phalanx of the huge Spanish army drawn to attention. Spears glint, banners fly. A jeweled cross is held forward as the depleted army of Boabdil, the last of the kings of the Moors, comes forward from the left to turn the keys of the city over to the conquerors.

It has almost a Fortuny brilliance in color. The red and gold of the costumes and trappings, in contrast to the brown and heavily trodden earth after the long siege, are enhanced by an exquisite blue sky and a lavender light that plays

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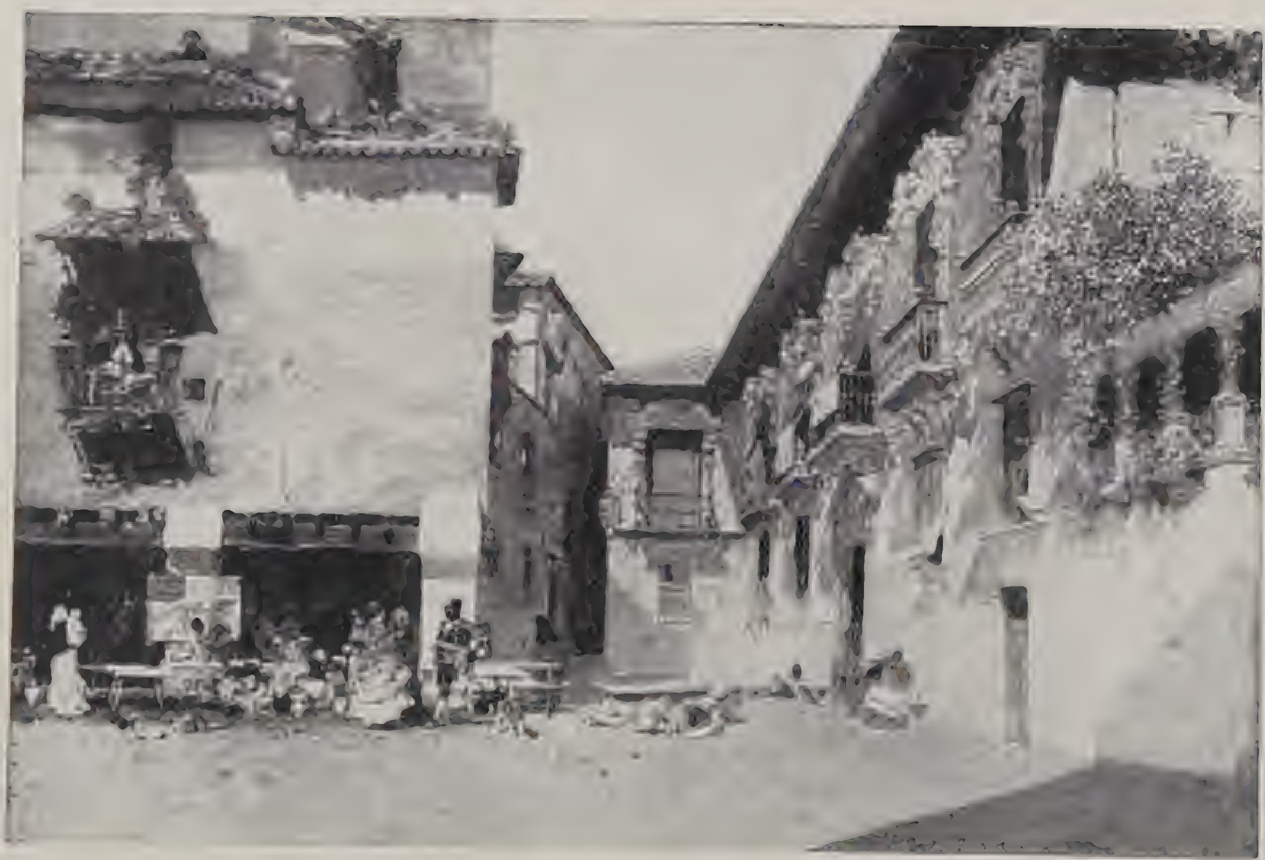
*See page 115.



The Council House, Granada.—Fortuny

over the distant hills. One wonders how Isabella's regalia could have been in such good shape after an eight months' siege. The Moorish army, however, looks sufficiently bedraggled and sorrowful. There are a half a dozen "surrender" pictures in this world that are far greater, but this one certainly has a delightful glamour.

The Pradilla reproduced herein of *Queen Joanna the Mad* shows with sufficient character Pradilla's method of combining lines and tones. He was almost as conscious of lovely texture as Fortuny, but the summary of his contribution is not to be compared with Fortuny's. If Pradilla did anything of significance it was his beach scenes. Somehow he became almost an Impressionist without knowing at all the theory of Impressionism. These pictures are full of wind and sunlight. They were certainly the forerunners of the paintings of sheer, pure sunlight by the great modern Realist, Sorolla, whom we shall study in a later program.

From the beginning of painting the struggle to represent light has been one of the problems. Some artists have felt the way to do it was to show no darks whatsoever in the light areas, and likewise to show no light spots in the dark areas. Others have felt that the way was to make even the darks gray and light, to make the whole canvas feel light. Rembrandt did it by throwing his whole canvas into shadow, deep impenetrable shadow, picking out with dazzling light only those features that he wished us to see. Pradilla did it by flecking his shadows as well as his lights with many keen, dazzling colors. He had a looseness and freedom of brush stroke that Fortuny never had, and as a painter he certainly was much superior to the group of men who immediately followed him.

José Villegas* was a sort of combination of Fortuny and Pradilla. He did dramatic incidents of christenings, bull fights, court banquets, etc. Martin Rico belonged to the same period. He went first to Italy with Fortuny and stayed there most of his life. He painted some of the most brilliant and realistic pictures of the canals in Venice that have ever been done. It is a bit of irony that a Spaniard, a Frenchman and an Englishman should have become the best nineteenth century champions of the pictorial charm of Venice, for Rico, Ziem and Turner did Venice best.

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*See page 136.

Casado loved dramatic tragedy and painted more murders, assassinations and suicides than anyone. His *Bells of Huesca* shows the mad ruler of this Spanish kingdom standing in a dungeon surrounded by the gory heads of ten of his councillors. One head is hung upon a rope in the midst of the circle as the clapper of a bell. This king has performed this deed himself. The door is open and in troop the rest of his councillors, horrified at the scene as the mad king announces that unless they beware, the bell will be heard around the world. This is a large canvas, exceptional for that period.

The painter of the largest canvases of all was Benlliure y Gil of Valencia. His famous *Vision in the Colosseum* hangs in the provincial museum of that charming city of blue spires and gilded domes. It is a canvas some ten by eighteen feet, swathed in blue mist, a nocturne of the ruined walls of the Roman Colosseum. Floating in mid-air is a throng of the souls of Christian martyrs. Their leader rises in their midst, preaching frantically to them and holding a cross aloft, from which emanates a green light. A soft, rose-colored moon rises over the parapet as a swarm of angel-like virgins stream from the sky, bearing candles with little yellow, flickering lights. Dimly in the shadows below lie the maimed bodies of the Christian martyrs upon the floor of the Colosseum.

Other names are Anselmo Nieto, Sala, Rosales,* Vasquez† and Pereda.* Are they more theatrical than dramatic? Are they illustrators or painters? Their pictures are surely story telling, but how great as art? These men influenced the world at large more than they were influenced. The Frenchmen, Delacroix, Fromentin and Gérôme, and the Italians, Morelli, Michetti and Favretto, owe much to the Spanish school of the 1870's and 1880's.

The modern gallery in Madrid is convincing enough of Spain's leadership in this field of endeavor, yet not until we come to our own time do we find anyone whose eminence may be compared to Goya's. From 1890 on Spain has produced one Realist after another. We shall study some of them in a later program. And then two tremendous world leaders in Expressionism, Picasso and Anglada, whom we shall also study later. But the Academy of Spain comes to its climax in this early part of the twentieth century in Sorolla, the painter of sunlight, and Zuloaga, the painter of shadow. Nearly every one painting in Spain today throws his lot with Sorolla or Zuloaga, or the Ultra-Modernists, Picasso and Anglada.

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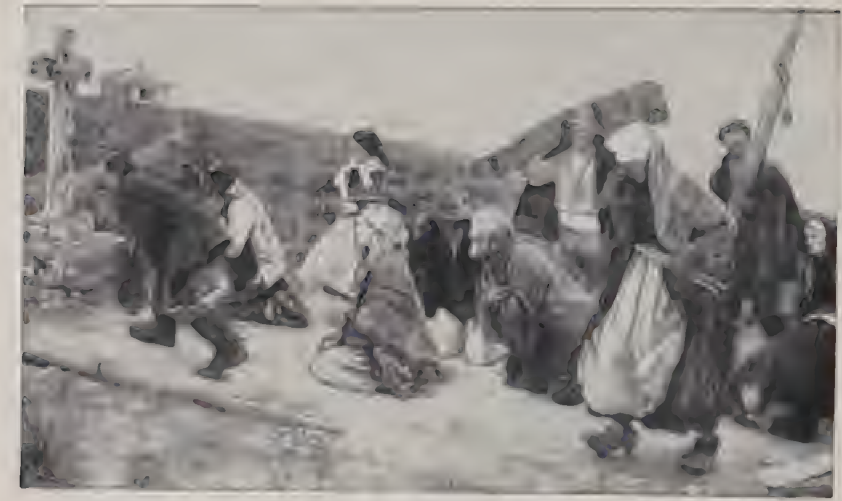
*See page 119. †See page 125.

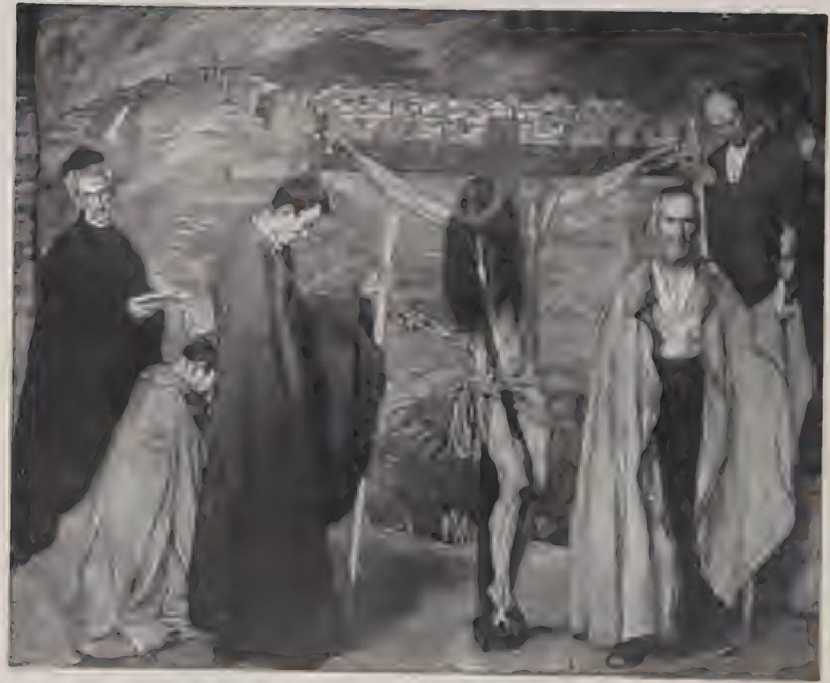
The Zubiaurre brothers, Ramón and Valentin, are individualists slightly apart. They are interested in the passing costumes and customs of the peasants of the Basque provinces. Their pictures are amazingly colorful and decorative for such astonishing realism as they succeed in producing. The bread and the jugs, the linen and the fruit, the costumes and the walls are not one bit less real than the people, but somehow these people never speak to us. They look at us and say nothing. Each of the Zubiaurre canvases is more silent than another. The accounting for this amazing stillness is in the fact that these two splendid Spanish painters are deaf mutes and, of course, the artist reveals first of all himself.

Benedito of Barcelona belongs much to the Sorolla spirit, for the happy persons of his pictures never cease smiling at us whether they be at a christening in a little chapel, in a box at the bull ring, or under a market awning in the Rambla, Barcelona's gayest thoroughfare. One of Benedito's notable canvases is called *A Group of My Friends* and shows a dozen men posing for their pictures. They are a most interesting lot, and the group shows promise of endless hours of brilliant conversation and wine-club philosophy.

The latest realist who seems to have caught great favor in Paris and London, as well as in America, is Ortiz Echagüe. He paints saint and sinner, priest and vampire, lovely child and grandame with faultless revelation. A canvas of his recently added to the collections of the John Herron Art Institute in Indianapolis shows a tiny, big-eyed girl in a blue apron standing in a Peruvian doorway, surrounded by South American animals which have become her pets



The Vow.—Alvarez



Brotherhood of Christ Crucified.—Zuloaga and have followed her into the kitchen, undoubtedly anticipating food. It is delightful and inventive in its color scheme, but so real that every life of the picture becomes a veritable personage.

Each year at the annual international exhibition of painting at the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh there is a goodly array of these Spanish painters. Today the galleries of Spain, notably in Barcelona, Madrid and Valencia, are being directed by the master painters of these respective cities. It is a splendid impulse to painting, and there is a live spirit in these museums that is never to be found where they are supervised by historians or archeologists. The director of the Prado in Madrid is a painter of much note in his own right. Too often in Europe the art museum becomes a mausoleum, a sort of cold storage, but in Spain you feel that the art of the past and of the present meet, and there is a wholesome support for the art that is alive today.

The painter of Spain of today whom we may most consistently include within a program on Goya, and the one who has brought these hundred years of painting to their utmost Spanish climax, is Ignacio Zuloaga.* He paints, as we have said, the shadows of Spain, and is more interested in the subtleties behind the scene than in the scene itself. He has long been one of the lions of Paris, not a bit official in his own Spain. In fact, Spain has felt slighted by this talented son, who has lived so much abroad, but now rejoices in the fact that some few months out of every year he abides in a lovely villa on the coast of the Bay of Biscay, some sixty miles west of San Sebastiàn, near the little town of Zumaya.

The front steps of his house are bathed by the waters of the blue bay. His back door leads through an orange and vermilion garden straight to the last foothills of the Pyrenees, which rise range upon range, crowned eternally by perpetual snows. In all the world there is no more beautiful spot, and here Zuloaga paints in courtyard and studio, chapel and garden, many of his yearly contributions. He is primarily and essentially a portraitist, and has painted many of the most brilliant people of his time. His national spirit, however, is so dominant that whether they be Germans or Celts, Americans or Japs, they always come out Spanish.

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*See page 132.

It is said that at one time Zuloaga was a toreador, and we do know that he came from very aristocratic Spanish blood. He had a long training in France, which spoiled in no way his Spanish. He became primarily a tonalist, borrowing from the French Impressionist Manet, who in turn had received many of his gifts from Spain and who swung him straight back to the tonal arrangements of Velasquez. Zuloaga, equipped with a penetrating Spanish mind, saw his models much as Goya had done, so in him was combined the cynicism and satire of Goya with the calm tranquillity and the tonal elegance of Velasquez. Added to this was the color richness of Impressionism. Result, the inimitable Zuloaga.

One of his first canvases to receive a French Salon prize showed three wary-eyed ladies in a box at the bull ring. Two of them are sophisticated beyond words; the other is evidently their maid. They pretend to look at the affairs in the bull ring, but they are really much more concerned with the fact that we are looking at them, and one of them carries on a subtle but devastating Spanish flirtation with us without hardly letting herself know that she is doing it. The eyes are big and liquid and move in the sockets as we stare at them. The colors are yellow-gray, rose-gray, green-gray, gray-black and faun.

Another canvas shows three Spanish gipsies in beruffled, flowered skirts moving deliberately out of the picture. But they turn and smile at us with surprise,wink and beckon us to follow them. We cannot help but be rather glad that they are not staying longer. The landscape behind them is mottled with scrub trees, a few lonely figures meandering aimlessly—mostly women—and a ghastly sky that sort of foretells doom. Sorolla, the joy painter of modern Spain, hissed at this picture with the ejaculation, "Why paint diseased people against diseased landscapes?"

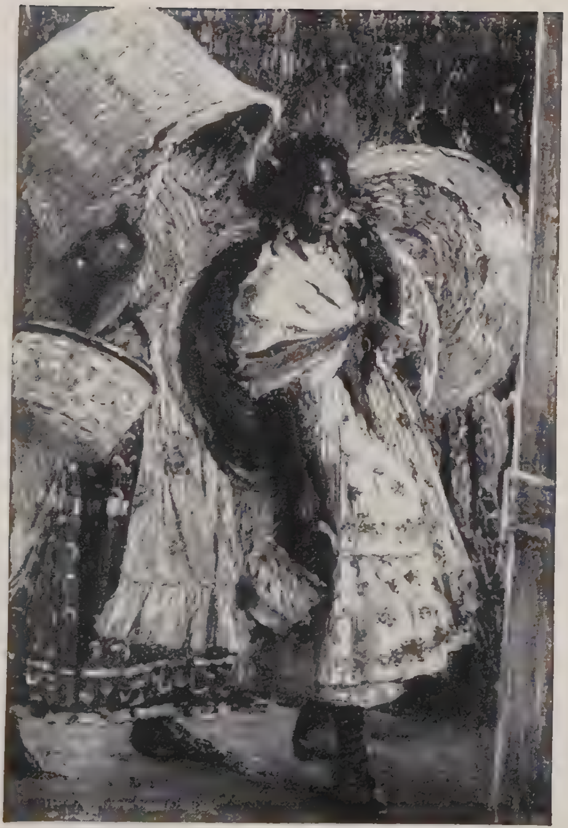
Another Zuloaga canvas is of a one-eyed dwarf struggling with two ponderous pigskins that are filled with water. In the background are the parched walls of the ancient, poverty-stricken city of Avila. A sky more vicious than any El Greco ever painted—gray and green with mare-tail clouds—swoops around the picture. One can almost hear this miserable water-carrier call in his nasal voice, "Agua fresca, cinco centimos." It is Spain, and Zuloaga has done it best of them all.

Another black and gray canvas has a gaunt and bandaged horse, dripping in gore, lumbering across the foreground hill. Down in the valley below a white bull ring stands deserted. The avenues that lead away through the village and over the hills are still filled with the retreating patrons of the fight. Upon the wreck of the horse rides an ancient picador, with set jaw and gaunt cheeks. His boots are dripping with blood, but he has done his part in the big Spanish sport and he goes home in hopes that his miserable steed will last through one more fight. This is irony beyond Goya.

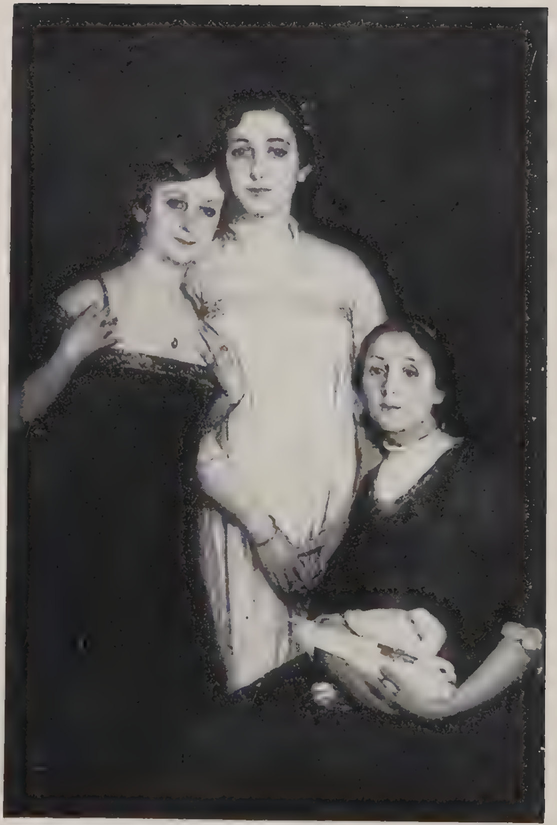
Another in a different vein is a hermit, with weathered face and white beard. A skull rests under one hand and the other clasps a cross. Far beyond, at a great distance, a few mountain peaks rise into a shell-pink sky. Zuloaga never paints in the full spectrum. Every color is grayed and grayed until it reaches a minor key.

One of his most horrifying canvases is of the *Seven Witches of Segovia*—ancient, half-witted, toothless women, most of them bald but for small wisps of hair. They are fortune-tellers, beggars and what-not. Grouped like grotesque rocks, they lean against each other, peering at us with gaunt expressions. No painter but Zuloaga could have stood by this job until the whole seven of them were done. Then there is a whole series of Spanish dancers, actresses and opera singers. His canvases are large, his figures are generally life-size and there is much space around them—wide vistas, high skies, or spacious stage settings.

He glorified nothing, but reveals the whole character whether it be dismal or hopeful. The composition reproduced herein, *The Brotherhood of Christ Crucified,* shows us the most dismal of all religious pictures. The hopelessness of their faith, the gauntness of their life is all too evident. We look at even the reproduction and say, "My, but this painter has power." It is power of characterization and



Basket Makers of Seville.—Villegas



April.—Miguel

of delineation with color that make Zuloaga one of the great painters and master artists of his time.

He has spent much of the past few years in a field that one would never suspect him of—fashionable portraits. He has been in America frequently, lives in London a part of each year, and maintains his fashionable studio in Paris. A number of years ago the Albright Art Gallery in Buffalo bought his family group, called *My Uncle Daniel's Family.* Even then he could certainly do portraits well. Travelers to Spain meet this same Uncle Daniel's family, even though the old padré himself has passed on, for his establishment, Spain's most famous pottery and tile works, in a rare old deserted church of Segovia, attracts all visitors to Spain, and there they are met by all of the persons of this canvas except the mourned uncle and the painter, whose profile we see behind one of his cousins at the edge of the canvas.

Spanish painters from the beginning have ever put themselves into their group pictures. Velasquez did it most successfully in his canvas of the *Las Meniñas,* one of the world's great pictures, and Goya introduced himself in a similar manner, standing at his own easel in the background of his canvas of the family of Charles IV. In this Zuloaga picture the aunt and the three cousins are certainly done to the life, and the canvas has a rare beauty of blacks. The lines that move from figure to figure, that clothe them and lead the eye across distant landscape into the sky and back to the standing figures in the foreground, actually suggest Spanish lace. It is all Spanish—oh, so Spanish.

In his latest portraits this genius shows his ability to take rather uninteresting and stodgy New York, Chicago and London women and to breathe into their nostrils the passion of Carmen. Who wouldn't be willing to pay well to have their portraits carried on to posterity in such favor?

One of the most discussed phases of Zuloaga's recent art is his painting of the nude. Goya and Manet have been his chief influences in this direction, and the famous Goyas in Madrid of *La Maja Clothed* and *La Maja Nude,* and even Manet's famous *Olympia* in the Louvre in Paris are rather tame personages in comparison to Zuloaga's recent Majas. Each of these earlier portraits created a genuine sensation when it appeared. The two by Goya show but one figure, reclining on a creamy satin couch, with arms behind her head end eyes showing dark and rich in the rosy face framed by the black hair. The two pictures give us exactly the same pose, the one showing the figure nude, with graceful delineation of the rich and yet slender body of ivory tone, the other showing the figure covered but not concealed by garments and relinquishing none of the poignant and delightfully sensuous quality of the young woman's beauty. The *Olympia,* by Manet, gives us the same play of ivory tone with keen accents of eyes and hair against a rich and dark background, the same sensuous expression and the same reclining grace, but with the figure's position in the canvas just reversed. All of them are wonderfully direct and truly masterful, and it is to these famed paintings that the nudes of Zuloaga may be compared.

He has done many a Spanish dancer of late, clothed only in high-heel slippers, a mantilla and a bolero jacket. He has been considerate enough in one or two instances to give them gloves! The flesh tones are startling in their livid whiteness and transparency. Eyes glint with a knowing wickedness, but as brazen as it all is, a wonderment of painting goes from edge to edge of the canvas. It is literally breath-taking in its astounding frankness and realism.

Spanish painting is only strictly modern in the few men we are reserving for later programs. It was strictly nineteenth century only in Madrazo, Pradilla, Fortuny and their school. It was grandiosely European in Villegas, Rico, Benlliure, etc. Spain does not begin to have done the bad painting in the nineteenth century that the other countries of Europe did, but in the men of the hour the traditions of her art established in the sixteenth century are being adhered to in the concluding links of an unbroken chain. These links have been welded together into a lovely necklace adorning the history of Spanish culture by the sunlight and the shadow of Sorolla and Zuloaga. Hanging from this necklace as a dazzling pendant are Anglada and Picasso.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

FAMILY of Charles IV by Goya is highly expressive of the cynical caricaturing of this first and greatest nineteenth century painter of Spain. His composition is reminiscent of Velasquez as Goya introduces himself in the deep shadows at the left standing behind the easel. King Charles was not noted for intellectual brilliance; Goya makes him almost an imbecile; the Queen was evidently the strong one of the combination. The children are charming. Page 115.

Queen Joanna the Mad by Pradilla is the type of painting done by the majority of Spaniards of this era. It is a tableau theatrical to the last touch. The mad Queen refused to allow the casket of her dead consort to be placed in the tomb and she stood near it on the mountainside in bitter weather for many days. Page 115.

The Dream of Life by Pereda. This painter resorted to the Renaissance style of painting. It is more like an old master than a nineteenth century creation except that it has the romantic feeling of being an illustration for literature. Page 119.

Death of Lucretia by Rosales. Very much in the spirit of the Pradilla canvas, although in close imitation of the historical paintings by the Frenchman, David, more consistently stagecraft than painting. Page 119.

The Burial of the Sardine by Goya. This is one of Goya's famous cartoons for the tapestries at the Escorial. It is a game participated in by the populace, not altogether unlike "drop the handkerchief" or "blind man's buff." Goya found great joy in his portrayal of the play spirit. He was the first painter of the Romantic era to dare to lay aside Realism and to create the important impression. He and his Renaissance predecessor, El Greco, are generally considered the forerunners of modernism in art. Page 122.

A Torrero Injured by Vasquez. Again a dramatic, theatrical, Spanish picture. The modern museums of art in Spain are filled with this sort of over-emotional sentimental tableau. It is undoubtedly the lady's lover who has suffered and she is rushing from the bull ring to go to the chapel or hospital where he has been taken. The flutter of her heart is very apparent. This is good illustration but not great art. Page 125.

The Council House, Granada by Fortuny. A magnificent example of the beautiful detailed painting of this finished master. He satisfied all the claims of the Academy and each note of his picture is perfect visual photography, but the feeling of light, the beauty of color and tone, and the rich composition so perfectly balanced, make it a great work of art. Page 128.

The Vow by Alvarez. A characteristic religious scene at a roadside shrine, done in the sentimental manner. Perfect historically as an expression of the costuming, the types of people and the landscape, but as an emotional interpretation of life how simple it is in comparison to the picture by Zuloaga below. Page 132.

Brotherhood of Christ Crucified by Zuloaga. Here Zuloaga, one of the greatest masters of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, produces a masterpiece of arrangement and emotion. It is a complete interpretation of the clergy and the laity in their devotional attitude toward the great symbol of the church. Zuloaga not only penetrated the spirit of his subject but revealed it through suave and masterful drawing and painting. It is a rectangular arrangement of lines, patterns and tones, an artful interpretation of inter-related forms. Page 132.

April by Miguel. Three types of Spanish beauty in the depiction of three lovely girls. The nearest thing to aristocratic painting of a fashionable sort that Spain has accomplished. Page 136.

Basket Makers of Seville by Villegas. The gipsies of Andalusia striding along the street with their wares, an amusing arrangement of dark flesh tones, brilliant garments and great circles. It is a dynamic picture, moving with much animation in contrast to the static picture by Miguel which is on the same page. Aside from Goya and Fortuny, the nineteenth century in Spain was merely a preparation for the twentieth century. Page 136.

ROMANTICISM IN FRANCE

IV

WHETHER or not we believe in the planetary control of conditions, there seems to be some hidden, inexplainable power that gives peoples, or nations, or epochs greatness above the human prophecy. Just why should France have become the leader of the world in the nineteenth century? What was it that directed all of the channels of thought through her courts of learning and culture during this most amazing century of history, the century when man first demonstrated his physical mastery, the century of machinery? For twenty-five thousand years there had been little mechanical power to aid man in his work, but in the nineteenth century all this changed. Steam, gas and electricity, which had always existed, were discovered, harnessed and put to work. Man began to be free, except that in his eagerness he temporarily chained himself to the wheel.

It is almost more significant to say that woman began to be free. It wasn't the suffrage movement, the belief in right and wrong, the humanitarian instinct, that gave woman her first true independence and her station of equality so much as it was mechanical invention. The preparation of food and clothing by means other than the bent back and the sweat of the brow let woman rest her tired arms for the first time, and her emancipation first came in France. By the end of the century we find women participating in every intellectual and esthetic activity of this lovely country.

The destiny of nations worked for a thousand years to place France where she was during this critical, transitional period. All the world instinctively felt it, and Paris became the real capital of the world. Robespierre and Napoleon had considerable to do with it, to be sure, but their careers could not have happened in any country under the sun other than France. The second empire was unlike any other empire that had ever been. Kings' palaces became the possession of democracy. Education was compulsory. Not alone did institutions of learning raise their heads almost to the heights of those held by the English schools, but institutions of culture and esthetics became more prominent and more essential in the general life of the nation than in all the rest of Europe and England combined. The Frenchman early in the century, working to demonstrate his belief in the joy of living, proved to the world that man did not need to live a slave to life, but that he could master life and live beautifully above bondage every day. Early in the century France established a Ministry of Art, and the esthetic endeavors of the people have been recognized ever since as definitely as have agricultural or commercial pursuits. A great palace was built in Paris to display annually the works of living artists, and the world was invited to participate.

The century began in tumult, but there lived a painter whose talents were generously supported by the ruling courts, no matter how opposed these courts had been to each other. Under Louis XV and Louis XVI, Jacques Louis David,* who was born in the middle of the eighteenth century, painted the exotic, extravagant life of these resplendent courts to embellish Versailles and the other ponderous chateaus of these monarchs. David was not only the greatest historical painter of the time, but the prime master of the whole school. The revolution dethroned kings, but not David, and his talents were applauded by Robespierre. When Napoleon Bonaparte took things into his own hands, including France and most of the rest of the world, he took David as well. It seemed to make little difference to this dramatic, historical painter which group he was recording, and he did Napoleon with as excellent results as he had Louis XVI.

David lived to a grand old age and never lost his cunning. He could paint beautiful women with an added resplendence, endow portraits of gorgeous men with a supernatural elegance. He feared not battles with a thousand spears, four thousand legs and arms and hordes of horses in violent action, or the delicate, calm beauty of

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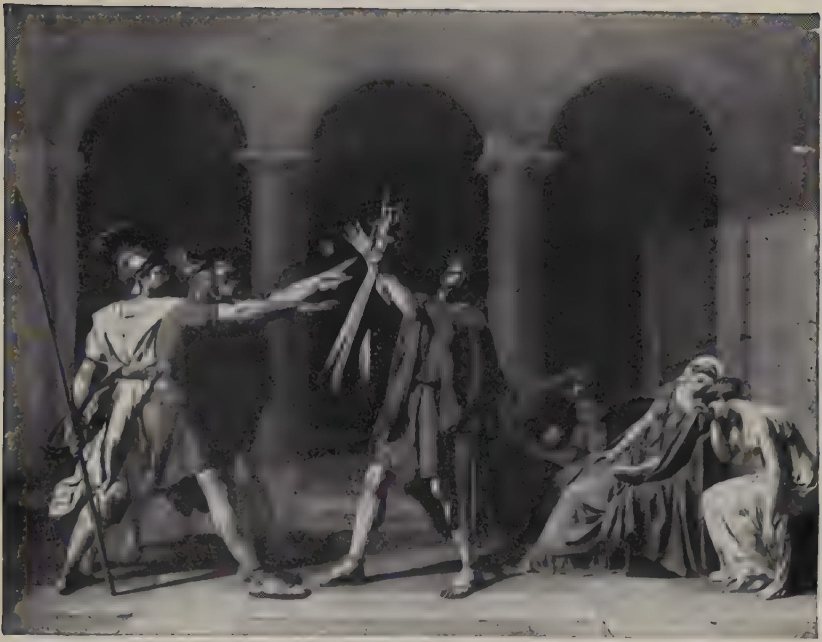
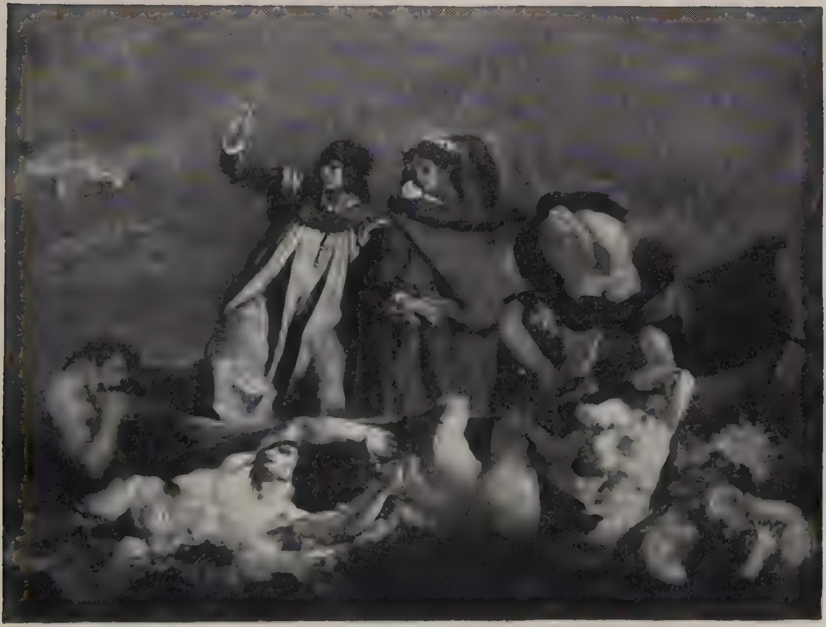
*See page 143.



Oath of the Horatii.—David



Dante and Virgil Attempt to Cross Sea of Fire.—Delacroix

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

Madame Récamier, seated calmly in her nightie upon an elegant empire chaise longue.

He was a grand Classicist in that he placed everything in as idealized a setting as possible, glorifying the grandiose costume of the day, and this pleased Napoleon especially. The revival of the spirit of the Roman empire with Napoleon as the emperor was as easy for David to paint as to do the *Triumphal March of Julius Cæsar, Oath of the Horatii, The Rape of the Sabines, Helen and Paris,* or *The Sacking of Rome.* His brain was almost a mechanical camera. He could snap the shutter and lo, we behold the whole setting of Rome, every accessory, every feature of architecture, just as it must have been.

We cannot say that his pictures were active or dynamic. In the *Oath of the Horatii,* for instance, the figures do not move. They are like a living tableau held absolutely stationary until the curtain goes down. This is the most serious criticism we can offer against David's art. He had nothing of the dynamics or the invention in composition that Peter Paul Rubens had had. Neither had he Rubens' facility of paint. He was not a painter in the best sense of the word, but primarily a historian. What would the great galleries of Versailles be today without David's histories? How would we ever have known the whole history of the classic and romantic worlds if it had not been for David's paintings? And yet it is doubtful whether he ever told the real truth in one instance. But how true is any recorded history, either by word or picture? It is always the display of prejudice and mental bias. The only real historical record is in the art that man has made for art's sake. David was constantly a propagandist, and we marvel that his pictures could have been as good as they were.

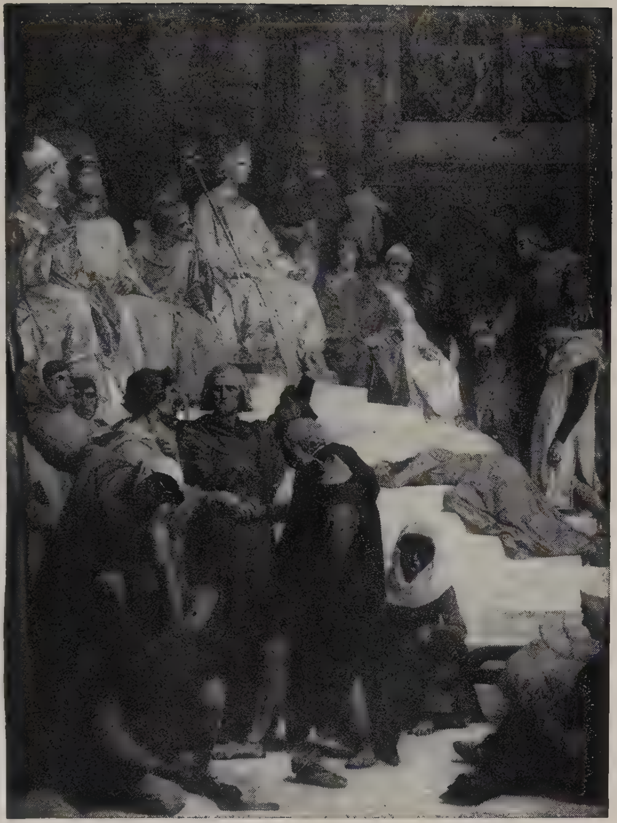
He drew with a hardness of outline, with an absolute precision of light and shadow revealing in stiff accuracy the roundness of all his forms. He was simply a ringmaster, always putting on a good show. And he ever made it a good one. He understood the mechanics of his medium, painting in bold color and with an utter fearlessness. He hadn't much taste; neither had his period. Taste had to come later, in beauty-loving France. He did not know what restraint meant. France later showed the world how important restraint and simplification are to art. However, it is possible that the Impressionists and the Post Impressionists would never have come into being had it not been for David and his completely finished and over-done school. As we examine the persons in his pictures, with the exception of a few subtle portraits of women, they have neither life nor character. They are like wax figures in a department store window. While his faces in some cases may be beautiful, they are surely dumb. In some ways we can think of David as being the first moving picture producer, for he had just about the same aim as the early producers of the grandiose movies had. The tableau effect was the main result.

Can we tell just why David's paintings are not great art? To do this, we must borrow musical terms. The vocabulary of art is very limited. We have almost no words descriptive of the spirit and emotions of color, line and form. Music is better equipped, so let us start with the term "symphonic." A painting, to be a work of art, must be primarily an arrangement in symphonic organization. That is, it must all be synchronized so that one idea flows into another, that climaxes are reached through natural sequences of space and line, so that one's eye moves in rhythmic motion with the proper stops and rests, from side to side and top to bottom of the canvas. The eye must be satisfied to remain within the area of the picture and to go gently from place to place, just as the ear is satisfied with the beginning, the continuity and the conclusion of a beautiful piece of music. Unrelated shapes, clashing colors, distracting incidentals spoil the symphonic continuity of paintings as well as musical compositions. The theme is changed many times across a David canvas. We stumble over one form only to bump into the next. We have to walk around figures to avoid them. We are seldom led back and forth, but must jump aside to avoid being hit. The backgrounds of David's canvases, in line and design, have nothing whatsoever to do with the figures "downstage." There is no correlation of the parts of the picture. Angular lines may be used with one group, circular with another, and still another may be built up pyramidally. Soft tones in a quiet melody may be used throughout the background of a picture by David and the foreground trumpeted forth as by a brass band.

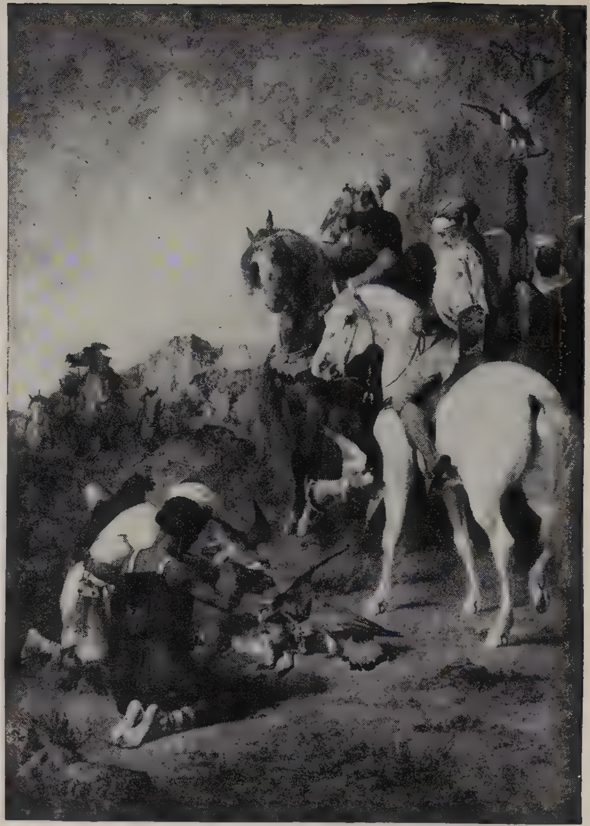
The painter's composition may be built up with actual objects and incidents, but the artist has the privilege, and, if he is great, the power, to select just those things which will add to the art value of his effort and to arrange them at his pleasure where he pleases. He is not obliged to imitate or reproduce nature as it is beheld from a fixed viewpoint by the human eye. In fact, this is exactly what he shall not do if he wishes to be an artist. Art never can be the imitation of life. It is the translation, or interpretation of life, through the mediums of beauty, and art only expresses itself through the laws of beauty. Just as darkness is absorbed by light, so has man discovered that ugliness may be absorbed by beauty and that in beauty alone may we reveal truth.

Then what about the repellant, discordant, morose things in art—the hideous revelations of Goya, the poverty and decay in the paintings of Rembrandt, the tragedies of Shakespeare, the emotional disintegration in modern Russian music? Ah, but art has to do with the revelation of life, and not all of life is pretty. Beauty may be found in tragedy as surely as in comedy. The presentment of the ugliness of life through the terms of beauty and art leads us straight to the truth. And painting, of all the arts, has to do with truth. David's pictures are neither symphonic nor truthful.

Now another precept. Art is never the revelation of all that is possible. Expression is never artful unless it takes into consideration the mentality and emotional understanding of the beholder or listener. Art delights us most when it allows our own imagination to work. In other words, suggestion, rather than revelation, is important. David never suggested anything, but he revealed everything. In color, the consciousness of harmonious selection must be apparent in any artful painting; the melodious sequence of the rainbow blending through the various fractures of light, exquisitely flowing throughout the entire scale of



St. Louis Dispensing Justice.—Cabanel



Hawking in Algeria.—Fromentin

vision. The words of an entire language are not more complete than the spectrum colors of light. When an artist paints a picture, he should be creating a poem in color, and he gets nowhere if he uses too many colors, any more than the poet can succeed in jumbling together all the words of the dictionary. David used red, yellow and blue, black, white, and silver, gold, orange, purple and green just wherever his momentary fancy dictated.

The best feature of his canvases is that each one seems to be uniformly illuminated. The light comes strongly from left or right or from directly in front, like spotlights and footlights, and this alone holds the whole tableau together as a unit. Again let us make the one exception, in David's art, of his very refined portraits of exquisite women. When it comes to a beautiful woman, a Frenchman always forgets his biased conceits and overcomes his personal limitations.

David had a great following, but the other historians of that first quarter century added little or nothing to David's principles. Most of them were not as vigorous or successful as he. François Gérard did big historical things which move us naught. ''Hum,'' we say, ''what a lot of work these fellows put into their canvases though the result is neither artistic nor decorative.'' They helped to make grand salons look elegant and important. They fit beautifully into the extravagant rococo of interior decoration as indulged in by late eighteenth and early nineteenth century France. But it was all grand without being magnificent.

Théodore Géricault,* who did his best work from 1810 to 1820, had a slightly different influence, for he had a very fine comprehension of the delineation of the human figure and some of his paintings contain the first altogether successful nudes of French art. In his *Raft of the Medusa* the whole composition is a piece of ridiculous, untruthful, sentimental, romantic theatricalism. In fact, all of Géricault's pictures are more superficially theatrical than David's and nothing like as well painted. But the shoulders, arms, legs and bodies of the partly clothed figures in this special picture are as supple and fine in their human anatomy and understanding of flesh tones as many a great nude painting that has come later. Compare these with the superficial surface painting in the pictures of William Bouguereau.

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*See page 155.

Bouguereau* had a vogue at the climax of the Romantic period in the 1890's that placed his canvases in almost every collection, public and private, of France, England and America. It was as important for every home of affluence to boast of a Bouguereau canvas as it is today to be able to boast of two motor cars. Bouguereau early learned the trick of actually imitating human skin in paint. Every possible subtlety of the flesh tone he could reveal as a veritable magician. He had tireless industry, painted rapidly, and gave to the world an unbelievable number of pretty figures, nude and clothed, but never in their right minds. They were painted just because they were pretty. We feel that they all posed for him just because this trickster in paint held the secret of prettiness. He could do it, and he kept on doing it, but there isn't a touch of strength or truth in a Bouguereau canvas. And yet he was amazing as a craftsman and most admirable as a diligent worker.

It is easy to see why his canvases have gone out of favor so rapidly. The twentieth century declared that supercilious sentimentality and cloying romance are actually nauseating. Bouguereau's canvases are too eternally sweet. As he painted, he was just conscious of each delicate, lovely spot as he went along, making each one as nice as he could; never was he conscious of design as a great forceful unity. He was a dear, genteel gentleman with good manners and no vices as far as the world knew. The Romantic era had a way of covering up all the weaknesses without revealing any of the truths. Today we are more open-minded and our critics fearlessly expose the fault of painter, actor and author alike.

The painting of *The Bathers,* which was first shown at the Chicago World's Fair in 1893 and then became the possession of the Art Institute of Chicago, is a highly typical example and one that we could not afford to be without. There is undoubtedly a sweet purity and an expression of a thoroughly clean mind. In western civilization, the human body has been tragically misunderstood to the detriment, the fear and the immorality of western society. Why should there ever have been such false teachings about this temple of the human soul that we are obliged to live in for some three score years and ten, when it is really the most wholesome, lovely object of human comprehension? The French have understood it best, and a survey of French paintings of the nude during the nineteenth century reveals a sane, healthy viewpoint with a splendid joy in the beauty of life that would put to shame the puritanical perversions of the moral attitude in New England, old England, Germany, Scandinavia, Holland, and even Italy and Spain. So at the start we must agree that Bouguereau's *Bathers* does not offend.

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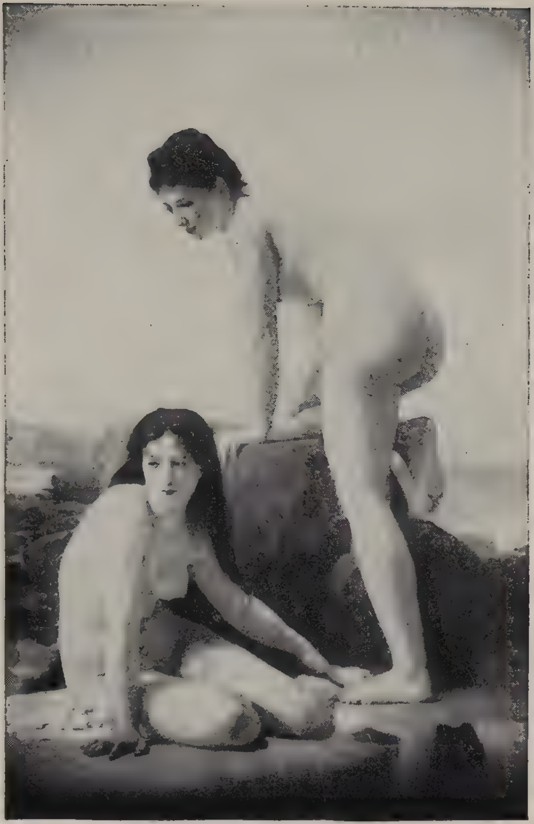
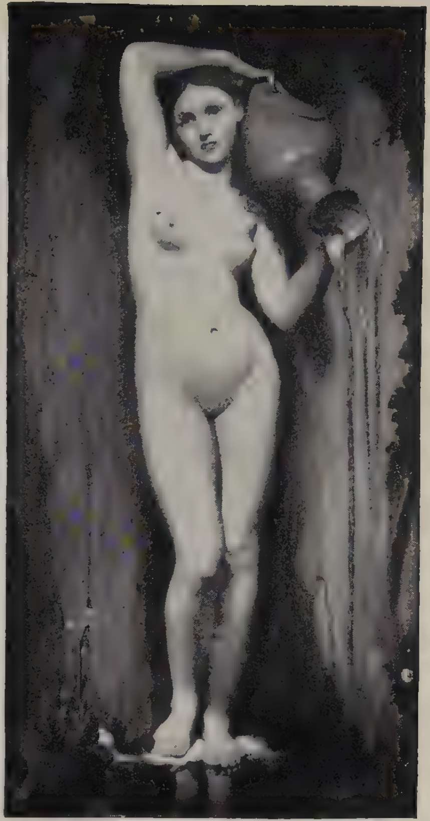
*See page 151.

However, as we get acquainted with it, we see less and less to admire. Presently we become aware that he did not paint two figures, but one in two poses, for it is obviously the same model. The figure is excellent in proportion, but not exceptionally beautiful. One wonders why he spent so much of himself and created so large a canvas just to reveal this rather ordinary person. There is a beautiful quality to the light over the flesh tones, but the bodies are not painted with deftness or cleverness of stroke. There was no brilliancy in the performance. Presently we discover that the light over the figures is not the same as the light over the landscape background. Ah, it was not an outdoor picture after all, but merely was painted in the studio with imaginary rocks, sea and sky, and they are little better than the poorly painted back drop in a theater. In other words, the picture is not what it pretends to be. It is not the truth. And we hate to be fooled. Deception, intentional or otherwise, has no place in art, and we are forced to leave the Bouguereau canvas saying, "It is not true after all." It is lovely to come upon suddenly, with the pearl and coral flesh tones and the blue envelopment. We smile and say inwardly, "How lovely, how beautiful life really is," but if we look long we go away a bit disappointed and say, "Ah, the painter was not artful, he did not know how to say best what he wished to tell, and he did not see the great truth that was before him."

A painter preceding Bouguereau in years, in fact, doing



THE BATHERS.—BOUGUEREAU
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago



THE SPRING.—INGRES

his greatest work three decades before Bouguereau came into prominence, was Auguste Ingres.* He and Antoine Jean Gros† painted side by side, both attempting historical things. Gros managed well, and among other splendid historical canvases painted the finest picture of Napoleon that is in existence. It shows the little emperor as a veritable giant, at the Pont d'Arcole. Gros had a sense of color that David and Géricault lacked, and we can accept him as an aristocratic painter almost comparable to the early men of the British Royal Academy. But unfortunately he stayed by, continuing throughout his life these superficial subjects.

Ingres, on the other hand, stood quietly apart from the fashion of his time and occasionally put himself to doing a picture which was within himself a profound idea. *La Source* has come to be considered the most beautiful painting of the human figure in the entire collection of the great Louvre Museum. And each year the favor accorded Ingres seems to increase. He was a Classicist of the finest type, but employed Classicism not in imitation of the Greeks or the Romans but because classic principles had become his principles. His *Œdipus and the Sphinx* is rightfully among the most significant paintings and important works of art of the entire century. The Sphinx is an actual being, stepping out of a rocky cave, and Œdipus bends inquiringly toward her with his questions of life. His body is a superbly magnificent one, but he is not conscious of himself in any way. Ingres has painted it all with a quiet serenity, a comprehension of the truth behind what he sees.

La Source is exquisite—a girlish figure symbolic of the blossoming of life into its maturity. An earthen jug which has been resting upon her shoulders she tips, spilling the water it contains back into the little pool at her feet. She stands as if in a rocky niche, apart from the rest of the world. The subject has delicate reality and sweet symbolism, but it is the method Ingres used in painting it which counts most. The anatomy and flesh tones, the construction not only of the figure but of the whole picture, reveals him as a master grammarian in art. The flesh is not just surface color as with Bouguereau and the rest, but is vitally alive with the blood of life. We know this artist looked deeply and with understanding into the life he portrayed.

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*See page 151. †See page 167.

Ingres was a great draftsman. His portfolios of drawings have brought fortunes in the auction places. He must have drawn ceaselessly. His portraits are so characterful that we gasp at the power of the line that could do so much. They are not spectacular or stirring in characterization, or especially subtle in their revelations, but direct and penetrating in their frankness. In the Louvre hangs his famous *Maid of Orleans at Rheims,* the least interesting of his important pictures, but one in which we find Ingres' ability to expound the three dimensional solidity of things rather than simply to show roundness. This picture of the military Jeanne, the halo of heaven about her countenance, surrounded by the paraphernalia and the people of war and the church, is more solid and real than any and all of David's paintings.

Seldom have there been combined in an artist the intellectual and the emotional man in such balance. Velasquez was that. But in the rest, unless we except Raphael, the emotional or the intellectual dominated. It seems foolish to call Ingres the Raphael of the nineteenth century, even though he may have been that. The nineteenth was not the seventeenth century. No one was needed in France to fill a place similar to Raphael's in Italy. From the century's standards, Ingres was much less than Raphael. From the standards of France, 1830, Ingres was much more than Raphael. He was a better painter, and a deeper thinker. Raphael was simply more endowed with the divine genius. Ingres pondered and plodded where Raphael smiled and worked. It is hardly fair to classify Ingres' art with the Romanticists. He belongs in the Romantic period, and without Romanticism his art would never have been, but he never fell victim to it. His vision was aloof and clear, and not once did he become maudlin.

Another genius of the 1830's who was also long in being recognized was the greatest academician of his period, the father of the Orientalists and some even go so far as to claim him the true father of Impressionism—Eugène

Delacroix.* He carried along the principles of David and Géricault, but neither of his predecessors had the least comprehension of how glorious historical painting could be made. He had a quivering poetry within him, an ever burning fire which constantly called for color and more color. He had studied in the studio of Pierre Guérin, the master of the most important atelier of Paris in those days, but he soon got away from the stilted limitations of his master and his confreres. He became interested in classical subjects along with the rest, but found in Dante and Virgil, Hamlet and Tasso, subjects much more to his liking than the gods of Olympus.

His canvases are swept in darks, storms tremble over them, light bursts through unexpectedly and figures are in tumult. Before he had finished a canvas, he was little concerned with the historical or romantic subject he was treating, but became a painter intent only upon the glory of his craft. Now we are learning to think of Delacroix as a genius of craftsmanship hardly equalled in his century.

The Spaniards of Paris had already induced the young fry to turn faces to the east, to go to the land of the Moors and to the new Arabia for richer color and more spectacular drama than they could find in France. Delacroix was easily induced, and many of his pictures were set, in reality or imagination, in the countries of Mauretania and Morocco. The sweeping pictorial costumes of the Arab and the great love of primary color always expressed by people who live in countries of glaring sun, aided Delacroix in his chief objective—to use color and more color.

Under the standards of recent developments, we cannot think of his color as being luminous or really brilliant. More of his canvases are dark than light, but the darks are shot full of rich color. Reds, browns, greens and purples carry the eye deeply into the darkest masses of his pictures. Turning to the east, he became enamored of the stories of the crusades which he painted very dynamically. Then the Bible engaged his attention and he did pictures of the life of Christ. They were never literal, however, and in approaching one of his canvases we do not ask first what the subject is, but enjoy the picture for its own sake, glory-

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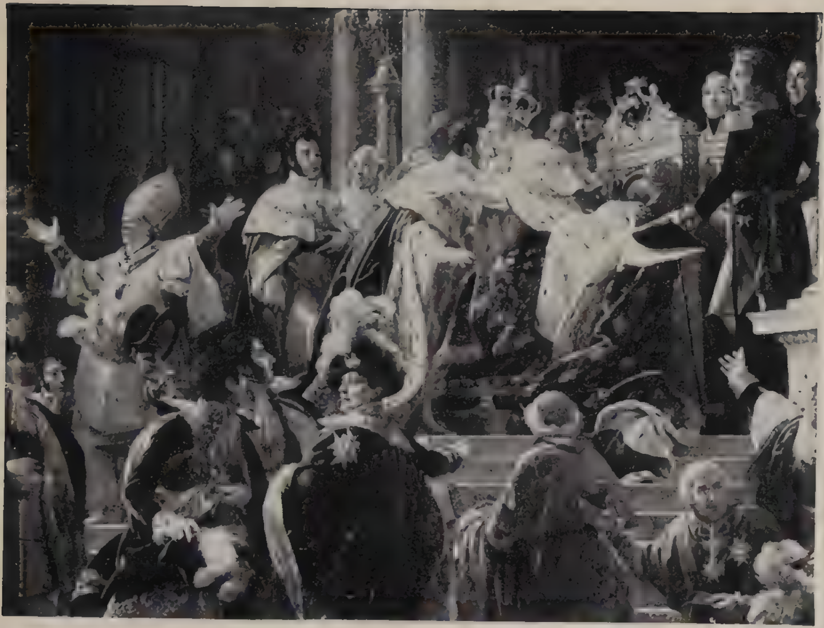
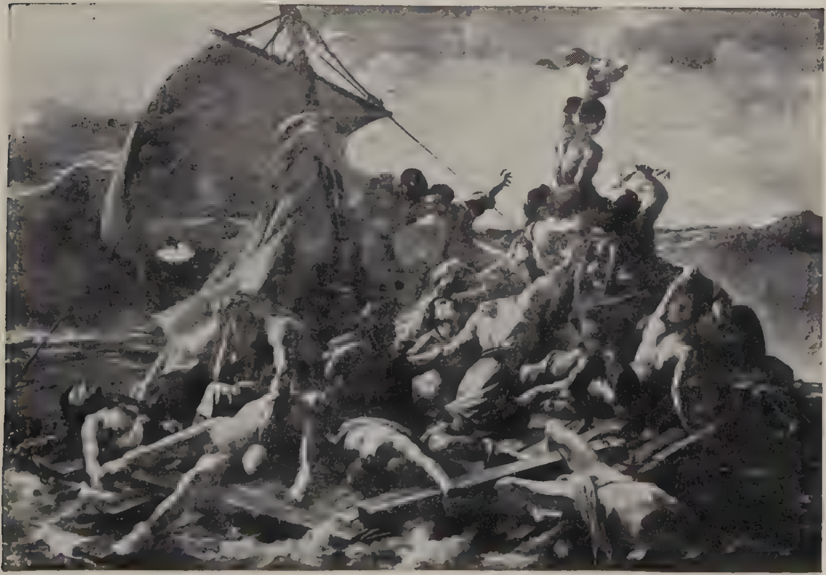
*See page 143.



Consecration of Charles X at Rheims.—Gérard



The Wreck of the Medusa.—Géricault

ing in its line and color, its living design, its confusion, turmoil, and general animation. Rocks and trees do not stand still. We seem almost to be passing the buildings he paints rather than pausing to gaze at them. Many of his pictures are over-confused but always designed within the symphonic rule, for the dip of a curve or the sweep of a line introduced around one figure or in one mass is repeated with modifications again and again throughout the composition.

By 1835 he was receiving commissions to decorate important wall spaces in the public buildings of Paris: the Chamber of Deputies, the Library of the Luxembourg, and eventually the Church of St. Sulpice. Unfortunately his knowledge of chemistry was limited and he was not always quite sure of his oils, with the result that many of his pictures have become sadly dark. Especially true is this of his large decorations, which he always did in oil rather than in tempera. But in their shadowy remains, these canvases still stir us. We may not consider them good mural decorations, however, for he never was a decorator. We forget all about the wall on which a Delacroix hangs. We simply see the dynamics of his picture.

What were his limitations? Clumsy confusion, disturbing swirling curves, and few rest spaces. Delacroix was fired with too much passion to have restraint. Most of his pictures tire us, and yet we go back to them with new approval each time. Glimpsing a David on the same wall with a Delacroix fills us with amusement at the stilted stupidity of the former. Delacroix's figures live furiously as we look at them. David's do not live at all, and never did. However, there is such a thing as carrying this too far, which Delacroix generally did. It is not in any one picture of his that we can summarize him—it is in his work as a whole. Possibly he painted not a single canvas that can be classed with the masterpieces of the world, but the sum of his whole contribution makes him a master painter with few peers.

Before he passed away in 1863, shortly after he had completed the paintings in St. Sulpice, he had become the powerful head of the so-called School of Orientalists.

Fromentin, Gérôme, and Benjamin Constant, and most of the gold medal winners of the salon for forty years followed closely in Delacroix's train. As revolutionary as he was, as much of a departure as his painting became, what followed him was strictly along the lines of the academy. Shall we merely call Delacroix a high-light in the Romantic school? His invention and power were certainly not felt or acknowledged by the Barbizon school, the Impressionists, or the early twentieth century Realists. Possibly he was one of the stepping stones to what we now consider Ultramodernism. If so, he is just beginning to be understood. Certainly his picture of *Jesus on Lake Gennesaret* and his *Dante and Virgil Attempt to Cross Sea of Fire* are expressionistic. There isn't a line or a color in either of these canvases that does not carry out the theme on which the picture is based. His color is never Realism in the obvious sense, but massed rich arrays as if soaked out of an old Persian rug. His followers caught none of this.

Fromentin* delighted in processions of Moorish warriors, and Gérôme confined himself almost entirely to portrait-like representations of the Arab Mohammedan in his mosque, on his minaret, or praying to the rising sun from his roof-top. In some pictures such as *The Cock Fight,* we find a definite affinity between Gérôme† and Bouguereau and Alma-Tadema of England. In Gérôme, the whole thing reverted to the artificialities of the academies, yet how excellently he did detail, and how romantically he handled his subjects. *The Grief of the Pasha,* at the Art Institute of Chicago, shows a great tiger lying in death in the court yard of a Mohammedan palace. Flowers have been strewn over him and the Pasha sits alone with head bowed over the death of his man-eating cat. It is all so forced that the truth of the incident cannot be found at all, even though the picture is painted with a realism that is most convincing.

All of these painters became interested in the imitation of fur and feathers, skin and marble, wrought iron and rose petals. They lost sight of themselves, their viewpoints, and the fact that they were really artists.

Édouard Detaille and Ernest Meissonier are the best known military painters of this period. Their only significance is that they painted soldiers at home, soldiers on the march, soldiers fighting in a barricaded street, soldiers in mighty battle, or fighting their way through a blizzard. Meissonier* did gentlemen as well, in a library, at the publisher's, or reading in front of the window of a drawing room. Silks and satins, gold buckles and porcelain vases he painted with a meticulous reality that calls for a reading glass held at close range, even though the pictures may be two yards in width.

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*See page 147. †See page 170.

Detaille,† who followed Meissonier and lived up to the beginning of the new century, was the better of the two, and his pictures often have jewel-like qualities of color. Certainly in relation to the absurd sentimentalists, Ary Scheffer, Paul Baudry, Delaunay, Regnault, Cabanel, and Jean Paul Laurens, Detaille and Meissonier are to be much preferred. The nudes by most of the men of this period outdid Bouguereau in sentiment. Lefebvre and Henner were the only two who really saved the situation. Most of these artists came just about the time of the decorating of the new Paris Grand Opera House, and they caught the spirit of the festive art of this baroque building, adding glitter to gold and shimmering light to crystal.

Jules Lefebvre with the well-known picture called *Truth* has gained a world popularity. A staunch Amazonian nude figure, clinging to a bell rope in the midst of a rocky cave, steps down from a rocky platform to the edge of a moonlit pool, at the edge of which iris, in full daytime splendor, mingle their fragrance with tropical water lilies. The lady has all but stepped upon a sea shell that in some mysterious way abides in the rocky cave with the bell rope. The lady's hair, which flutters into the shadows behind her, has been "done" by an expert French coiffeuse, and she looks straight at us unabashed. She raises her strong right arm and holds aloft above her head an ever ready light which seems a bit akin to the old parlor oil lamp. But oh, no, the glow is too intense for that. It must be a sort of Holy Grail, and yet it is electricity, for one can see that her thumb is on the button. How ridiculous this all seems! What foolish ways art took. The color of this

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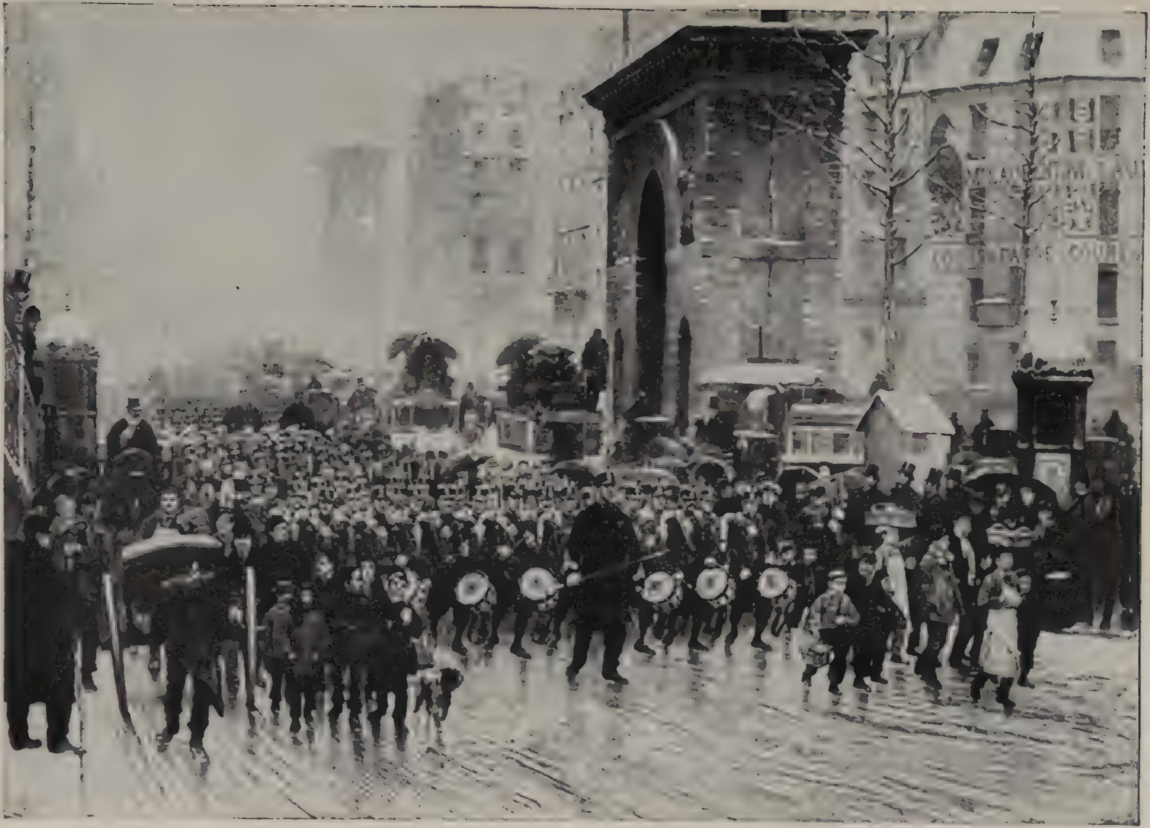
*See page 167. †See page 159.



The Passing Regiment.—Detaille

canvas is neither true nor beautiful, and instead of being the truth in symbol or allegory, it is the acme of hocus-pocus.

We cannot help but enjoy some of Baudry's frankly sensuous and altogether nudes—a lady that has been washed up by the furious waves onto the cruel rocks, there to await some Perseus, or another lady happily lying in a den of sleeping lions while cupids flutter about and fill her heart with joy. These pictures are maudlinly sentimental—little French fancies standing as symbols of love and life. They would be repellent and absurd if done by anyone but the French.

Regnault was the last of the important Orientalists as well as being an academic sentimentalist. Everyone knows his curly, blackhaired and flirtatious *Salome* and his many decorations for royal residences and theaters are almost as baroque as those of Baudry. Some of Regnault's Moorish subjects equal Gérôme's, although they are much in the same vein.

The schools of French art were first disrupted in the 1850's and from that on to the World War one bomb shell after another was dropped in their midst. Individualists arose. School after school vied for first place. Revolution followed revolution. We shall deal with many of these in later programs. But let it be understood that while these counteracting schools rise and vanish, the Academy seems to go on forever.

The French academy is largely circumscribed by the École des Beaux-Arts, the nationally supported, official school of French drawing, painting, sculpture and architecture. It has produced more influential, sturdy, intellectual workers for the art world than all the other art schools combined. But it has been so rigid, so highly formulated and dogmatic that scarcely a genius has remained long with it after he once found himself. Yet the Academy goes on forever. Of course the genius would succeed whether any academy or master existed. In fact, most of them succeed in spite of their formal training. The French method of training, especially in the field of art, has been no exception. The whole nineteenth century spirit of schooling was toward standardization, and the individual soon became a cog in the wheel, an atomical part of the whole. If four per cent of the race is genius and the other ninety-six otherwise, we can rejoice in the academy, for it gives everyone a chance at least to stand on the platform, or bear a palm. Now the twentieth century is teaching us to believe that genius may be developed and that the old school method was no way to do it. Certainly many things in the world were built upon old lines up to 1914, and then something happened to change a lot of the foolish world.

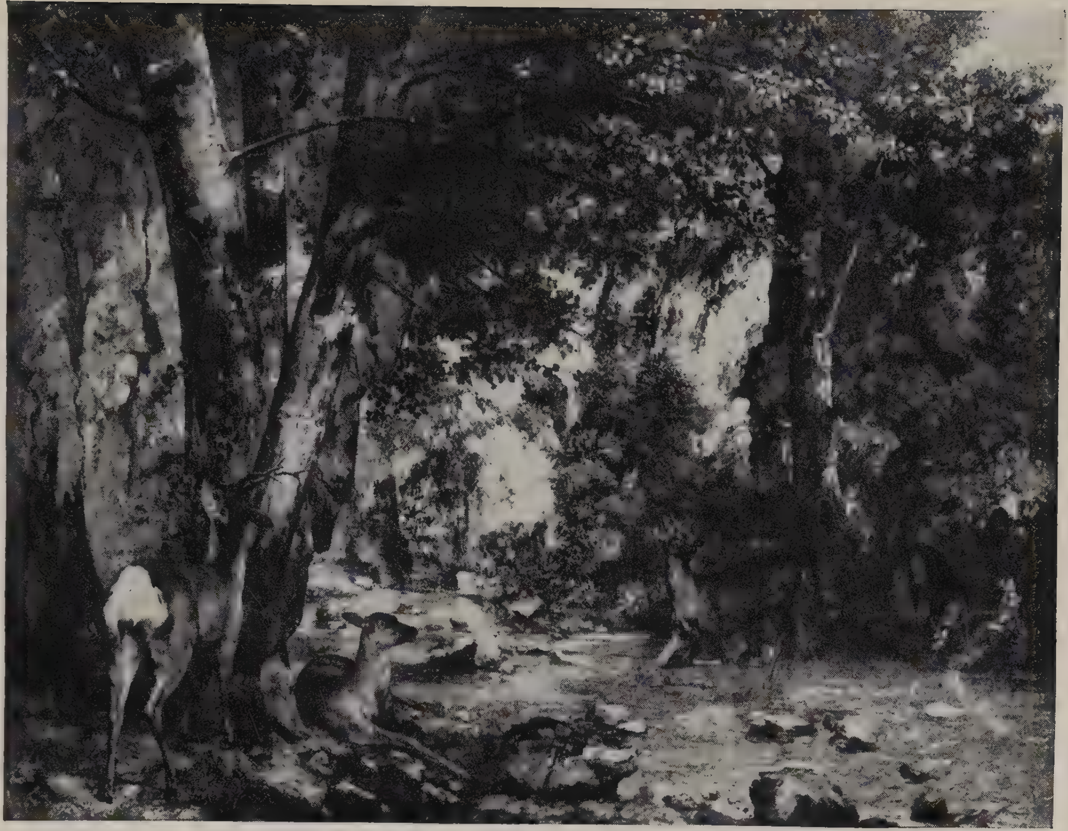
Two individualists standing above schools, never associating with "movements" of art, yet who are, every atom, nineteenth century and French, should be known by every art lover. In fact, there are a thousand names in French art which would add notes of grace and enjoyment to the knowledge of any individual. But these two individualists, one carrying his work into the last quarter of the century and the other right up to almost the close of the century, deserve as much attention as we can give them. They are Gustave Courbet, born in Ornans in 1819 and dying at Tour de Peilz near Vevey on the last day of 1877, and Eugène Carrière, born at Gournay-sur-Marne in 1849 and dying in Paris in 1896.

As we have said before, the art of painting would not exist if other languages or mediums of expression could convey what painting does. Primarily, then, the success of a painter does not depend upon what he paints, but how he paints it. Courbet and Carrière added something in their respective ways to the spirit of painting. They did much to reach the final limitations of their respective spheres.

Courbet's pictures give us unalloyed joy as performances in paint. We glory in the way they were done. We feel that his accomplishment was as much superior to the painting of Nicolas Poussin a century before as a Bach fugue played by a Paderewski must be superior to the same fugue played by Bach himself on the little old harpsichord of his time. Some people would like to put Courbet into the Barbizon school because he did the tillers of the fields, domestic animals in the meadows, deer in the forest, but he never associated with the Barbizon group and he was certainly not influenced by them. Also he painted glorious nudes, characterful portraits, and a few of the greatest paintings of the sea that have ever been done. To Courbet must be given the credit of overthrowing the eclectic system of his time. He also freed his art from the literary limitations that had been placed upon it by the historians and the Romanticists who preceded and who surrounded him.

Courbet was not designed by his family to be a painter. Every effort possible was put forth to make him a lawyer. At the age of eighteen, he threw his books in the air and announced to the world that he was going to become a painter. He went into the atelier of a very mediocre pupil of David's, and in less than two years he had found his own strength, especially through his immediate comprehension of the painting of Delacroix. He then copied the old masters at the Louvre and eventually settled in the Latin quarter of Paris amidst a group of authors and musicians. He seemed never to find a congenial soul among the painters. Much is written about his magnificent appearance, his physical and mental endowments, his complete personal attractiveness. Soon he became the center of a coterie of the elite of Paris and his social instincts gave many an associate a brilliant evening, although he worked alone in his studio all of the hours of daylight.

He never painted a figure without a model; he never finished an outdoor composition without studying the scenic background and the atmospheric conditions week after week or even year after year. The juries at the salon called his paintings crude and vulgar, lacking imagination, and without beauty. He eventually hung over his door a sign which read, "Realism—G. Courbet." He fought his way upward then with pen and conversation, eventually even publishing little pamphlets in the defense of Realism, but his verbal and literary defenses were far from being as convincing as his own paintings. Here are some of the subjects: *Peasants Returning from Mass, Evening in the Village, The Sleeping Bathers, The Stone Breakers, A Fire in Paris, Funeral at Ornans, The Battle of the Stags,* and a



Deer Covert.—Courbet

series of others of deer in covert. Though he had been rejected by the committee for the World Exposition in Paris in 1855, in the exhibition of 1867 he displayed a hundred and thirty-two paintings and a few pieces of sculpture. In 1869, the committee for the Munich exposition set aside a whole room for his works.

Emperor Napoleon gave him the order of the Legion of Honor. In view of the impending revolution and his own fighting democratic spirit, he returned the order to the emperor without as much as a thank-you. Eight weeks later came the proclamation of the republic and the siege of Paris in which Courbet participated with all his fervor. To him is given the credit for saving the Luxembourg Palace, but also for wrecking the column of the Place Vendôme. When the commune fell, he was imprisoned for six months by the court-martial of Versailles because of the destruction of the column. This was his undoing, for he became then a suspected character, and the Salon refused his pictures the following year, declaring him morally unworthy, and four years later he died in exile. He had turned white, but remained handsome to the last.

Now let us concern ourselves a bit with his pictures and what they mean. The *Deer Covert** series give us the full message of the forest and the gentle timid animals represented are introduced with more understanding than animals ever had been up to this time. They not only belong in the forest, but the design of the picture absolutely depends on them. Their placement and positions lead the eye step by step where it should go in scanning the canvas. In his *Return from Market,* oxen, hogs, sheep, pedestrians, equestrians, move along in a comfortable procession, but oh, how the darks are placed, how the lights follow one after another! It is so real that you almost forget it is a picture, and yet it is so artful that it is hard to believe that it can be real. In *The Stone Breakers,* two powerful masculine bodies, a youth and a man, clothed in the heavy garments of French workmen, drudge steadily at the side of a road, breaking limestone into little bits just as you see it done today on almost any French highway. Another picture, of models and visitors grouped about his own studio, is as full of atmosphere and personality as a Velasquez. He loved to use blacks in garments and accessories, and did it masterfully.

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*See page 163.

His famous picture, *The Wave,* which is now in the Louvre, is the most brilliantly painted interpretation of the ponderous power and weight of the sea that had ever been done. Has it been equalled since? Its darks are not colorful and the wave forms are hardly liquid, but there is a mighty understanding of the sea revealed through an intellectual and emotional interpretation. His *Funeral at Ornans* is as fine as any interpretation of life and character as had gone into portraiture. Even Cottet the great realist painter of Breton life has scarcely equalled it. He etched brilliantly, especially the nude figure, never looking for delicacies. His women almost symbolize Mother Earth, and they are placed in the exact environment he intended for them. If they are bathers in the open, you feel first the place they are in and then you see them.

Courbet did all that Delacroix did not. He simplified and held himself in restraint. He measured everything he did and never once did his enthusiasm lead him amuck. As a colorist, he was cold, seldom getting into the feeling and warmth that his ideal had used. But his wood interiors, through their color, present an earthy coolness that mystifies analysis and which was produced by honest, straightforward paint applied through the vision and craft of a master.

Courbet did one thing that must not be overlooked in the light of ultramodern attainments. The Beaux Arts Academy at that time declared that as no lines are visible in nature, no lines should ever appear in the picture, as one tone leaves off where another begins and edges around things are impossible to see. The camera, of course, finds no lines around forms. This is a perfectly obvious, natural truth, but how much need the painter consider himself a naturalist? Lines are very definitely a part of the vocabulary of the painter, and if he is speaking for art, he has the right to use them, while if he is speaking for nature, he has not. Courbet declared himself a champion of nature, but he nevertheless succeeded in making every one of his pictures a work of art, and many a time a deliberate and bold line delineates a form. Line is the great cry of the Ultramodernist, but with the exception of El Greco, Goya and Courbet, lines figure not in the development of painting up to the new universal era. If it had not been for Courbet, we wonder how Post-Impressionism would have progressed. When Impressionism had been carried to its ultimate, Van Gogh and others swung back to line and design. Would they have done it so well or so quickly without the splendid precedent established by Courbet?

Just as this artist of the middle part of the century was a fearless, all-round painter, so the other individualist whom we are studying here was a picture maker almost without being a painter. Carrière* succeeded in becoming one of the great artists of France almost without the use of paint. His pictures are of figures and heads literally without backgrounds. We are not aware that he even finished a head or a figure that he painted. His subjects are largely women and children, possibly the same woman and the same group of children, doubtless his own family, again and again. The canvases are large so that most of the figures, even when they only partly fill the space, are fully life-size. They seem to be swirling in dark mist, gray and brown areas fill the canvas in each case, and out of this mist there emerge only slightly the personages which constitute his subject. Their skin is pallid—their hands, lips, eyes, tremulous. They lean upon each other in great dependence or deep affection. Their faces are turned upward, longingly, toward someone seen or unseen.

In one canvas this woman, a noble sturdy mother with lips that do not speak but eyes that tell volumes, is surrounded by her children who are suddenly startled as we come into their presence, and standing erect almost in a row, they all look right at us. The one reproduced here is among the most beautiful canvases in the Luxembourg gallery of Paris. This woman, seated, with her hair pulled back from her forehead tight over her ears and tied in a knot at the back of her neck, holds in her lap a round faced, laughing baby girl. Hands stretch out eagerly, graspingly, as a big sister, kneeling upon the floor at their feet, raises

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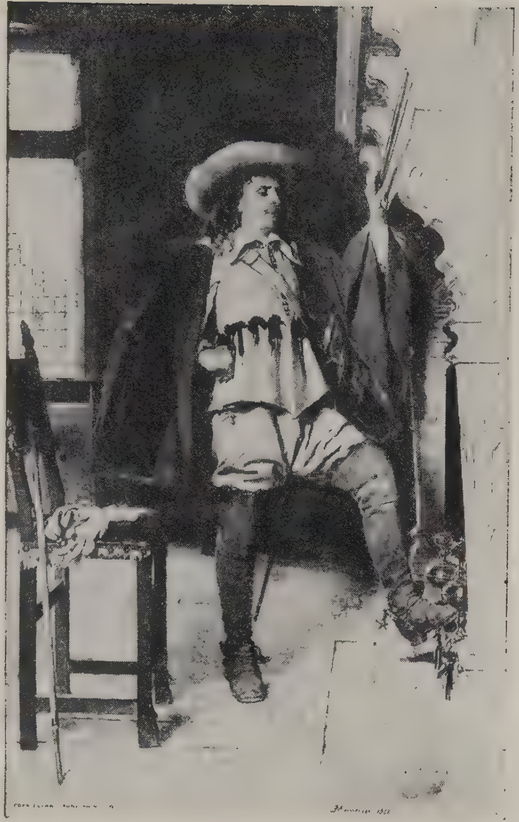
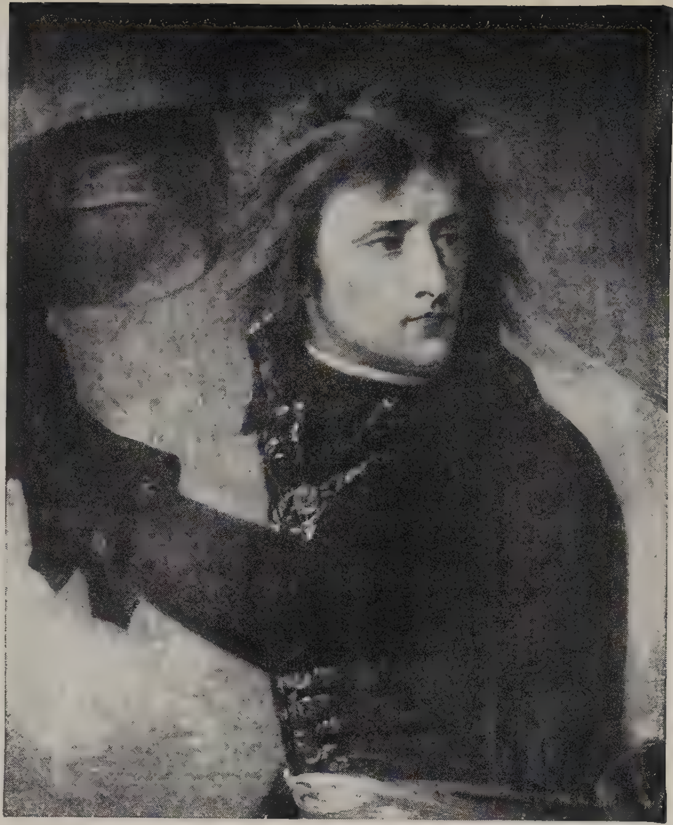
*See page 176.



Cavalier Waiting an Audience.—Meissonier



Bonaparte at Pont d'Arcole.—Gros

her adoring face to the child for a kiss. The fleeting, loving expressions in each countenance are unforgetable. Carrière has not drawn a feature so that it is recognizable as such, and yet the full character of each person—the very soul as well as the physiognomy—is there to be seen and understood. He has mastered suggestion in realism the best of any painter.

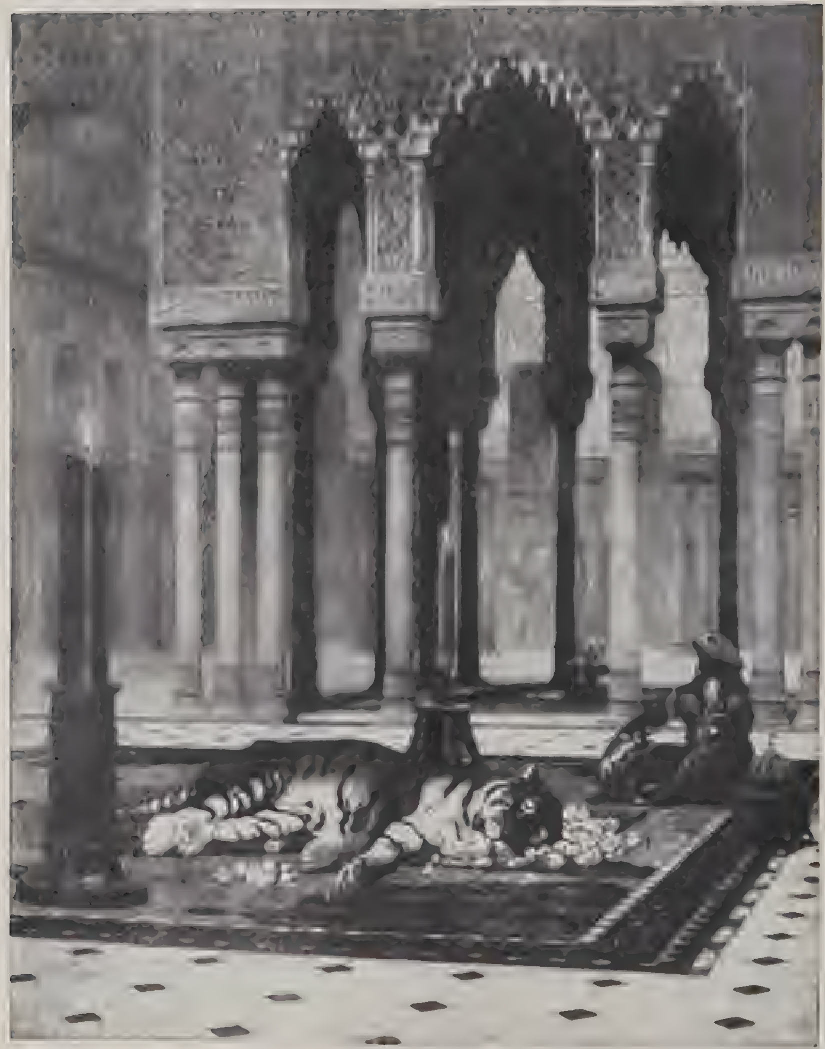
It has been said that he was color blind, which might account for his lack of anything but brown, gray, silver, cream, and white in his color scheme. We can scarcely believe this, for the subtle touches of rose that are suggested in cheeks and lips, the deep blue that is there in the eyes, were touched in by a master colorist who believed in the preciousness of his message.

Carrière was a Realist, for his subjects become actual, living persons to be added to our list of acquaintances. But he was a realist who painted the least that he could to suggest the whole. He arouses our imaginations. He lets us supply fifty per cent of his picture. We are taken into his confidence. We feel that he regards us as human beings of intelligence quite equal to himself. All the conventional Romanticists and most of the ninetenth century Realists painted down to us. They treated us like little children without a grain of sense, void of imagination or invention, and unable to think for ourselves.

Carrière's confreres, Dagnan-Bouveret, Duez, Dantan, Roussel, Lhermitte, Bastien-LePage, and Aman-Jean were all Realists with a most objective sense. Each had an important part to play in a world that was almost wholly devoted to painting. The last twenty years of the nineteenth century in Paris saw the painter supreme. And with the whole civilization thinking it, buying it, loving it, doing it, a painter had to be pretty tremendously good to be recognized at all. Each of these men were good, as we shall see in our lesson on Realism, and they talked a lot about what they had to say. Carrière talked little, but ah, how he loved the life that he did wish to tell us about, the dim, protective quiet of the modest French home. There are the old rich furnishings in this house, but we are not there to see them. There are pictures upon the walls, well framed and carefully hung, but they are not the object of our visit. Here in a strange light, coming from where we know not, is the luminous face of a great woman, a mother, her strong features, deep, knowing eyes, and then her hands—hands that have worked ceaselessly to care for and protect the children whom her arms encircle. A little child is lying across her lap, dangling bare feet, hands clasped around the mother's neck, content in the great protection. Other children pass in and out of the room, all lending their love to this exquisite family scene.

Where is the man of this household? Why he is at the easel, painting the picture. It is he who has taken us by the arm and led us into the secret of his heart, and he stands at our shoulder, whispering in our ear just to be sure that we see what he wants us to see. Without turning around, we could put our hand gently backward and touch him. Then we know he is present. The mysterious, dreamlike living sense of Carrière's realism assures us that there is no time or space; that we can reach out and touch the souls that have lived as well as those that do live—assures us that when an artist paints the depths of his soul, the fullness of his undertaking, and makes us realize the love and the truth and the beauty of life, he becomes immortal, and he lives always. Artists, of all people, never die. Learning the beauty of a Carrière canvas makes Carrière our living friend; we can almost hold conversation with him, and he comes and speaks to us whenever we seek him.

French Romantic art seems not to have had a beginning, and it certainly has no end. There is not one school, but many. Every phase of Romanticism was touched on by the French painters from 1810 to 1900. Paris had no rival as an art center. By 1885 the salon had become the greatest social and artistic event of the world. All the schools of art of the Christian nations vied for places. No other nation gave its endorsement or lent its support to art as France did. Germany became preëminently interested in mechanical advancement, England in commerce and the commercial theater and literature, America in city building, transportation and general education. France alone kept the torch aflame and she has even done this



Grief of the Pasha.—Gérôme

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

straight through the World War. To France, present-day civilization owes much. Many a movement of society totally lost control of itself during the latter part of the nineteenth century. France moved speedily along under its governor wheel of art.

In this thought, France and Paris are synonymous, for Paris has been the fountain head, the source of inspiration, the office of control, the only market of art in France. No other city or community of France in any way maintained an independence in art activity. All followed channels straight to Paris, and these from there were given back to the world.

No other country has a capital metropolis that is so all satisfying as Paris, unless it is Copenhagen, in Denmark. The one difference between these two countries is that all France is thoroughly satisfied with Paris, while the Danes depend upon Copenhagen, go to it constantly, but are not entirely satisfied with it since they also go to Paris and to Munich and Berlin, to New York, Chicago and Rome. A Frenchman never cares whether he goes anywhere or sees anything outside of Paris, and when once he knows his own beloved capital and lives fully within the spirit of its life, all other cities become somewhat amusing to him. The Frenchman who knows his Paris is outlandishly provincial, but oh, how self-satisfied we are if we think we can boast of the same provincialism and can ''high hat'' our less fortunate neighbors who do not know their Paris.

To know French nineteenth century painting is to know the capital of France and all it stands for. To the would-be traveler who has never gone abroad, nothing better could be recommended than a survey of the schools of French art of the nineteenth century. And this can be done in one's own sitting room. Photography and the printing press now bring the visual world within the reach of all, and Paris has seen to it that French art has been well published.

The few significant and representative illustrations that accompany this text should be considered only a key opening the door to the rich array of pictures that can be had for the asking. Visit the photograph files of your public library, ask your traveled neighbor for prints and photographs, and look at pictures, hundreds of them. Words cannot describe what the eye can see.

When the knowledge is sufficiently complete and the longing is sufficiently great, one will be surprised how easy it is to toss a few personal articles into a traveling bag and sail away to Paris. The true art lover cannot afford not to, and there is nothing that can stop him. Paris is as definite a magnet to the art lover as the north pole is to the compass. The first step is to point that way, then to detach ourselves, and let the pull do the rest. Art must be seen, heard, experienced. We cannot get it vicariously. Words and reproductions do not bring it to us. We must go to it or it must be brought to us. And through art alone can life be made complete, can the enrichment of thought through the eye and the ear be fulfilled. Up to 1914 Paris was the only great art capital in Europe. What has happened since then and why it is that Paris is still the capital of all the art capitals we shall learn in the last chapter of this course.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

OATH of the Horatii by David. A fine example of the romantic classicism of the most eminent historical painter, posed to the last touch of Delsarte, enacted by actors rather than real persons. David was the perfect artist for his period of grandiose life. Page 143.

Dante and Virgil Attempt to Cross the Sea of Fire by Delacroix. As dramatic and full of life feeling as the David is stilted and artificial. Delacroix was never a historian but always an artist. The swirl of his compositions, the magnificent color, the free brush strokes and the beautiful draftsmanship make him one of the great artists of the century. Page 143.

St. Louis Dispensing Justice by Cabanel. Another painter of the grand tableau. None has produced such effective stagecraft in painting as these French dramatic historians. Notice how perfectly the lines and lights of the picture lead up in pyramidal building to the figure of Louis. Page 147.

Hawking in Algeria by Fromentin. A graceful painting of an Oriental subject. This artist, with Delacroix and Gérôme, headed the Orientalist school of Paris. Wonderful draftsmanship, accurate vision, and the love of Oriental color are its chief features. Page 147.

The Bathers by Bouguereau. Perfect representation of the surface of the human figure, but no life quality. This painter enjoyed a great vogue but his pictures are now a drug on the market. Page 151.

The Spring by Ingres. As beautiful and full of life as the Bouguereau is inane. Ingres was the reincarnation of the classic spirit and the only Classicist of the century who lifted his art above sentimental romanticism. It is idealization of thought as well as beauty. This is one of the great canvases of the Louvre. Page 151.

Consecration of Charles X at Rheims by Gérard. This artist was a more fluent painter than David, but his influence upon the schools of art was not as great. He was especially successful in painting the textures of skin, satin, fur and metal. His compositions are sometimes scattered but always full of action. Page 155.

The Wreck of the Medusa by Géricault. This is one of the famous paintings of France, considered for its time a great advance over any historical painting that has ever been done. Géricault was a great inventor in design and his understanding of human anatomy gave his pictures a startling appeal as if the actual scene was being enacted before us. Page 155.

The Passing Regiment by Detaille. An unusually large canvas by this accurate historian, the only rival of Meissonier. The bleak winter day in Paris, the famous arches of the boulevards and the very spirit of Paris itself is well felt. Detaille was generally satisfied to do a composition of three or four figures. Page 159.

Deer Covert by Courbet. This picture strikes a new note in painting, is the most distinctive expression of the eloquence of paint upon canvas that we have so far studied. Courbet had a wide sweeping influence over the schools that followed and his paintings today are considered priceless. Page 163.

Cavalier Waiting an Audience by Meissonier. The most perfect detailistic painter, accomplished photographic representation with unswerving accuracy but excellent taste. Page 167.

Bonaparte at Pont d'Arcole by Gros. Considered the most perfect and beautiful portrait of Napoleon. This is a fragment of a large picture. Gros could have been a great portrait painter had he not been so interested in historical compositions. His use of black is particularly notable. Page 167.

Grief of the Pasha by Gérôme. Doubtless an imaginative incident but a beautiful portrayal of the interior of an Arab palace. Page 170.

The Kiss by Carrière. A painting so tender and sweetly emotional that it is without a peer in its particular field. Carrière thought out what he wished to say, then said nothing else. This picture is almost colorless with merely the slightest touch of flesh tones suggested in the brown and cream monotones of the painting. Page 176.

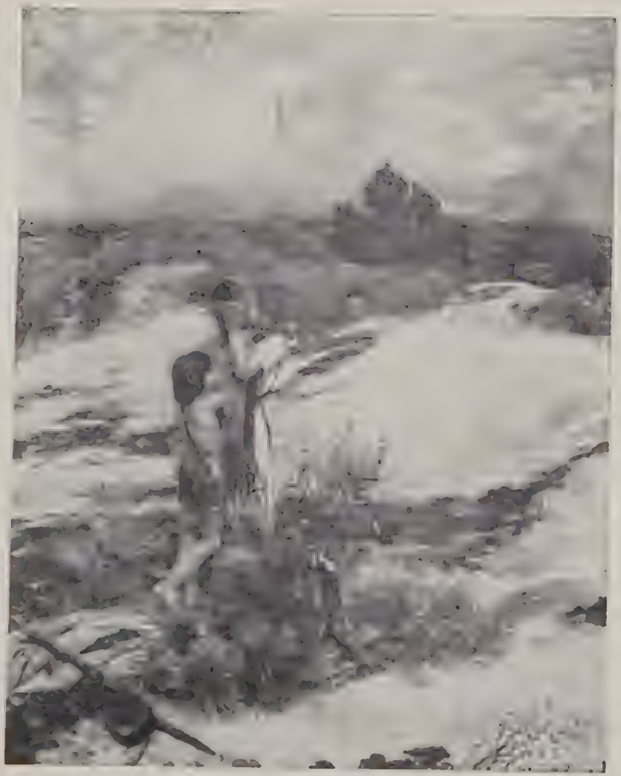
THE BARBIZON SCHOOL

V

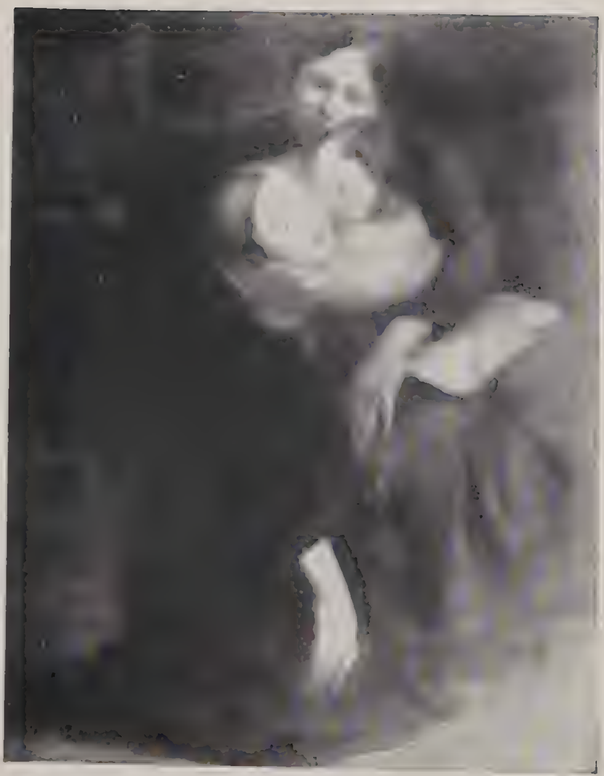
THE French schools of art have been leaders, and not followers. Few are the outside influences of the past hundred years that have amounted to much. Even these few have not been generously acknowledged by France. To say that the English painter, John Constable, was the real father of the Barbizon school of France, and that James MacNeill Whistler, the American, was the greatest influence in French Modernistic art, would arouse the indigation of many a French student. But nevertheless, it is true.

J. M. W. Turner and John Constable of the British Royal Academy, contemporaries of Goya but unaware of his existence, were doing things in English art at the birth of the century. They, like all the rest of the picture-producing world, had ambitions for honors at the Paris Salon and persisted yearly, from 1808 on, in sending canvases to the great competition, but were repeatedly snubbed, often rejected or given places of insignificance. In 1822, however, five Englishmen, including these two, were placed on what is known as "the line," the row of pictures level with the eye. When the salon was held in the old Louvre the space was frightfully crowded, but the walls were high and pictures plastered them to the ceiling, sometimes in eight or ten rows. Of course, the most desirable places were those at the eye level.

In 1824 the English literally took the salon by storm. Bonington, Fielding, Turner, Harding, Prout and Constable all made the line. In the very center of one of the most important walls hung a large landscape canvas by John Constable entitled *The Haywain,* and it was actually given a medal. To be sure, it was only a bronze one, but before the six weeks of the exhibition were over even the French students expressed freely their indignation that this particular canvas had not been given the grand gold medal of



Hagar and Ishmael.—Cazin

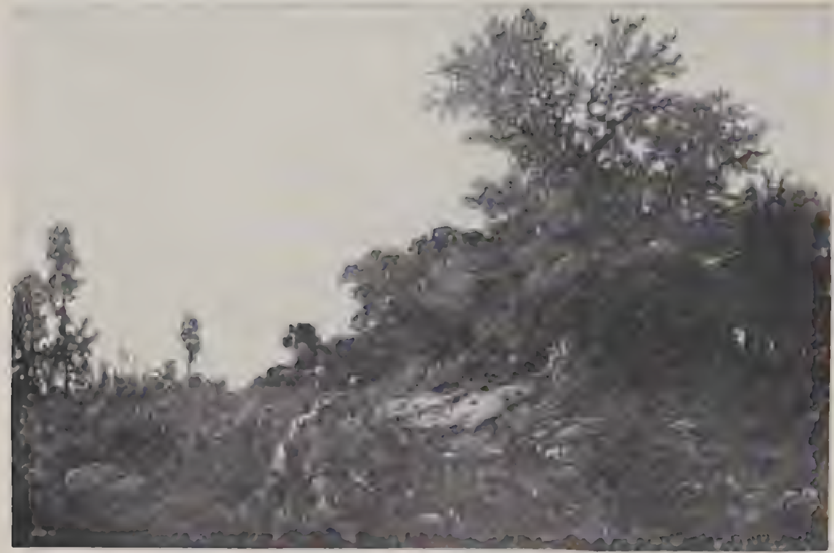


The Kiss.—Carrière

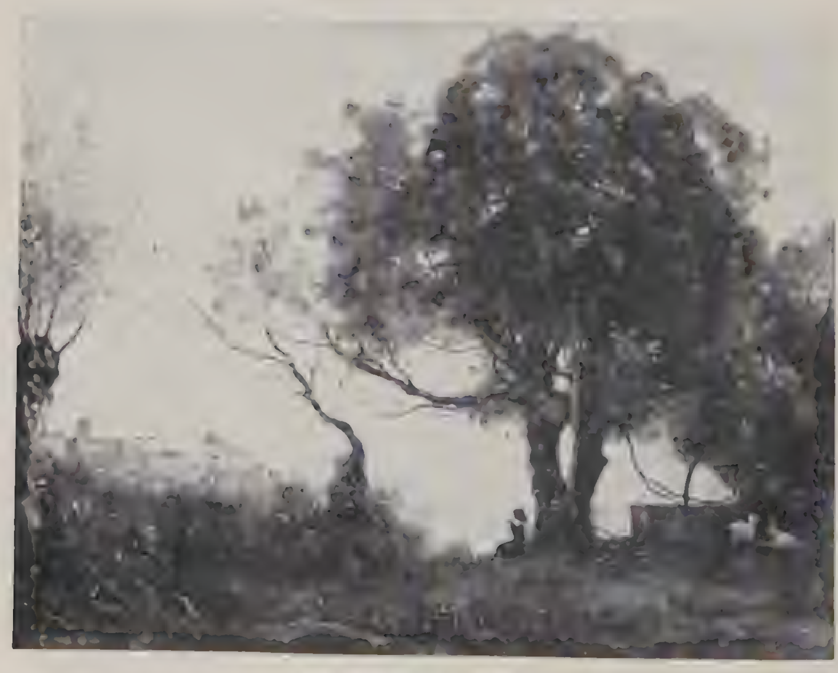
the year. Among the resenters was a group of youngsters in the official school of France, the Ecole des Beaux-Arts, headed by a young man, Jean Baptiste Camille Corot, who had already shown marked tendencies in mastering the landscape and who stood repeatedly before the Constable canvas with constantly increasing admiration. They saw in it something which had never been shown in paint, the truth of the landscape with its sunlight and atmosphere, floating clouds, sap in trees and dew upon grass. A man to have painted this way must have gone forth and looked and looked at nature until he saw very clearly and then recorded it all with a new technique, a frankness of expression, avoiding the pitfalls of the prescribed rules.

The picture was rich and satisfying in its arrangement and quite conventional in its composition. A well filled brook moved backward from the lower edge of the picture between rich banks of verdure toward a thatch-covered house nestled in a grove of trees, to one side the depths of a forest, to the other undulating meadows. The distance literally seemed miles away. A sky of towering grayish clouds, broken here and there with tiny spots of blue, repeated the rounded forms of the fine old English trees. In a ford of the stream, in the lower center of the picture, a haywain stood while the horses drank. Figures of children, including a vigorous youth who was responsible for the haywain and horses, completed the picture. It was in luscious tones of greens and soft yellows, rich shadows and atmospheric blues. In the light of the conventional brownish landscapes which preceded it, certainly this was a great departure. No wonder that beauty and nature-loving France recognized it and applauded spontaneously. It became disrupting, literally devastating, to the minds of this particular group of young men.

They began open hostilities against the conventional teachings of the schools, declaring that they were being taught artificialities and not art; that their masters were unable to see or represent nature in truth; and that it was this Englishman, Constable, who had had the courage to take his canvas right into the open and paint deliberately what he saw, who was showing them the way. The eventual



Edge of the Woods—Rousseau



Castle Gandolfo—Corot

outcome was that a group quit the schools, packed their belongings and tramped off to the Forest of Fontainebleau to do likewise. The tiny woodsman's village of Barbizon, in the midst of this great forest and not far from the glorious Chateau of Fontainebleau, seemed a delightful possibility to them, especially as one of their number had lived there and assured them of the low costs, the rich landscapes and the hospitality and friendship they would find. And so by 1830 there was established a little unpretentious group of industrious, patient, nature-loving young men who were determined to find a way to the light and to do something with paint that would approach the Truth of Nature.

Théodore Rousseau* was really the first of this group to bring his landscapes directly out of nature. Corot, an older man, became the unquestioned master of the school and was always called by them all "Papa Corot." One after another others joined the group—Dupré, Diaz, Daubigny, and eventually the peasant lad Millet, and then Troyon and Harpignies. They were not a closed corporation, or even an organized brotherhood. Each painted independently, but each worked for the other as much as for himself. They were conscious that in union there is strength and that their battle could not be fought alone. France heeded them not, and there were no collectors or agents in Paris who would be concerned with these foolish, independent youngsters. But by the 1840's great sailing ships coming from the States brought affluent merchants from New York and Boston to trade in Paris, and the Vanderbilts and Astors, with their western freedom of thought, became enamored of the stray canvases they saw from Barbizon and straightway purchased some. Year after year this patronage increased. Philadelphia, Baltimore and Chicago merchants fell into line. Early as 1855 the Barbizon school of painting was well known in America, and Paris rubbed its eyes and rushed into the game. England followed, and soon the medals of the annual Salon were flung generously to Barbizon.

Some of the group did not succeed in gaining patronage or popularity. The story goes that one of the number had failed utterly to find a patron, when another, who had succeeded magnificently and who went to Paris annually to meet his Boston patron, induced his less fortunate brother to send up a few of his canvases. When the successful artist returned all of the pictures had been sold and the proceeds were properly divided. Upon the death of the former these very canvases of the painter he had wished to help were found stowed away in his attic. However, the incident had given the younger man encouragement and his name became as well known as that of his valiant friend.

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*See page 178.

Another story tells of the deep affection that arose between one artist and another's wife, but did not break the friendship of the two men. The second artist realized that the affinity between his wife and his friend was a very deep love. He acknowledged his temperamental inability to be as much to her; a separation was arranged, and he helped to move the object of their affections to her new home, where she lived most happily, a great inspiration to her new husband and always regarded with keen sympathy and admiration by the first. In fact, the stories of the whole life at Barbizon are filled with forbearance, self-sacrifice and friendship. Certainly much of the great attainment of the school was due to the close fraternity, the loving generosity, the helpful companionship and the belief in the other and his aims.

The works of these men have brought a beauty into the world so widespread in its influence, so rich in its actual treasure, that the centuries to come may possibly look upon it as the greatest enrichment of the nineteenth century. Certainly landscape painting became a great art as a result of this influence, as everything that went before it in landscape painting terminated in this movement, and the varied and magnificent things that have happened since the world over have emanated from it. The Modernistic schools of France and Germany, England and America came as a result of the Barbizon movement—some as a continuation of the movement, others in deliberate opposition to it, reactions stimulated by its principles and practices. And it is a very interesting conjecture as to whether this or that landscape of today came into being because of the Barbizon movement or in spite of it.

Théodore Rousseau is credited with painting more cords of wood than anyone. Certainly he understood trees, loved them profoundly and painted them with great regard. Some of his pictures do seem an exposition of the growth and size of trees. At times he was so spellbound by the loveliness of these giant children of the forest that he painted each of the visible ten thousand leaves with tender regard. However, as many cords of wood, gnarled branches, twigs or leaves as he saw fit to represent, there is an atmosphere of the out-of-doors enveloping the whole—it is morning or evening; a day of sun or cloud; spring, summer, autumn or winter; the placid calm of afterglow or the windswept chill of a bleak day. In the summer pictures, cattle meander; in the autumn pictures, deer scamper, night comes upon the scene with its hush, or day bursts forth in a glory of golden light. How Rousseau managed so feelingly to reveal the envelopment when he was so intensely interested in the intricate detail before him is difficult to conjecture. But he did it, and his pictures are treasures of vision, even helping us today, with our well-trained and wise eyes, to see the world around us more clearly and more lovingly.

Rousseau was the most masculine of these painters of the Forest of Fontainebleau. He ever brought a gnarled strength to the subject almost as rigid as the great Dutch masters of a previous century, Hobbema and Ruysdael, and yet his color did not resemble theirs in the least. Their grayed and browned tones were replaced by his fine green freshness that certainly must have startled the eyes of the conventional thinkers who had learned to see landscapes in the old way.

These men in Barbizon did not have studios, but lived as modest peasants. The forest was their studio, and there they dwelt from early spring to late fall, generally going to Paris for the winter, where they lived in quiet contact with the great movement without making much of a stir. Eventually some of the group resided the year around at Barbizon.

The paintings of Théodore Rousseau have never quite attained the popularity of those of most of his confreres, but it was to his strong and firmly rooted mastery that much of the success of the movement must be credited. All of the Barbizon painters had a fine philosophy; they believed in themselves and their work; they needed little to live on and seemed to require nothing but the privilege of painting. Rousseau's logic probably helped them all to hold to their principles.

The world has come to consider Jean Baptiste Camille Corot* as the exemplary spirit of Barbizon painting, and his popularity and his favor prove more justified as each decade rolls by. During the late 1890's there was a lull in Corot enthusiasm, and in 1904 the Corot pictures at the St. Louis World's Fair did not as much as create a stir, even though his most famous canvas, *The Dance of the Nymphs,* had been lent by the French government. The regard for Impressionism had given the world a temporary feeling that Corot was of little consequence, for his art, particularly in its color, had no sympathy with Impressionism. But by the time *The Dance of the Nymphs* had been returned to its place in the Louvre, new champions had arisen for Corot's art and the committee of the Louvre was told it had done a very unwise thing in allowing so priceless a picture to traverse the Atlantic. Much publicity was given this declaration, and every one began looking around to see if their Corots were really good. Post-Impressionism had taken some of the edge off of Impressionism. The painters of solidity rather than atmosphere were being newly regarded, and it was discovered that Corot had painted about the most thoroughly constructed, solid, three-dimensional landscapes that could be conceived. It was then proven that he had painted some very remarkable canvases that were not landscapes—that he had done figures in a way scarcely equaled by the very best of the Impressionists, not excluding Degas and Manet.

In 1912 the Chauchard collection at the Louvre was rehung so that the Barbizon pictures would all be together, and the rooms devoted to Corot thrilled the populace as if they had never seen him before. In 1917 memorial exhibitions of Corot's paintings were held at Zurich, Turin, Budapest and New York. Collectors rushed to Christie's in London when Corots were announced for the block. Shortly

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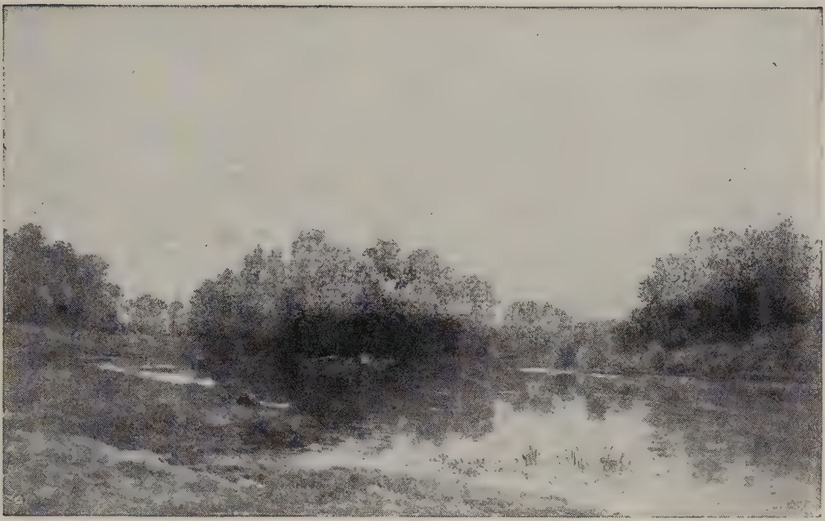
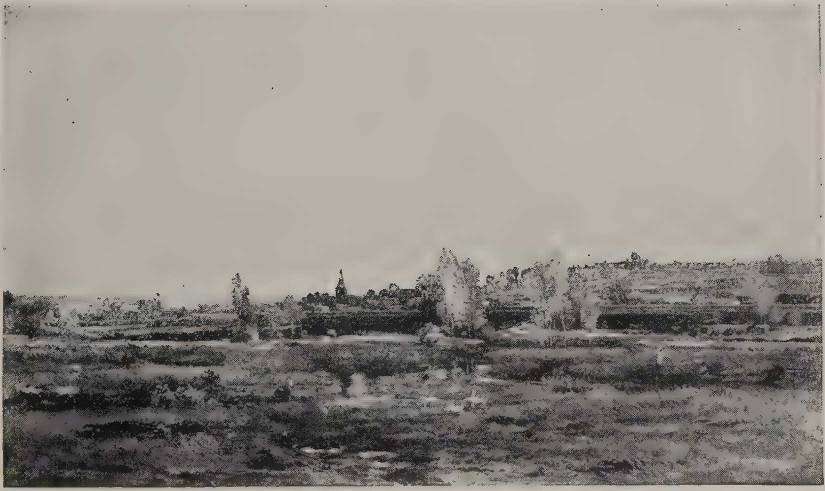
*See page 178.



Landscape.—Daubigny



Hamlet on the Seine.—Daubigny

the Potter Palmer collection was given to the Art Institute of Chicago, and the Corots therein were called Chicago's greatest treasures and became insured at fabulous valuations. As the "isms" of the modernists knocked down the fetters of the past, Corot seemed to stand up under every onslaught. The devotees of the great American landscapists, George Inness and his confreres of the Hudson River school, began to analyze their place, and readily came to the conclusion that this chapter in American landscape painting never would have existed had it not been for Corot. The W. W. Kimball collection, added to the Art Institute of Chicago, displayed an important Hobbema, leading the eye consistently to one of the greatest Constables in existence, and close by an atmospheric, moodful, forest landscape by Corot. "Aha!" the mid-western critic said, "the summary of landscape painting—the three great landscapists of all time! See how Hobbema prepared the soil for Constable, and then how Constable lifted his talents into the sun so that they might bear fruit in the great fulfillment of Corot."

Corot's parents ran a little millinery shop in the Rue du Bac in Paris when he was a child. Eventually this millinery business developed into that of an inclusive and exclusive modiste, and the establishment became the fashion mart of the empire. Camille, as he was known, was sent to Rouen to finish his high school education. Afterwards he became the leading salesman for his father's establishment, taking orders for clothes in Paris and its suburbs. At this he was a total failure, making the clumsiest and most ridiculous mistakes, and after two years the elder Corot gave up the opposition and allowed the boy to go in for painting. He was in the Paris schools of art a short while and then fled to Barbizon, where he was much better off than most of the fellows, since the stipend from his father's bounty made life at Barbizon easy for him.

After three years there he determined on a period in Italy. The classic feeling that he got from that sojourn and again, ten years later, when he returned to Italy, gave his pictures the staunch classic balance, the reserved dignity that the other Barbizon painters never acquired. Some lovers of Corot are sure that his very best paintings were done on the second or third visits to Italy. All of his earlier French pictures certainly are of much less interest than his Italian ones, and it was not until 1844 that he justified the prophecy he had uttered for himself in his declaration of allegiance to the art principles of Constable. Then he came forth with revelations of Barbizon that truly stirred the world and made the New York millionaires tumble over each other to be the first to buy.

In the Italian landscapes there certainly must have been memories of his native countryside, for the graceful delicacy of the willows, birches and aspens that rise around the whitewashed walls and red roofs of the Italian villages he painted do not even suggest Italy. Even when he did do cypresses and sycamores, they are hard to find; he had no Italian sensitiveness for them, being a Frenchman in spirit.

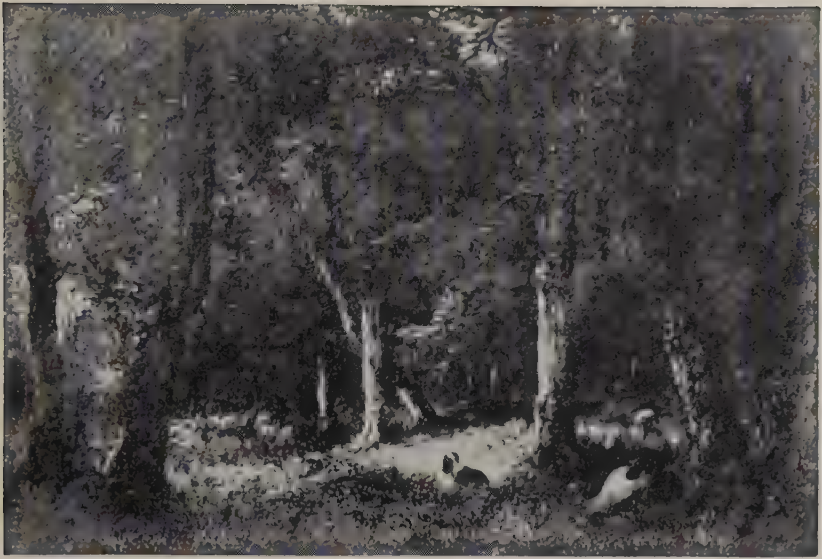
But after 1844, Barbizon was his devotion. There he lived, rising early, quite before dawn, every spring and summer morning, to wander miles through the forest and over the meadows. He squinted his eyes and peered through and through nature. When the sun was well up he returned to his cottage for breakfast, but those three hours in the dawn had filled his mind and heart with pictures and the love of beauty. He had his coffee, adjusted his materials and went to work on the impressions that he had brought indoors with him. This is about the most significant feature of Corot's method. Studying nature diligently, as Rousseau did, made for infinite, almost tedious detail. Carrying only the memory of it to his canvas, as Corot did, gave him only the great essentials.

When we gaze upon a Corot tree we are never compelled to look at a leaf, and even if we do try to see a branch or a twig we are amazed to find that it is not there but is only suggested. Nature is gloriously clothed with an abundance of verdure in suggestion only, but so satisfactorily that our imaginations supply the reality much more perfectly than any painter could ever actually paint it.

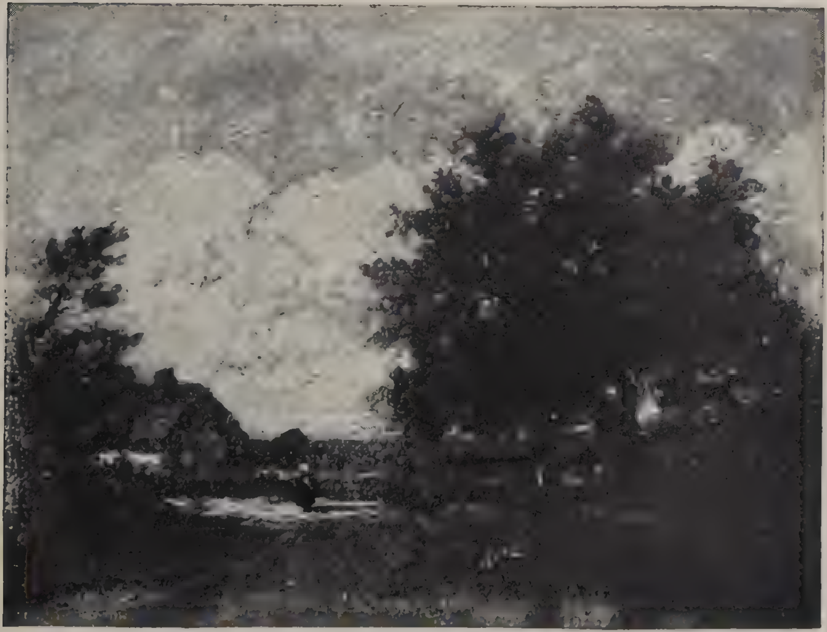
What he remembered was the effect of the tree against the sky—the value, as it were, of one tone against another. Art is the evaluation of life. In art we become best conscious of relative values. The true measure of things cannot be estimated scientifically. It must be found esthetically. Through art alone is the related importance of the things of life best understood. If Corot had never painted more than a few landscapes, giving so conclusively and yet subtly the measured value of the biggest comprehension of the visual world in which we live, his place in the stars would have been ever assured. Not a painter before his time had ever done it this way. No one had ever seen that ground is not important except that it is the place from which flowers and trees grow; and that trees and flowers are not important except that they are gracious forms and beautiful colors standing against the sky; and that skies are unimportant except that they are radiant backgrounds, beautiful embellishments to set off the world that rises before them.

As is now surmised, Corot was the poet-painter of Barbizon. He cared not for the mundane realities of midday. He never lived in the hours between nine and four. During those hours he stood at his easel in his cottage and worked, living over the hours of the early morning or the evening previous. When it came time to wander into the slanting light of these magic hours, he laid his brushes aside only to pick them up after he had once more experienced this magic. He was not the masculine painter that Rousseau was; his delicacies were more evident—his romance, the love for the thing, rather than the thing itself. One critic has written that this very poetic attitude made the willow the most cherished tree in Corot's consciousness, and certainly he did paint soft trees "through which birds could fly."

The surfaces of placid lakes, pools and brooks often constitute a foreground element of his composition. The ground over which you walk as you go back into his landscapes is not one of hard clay and rock, but of gentle earth, covered with a rich velvet of grass, rushes, wild flowers and shrubs. We find ourselves knee-deep in beauty as we gain the middle distance. There is a man in a red shirt pulling at the oars of a tiny boat. Cattle go toward a milkmaid who stands with pails and yoke. Or possibly in a clearing some thirty yards beyond where we stand a group of beautiful



In the Forest of Fontainebleau.—Diaz



Edge of the Woods.—Dupré

young women in classic or Renaissance costumes dance a gentle, most refined bacchanal, probably one to the French god of champagne rather than to the big, bold Bacchus of old Grecian red wine. There is an elixir of light and air, life and beauty in every Corot picture.

We hear about his periods, the Italian, followed by the silvery, and then by the golden period. To be sure, his paintings of the first decade after his second Italian visit are in cool greens, delicate grays and blues, while those of the last period, which spell the best enrichment of his art, are filled with a golden glow, almost as if they were yellow analogies. ''Yellow analogy'' means that every color of the picture is mixed with a certain amount of yellow before being applied to the canvas. This would mean that all the blues would appear somewhat greenish, the reds somewhat orange. In other words, the picture would have no opposing contrasts, all strictly in the harmony of yellow.

This is exactly what Corot did not do, but he was so sensitive to the full harmony of his picture that he avoided using any color which would be in deliberate opposition. The primary colors, red, yellow and blue, were seldom used by this master. In his greenest landscapes, he invariably introduces a tiny, brilliant red spot, the cap or vest of a man, a new red brick chimney in the distance, a clump of poppies against a wood row, or a brindle cow catching the orange rays from the setting sun. Red is diametrically opposed to green. Too much of it in a green picture spells disaster for both colors, but a tiny bit of the opposing color sets off, like an electric spark, the beauty of the dominant mass.

This sense of balance, successful elimination of detail, suggestion in drawing forms of trees and buildings, was no acquired talent but a natural expression. In his earliest sketches along the campagna in Italy, no building was done with architectural precision. He was devoted to Poussin and Claude, the first two French masters of classic landscape, and he felt that he must gain the same sort of classical knowledge that they had had. But his labors never for a moment led him into the necessity of drawing with the painstaking, mechanical accuracy that they had used. In other words, there was the natural genius in Corot. He was the master spirit from the beginning, responding perfectly to the demands of his time, an ordained leader moving into the future with the progression and the unfoldment of true growth. No wonder we love his pictures. Statistics and classifications, numbers and intellectual deductions do not reveal why Corot's art is so great. It is the atunement to his time. In him was the fulfillment of the next demand, and he sang his songs fearlessly and without effort.

The Louvre's greatest Corot treasure, *The Dance of the Nymphs,* or as it is more rightfully called, *Le Matin,* shows a clearing at the edge of a forest. The ground is uneven with gentle slopes, and a great clump of willow trees, rising against the low horizon, reaches into the sky almost to the top of the picture. It is spring, for the shrubs and gentle trees in the foreground are just leafing out in delicate yellow-green, and a second clump of willows and beeches have not come into leaf. A third clump finishes the picture at the edge. In a sunlit space beyond low shrubs in the foreground, clothed nymphs dance around a Bacchus who, in the whirl, has been thrown to the ground. A shepherd, or a second Bacchus, silhouetted in the shadows in the far middle distance, lifts a cup toasting the scene. Some belated nymphs with fluttering garments rush into the picture from behind the clump of foreground trees.

The darks of the picture are all of a grayish color, shot with little lights, and are held together in great circular masses. The lights are distributed in similar fashion and are of areas almost equal to the darks. We look at this picture as if with quick glances. None of the edges are focused. In fact, we seem to be moving into the picture with the attendant halation around the forms that would naturally come with such motion. Each line of branch and tree trunk and figure leads the eye to the next. We move melodiously, back and forth, through this lovely pastoral.

Figures, to Corot, were indispensable accessories. He often handled tiny nudes bathing in his lucid pools with a feeling for the relationship between man and nature most incomparable. Pictures of this type are mostly of his silver period.

Another canvas almost as famous as *Le Matin* is called *The Lake, Morning.* A barren willow trunk at the left, masses of gloriously clothed willows to the right, all the lines of which bend straight to the left, point as it were to a spot near the upper left-hand corner, and from there we look back into the picture, going always from left to right as we read a page. In the distance misty trees reflect themselves in a placid early-morning lake. At last we discover five or six exquisitely suggested figures, some seated in the shadow of the willows, while a lady and children reach toward twigs that are coming into blossom part way up the barren tree trunk. This picture, in the simplest possible way, reveals the western law that pictures must read from left to right, as one reads writing. If you do not believe this, hold your print of this painting up to a mirror and you will discover that it doesn't go well at all. It actually seems to be backwards.

Corot's figure pictures are less well known, but he painted in the quiet light of his peasant cottage some magnificent portrait studies, chiefly of women. One whom he painted quite often had been an apprentice in his father's millinery shop, was a deep admirer of his talent, and remained a lifelong friend; she was Mademoiselle Rose. The advocates of ultramodern "three-dimensional" drawing have suddenly discovered Corot in these figure studies as if no one had ever before heard of him. In astonishment they command us to behold the magnificent weight of the bodies, the splendid space displacement of his portrait figures, the perfect mastery of depth in the canvas. And they contend that this is all done through a sense of drawing that is far above conventional, academic draftsmanship.

The other landscapists of the Barbizon school who chiefly interest us are Jules Dupré, Charles Daubigny,* Henri Harpignies and Narcisse Diaz. But none of these stands on the heights reached by "Papa" Corot.

Daubigny painted with a broader stroke, loving the horizontal composition, giving us panoramas of the meadows around Barbizon, the streams and little lakes mastered by solitary boatmen, all in the lush glow of sunset or twilight. He used the broadest brush and the most color. One can

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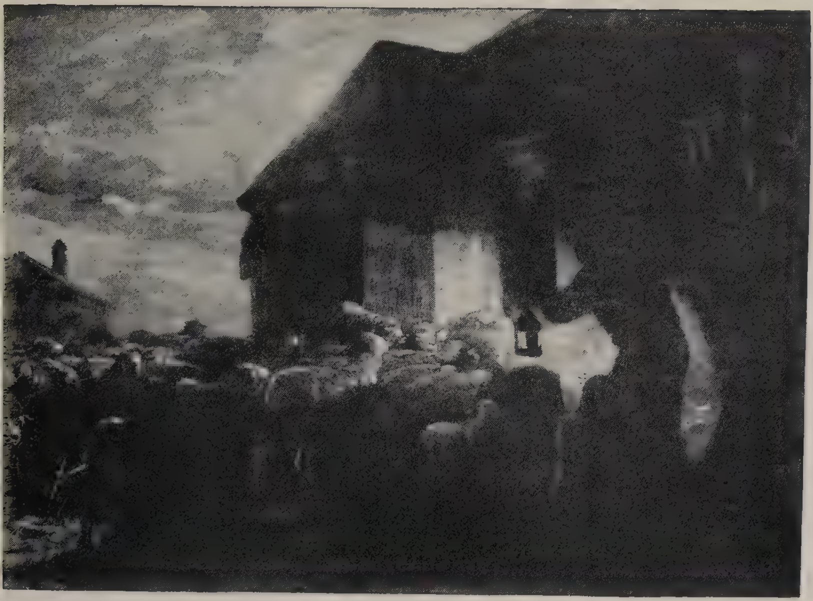
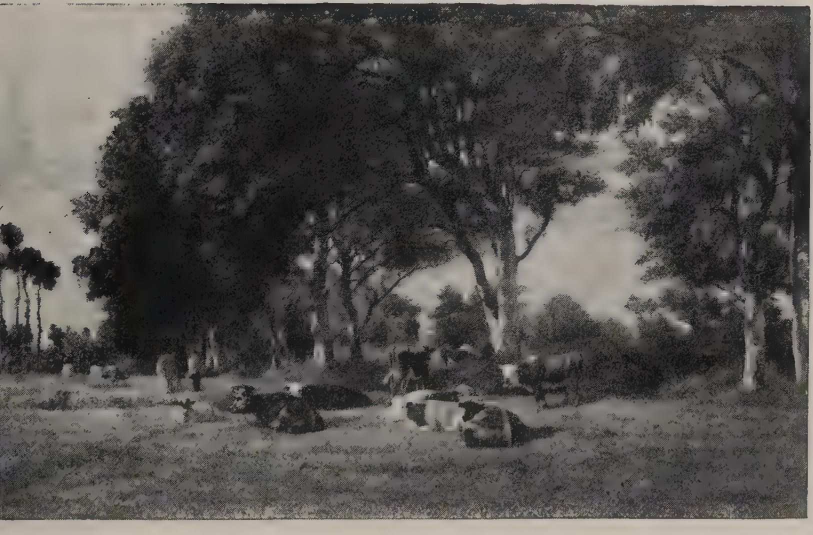
*See page 183.



Moonlight on Sheepfold.—Jacque



Pasture on the Road from Honfleur to Villerville.—Troyon generally pick him out because his painting was the most "daub-y," a trite pun but unforgettable. Daubigny caught something in color, of color luxury, that the others did not comprehend. Rousseau's art was like descriptive poetry, Corot's like the piano compositions of Chopin, but Daubigny's much like the recitation of an ardent nature lover. He stood astonishingly alone in his color sense. None of the others seemed to "catch on" as he did. When he silhouetted a mass against the sunset, he did not make it the austere, dignified mass that Corot did, but he enriched the shadow with scintillating variations of purple and dark green, brown, dull red and old gold. His greens could be dark and yet remain wonderfully vivid rather than being grayed as they went deeper in tone. Blue figured slightly with him, therefore we do not find the "atmosphere" as completely felt as with the others. Blue stands for atmosphere, as red does for earth and yellow for light.

Jules Dupré,* however, was the color poet of Barbizon and used the whole scale, including rose and blue and violet, with a keen understanding of the tremulous moods of nature. He was a great draftsman, sometimes drawing too well. At times his pictures are more ponderous than any of the rest. Certainly his sunsets, his storm-cloud skies, and his pictures of ox-drawn carts, heavily laden and winding along rocky roads, are much the most dramatic of the Barbizon group. Dupré had but one rival in this sort of thing, Narcisse Diaz,† and the equality was largely a matter of method of painting rather than of viewpoint.

This painter seemed to summarize the work of all the rest of the group, and certainly he used as much paint as all of them put together. Rich, full toned wood interiors are piled high with silver-white and pale yellow paint, where rocks loom into the light or bleached tree trunks catch the sun. Most often he gave us the very deepest part of the forest where a slight opening in the trees allowed a few bright rays to throw into prominence, in one bright accent, the foot of an old beech tree about which a few fallen branches or patches of tall grasses caught up a little of the brightness. Diaz told less in a descriptive way than any of them, but his pictures seem to be bursting with the life that surges through the things of his scenes.

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*See pages 187, 199. †See page 187.

All of these men drew animals without hesitation—domestic animals chiefly. When deer or stags appear, one is certain that they are of a very tame variety, but quite naturally in a school of painting such as this there would develop some real animal painters. Constant Troyon* is the one who belongs most definitely to the school, and he did live considerably at Barbizon. Of the animal painters, Charles Jacque, Emile Van Marcke (the French-Belgian artist) and Rosa Bonheur never did belong to Barbizon, although they were undoubtedly influenced at the annual exhibitions by the work of the Barbizon painters.

Van Marcke† was a sturdy, objective Realist, more of the Rhenish, even the German, school. He enjoyed large canvases, painting "close-ups" of very beefy cows. The ground and sky are certainly Barbizon, but in most cases there is no pictorial relationship between his cattle and their settings. Time is already declaring him to be a much overrated painter. But another who is placed all too often in the Barbizon movement and had no relationship whatsoever to it, except that she did pastorals with horses and cattle and sheep, is Rosa Bonheur,‡ one of the most overrated painters of the nineteenth century. She knew form and anatomy. She drew animals with photographic accuracy, and she did have a good sense of light. Her color, however, is obvious, and her arrangements almost anything but pictorial. These are rather poorly designed tableaus with animals as the actors.

Her *Horse Fair,* of which she made two copies, one being at the Metropolitan Museum in New York, has movement and any amount of good horse flesh. Oh, it is not to be considered a bad picture. Hardly anyone in France in those days could paint a bad one, but there is no artistic relation between ground and horse, horse and man, man and tree. It is simply an excellent illustration, but hardly to be considered within the realm of art. Her *Pharaoh's Horses* has been copied by amateur artists above any other picture that ever was. Her famous *Monarch of the Forest,* the portrait head of a huge lion, has received similar popularity.

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*See page 191. †See page 203. ‡See page 206.

She was a very interesting, masculine type of woman, with unlimited energy and a one-track mind. Her whole aim was to copy and paint living animals; she had no particular desire to create works of art.

Charles Jacque* belongs much more to the real Barbizon spirit, for he was a very fine painter and an excellent etcher. Most of the Barbizon men went in for lithography and etching, and in the matter of the latter Jacque equalled any of them. But rightfully he is not included with the Barbizon group. Troyon lived in the village there and in the little town of Fontainebleau. Troyon has long been recognized, but Jacque has only lately seemed to come into his own and this new fame is due largely to his etchings. He painted and drew sheep on the country highway, grazing in meadows, emerging from the shadows of the forest, or crowding into the sheep-shed. He may have done other subjects, but we shall always think of him as being the chief sheep painter of France, just as we think of Mauve as holding that position in Holland and of Troyon as the best of the French cattle painters. Troyon lived in Normandy a good part of his life and introduced the Normandy elm and the Lombardy poplar into many of his pictures. Sun-swept meadows with graceful distant trees and clear skies are the setting for his splendidly delineated cattle, resting or grazing. These fine, big, sturdy pastorals of Troyon's lead us right out of ourselves. They are not especially poetic, nor are they prosy. They simply have the bigness of nature told with frankness by an honest artist. He was straightforward with his color and free from mannerisms in handling it.

We cannot leave this pastoral phase of the Barbizon movement without studying the chief follower of Corot, one who was actually his student and who caught all of his principles without ever imitating them—Henri Harpignies. This painter was a rare student in every way. He obeyed his master, caught the principles of the teaching and soon applied them in his own way. In Harpignies we discover the progressive Corot. Yes, his art went beyond Corot's. It is a little less sentimental and in the main much more decorative. He drew with a fine strength, and where Corot's

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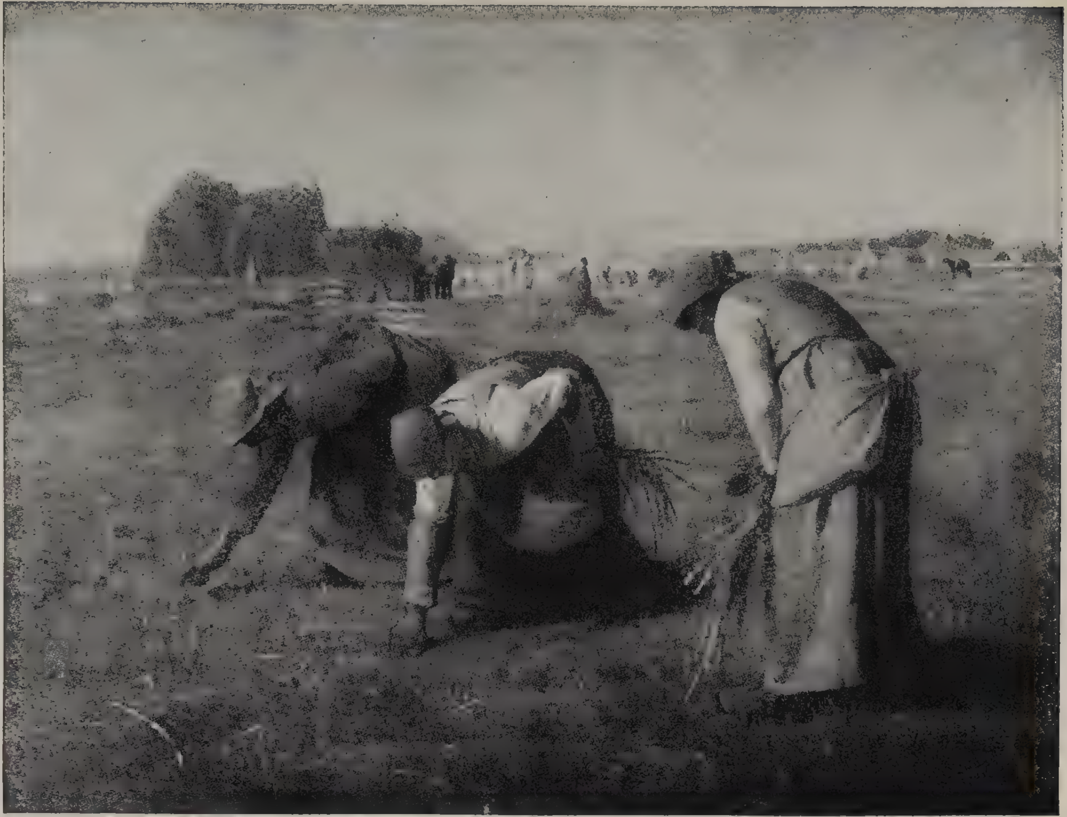
*See page 191.



THE GLEANERS.--MILLET
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

tree forms are lovely poetic interpretations, Harpignies revealed the vital life. The struggle of the tree upward into light is ever apparent and yet never told in a crass fashion. Selection, ever selection, is obvious in everything he did. His one shortcoming was color. Possibly he was too engrossed in line and form to give himself fully to that one emotional outlet that interested Corot most.

Many of his pictures are just as satisfying in the black and white reproductions as if reproduced in color. Examining his canvases closely, we find that he worked in sepia and asphaltum, building up his whole foundation without as much as dipping into color. The stark rigidity of barren trees against a cold, moonlit sky is not a very colorful subject, but this sort of thing Harpignies painted many times. His graphite drawings are as elegant as any landscape drawings we know. With the recent changes in taste, Harpignies certainly comes into his own. Trace with your finger first the important lines, then the secondary lines, then the outlines of the main masses in a Harpignies painting, and you will discover why the Modernists like him. When a tree trunk is established in curves of a certain swing and angles of fixed degrees, these become the theme of design for the whole picture and in all the other forms the same little curves and jerks are echoed. Some of his pictures are so strong in design and dramatic in their fine silhouette that they may even be taken as the forerunners of the paintings by the American Blakelock. A sparsely leafed tree against a twilight or night sky by Harpignies reveals the very knowledge of construction and form and gives us the same delight in looking at the suggested sky spots between the masses, branches fading and reappearing as the eyes focus and refocus, the floating edges of the dark masses that seem so firm and yet are unfocused, that were mastered by Blakelock.

Harpignies' drawings, and even some of his paintings, are so firm in their line tracery that they almost suggest the negative of a frost pattern on a window pane. It is most evident that this man became a thorough master of composition under Corot, that he became a devotee of the tree, that he had learned from his master what it meant to have great definiteness of purpose, and how to simplify and eliminate those things that were unimportant to the theme in hand. But fortunately his inventive, creative instincts helped him to know that what he saw best and loved most in nature was not necessarily what his master had discovered. So in reality there is very little affinity between the pictures of Corot and those of Harpignies. One critic goes so far as to say, "Corot the painter, Harpignies the draftsman."

Now we come to that other supreme genius of the Barbizon school, a man whose attainments are as radical, inventive and influential as Corot's, but whose actual contribution, especially ethically, was greater. From the beginning of French painting there was a constant leaning toward elegance and magnificence. French art has not had much to do with simple things. It has been distinctly an aristocratic rather than a democratic expression, and the art of no people has ever been led into such utter extravagances as in France. The academy, as we have already seen, became nauseatingly supercilious during the height of romantic painting, and this very overdoing was the chief reason for the founding of the Barbizon school. So it is not to be wondered that at least one member of this new fraternity should deal with that phase of human life that is farthest removed from the overlaid world of regal society.

Jean François Millet* rose mighty in Barbizon to champion the peasant of France. The tiller of the soil, the tender of the flocks, woodsman and fisherman, ploughman and harvester, herdsman and shepherdess revealed to him the geatest beauty of life and he devoted the long years of his prolific work and magnificent talent alone to the telling of the tale of peasantry. No one had ever glorified toil before, but Millet placed immortal halos around the life of the humble, the men who toiled from sun to sun and the women whose work was never done. Millet was Barbizon in his every feeling. He never once turned back to the teachings of the Ecole des Beaux-Arts. He found himself content beyond belief in his environment at Barbizon. Possibly the whole Barbizon movement was destined just to make Millet possible.

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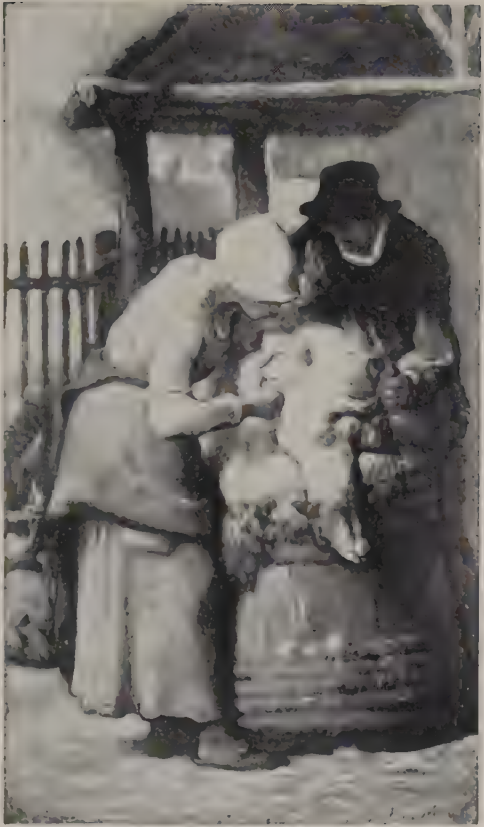
*See pages 195, 199.

He was peasant himself with that naïve contentment that "passeth all understanding." His ambitions were for nothing but his work. He was social in a quiet, gentle way. He had a great sense of justice and a deep love for his neighbor. With wooden shoes and hat in hand, we see him at times walking through the endless galleries of the Salon in Paris with a smile of arrogance and no slight contempt for most of the pictures that he saw. He shook his head in disdain and returned quietly to Barbizon. But can any genius ever attain mastery without considerable ego? Must he not have primarily great belief in himself? Certainly Millet did, although he was never a braggart.

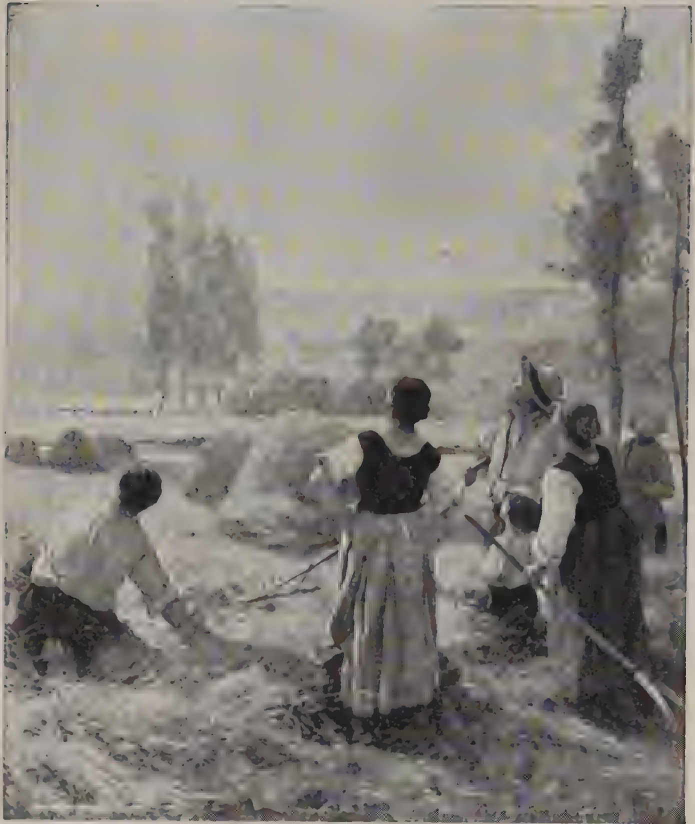
His father and grandfather had been farmers, and he was born in 1814 on a tiny farm in a Norman village close to the sea. The winds and rains, the sun and fog of the coast-land were the envelopment of his boyhood life. He saw no pictures; he never saw artists at work. There was a love of music in his family, as his father was the leader of the choir in the little church at Gruchy, their village. Esthetics, otherwise, were in no way a part of this child's education. He was endowed with a splendid, healthy body and a wholly normal being. His mother was a fearless woman who never flinched, no matter how much work there was to be done.

There were splendid orchards around their house, which stood upon a slight eminence, and beyond the fruit trees were vistas that stretched to faraway horizons. Figures moved along the country road, silhouetted against the dazzling sunlight playing over the afternoon sea. Rainclouds gathered far away over the distant hills and spent a long time getting to this boy's orchard. He saw men at work, pulling in the nets, hoeing and furrowing by hand. He helped pile the hayricks high with the fine harvests, and he tended the cows and the sheep from the time he was four years of age.

Drawing was instinctive. He sketched an orchard tree upon a white wall when a very small boy. His family was pleased, but thought nothing more of it. From fourteen until eighteen he was the best farmhand his father had, although he was chided often for standing and gazing at



SHEARING SHEEP.—MILLET



THE BALLOON.—DUPRÉ

something or other in which none of the rest of them had any interest. He had a lot of brothers and a few sisters, but he was constantly needed at home to help with the heavy work.

But it was found that Francois could draw peasants as well as trees, and there is no corner of France where such a talent is not immediately recognized as worthy. Millet's father took some of his drawings to Cherbourg one day to show them to a so-called master. It was decided that he had enough talent to gain his bread by it, and at twenty he took his first lesson at Cherbourg. For two months he worked with this elemental master. Fortunately, studying other men's art was not part of the program. He was just helped to draw what he had seen in nature. In 1835 he had another two months at Cherbourg, then his father died and he had to go back to the farm. At the end of three years Langlois, the Cherbourg teacher, had succeeded in inducing the community of Gruchy to subsidize Jean François so that he might become an artist. And he was twenty-three, a magnificent, strapping youth with a beautiful head, a great shock of fair hair and mighty, broad shoulders when he first went to Paris. He went first to the atelier of Delaroche, who became interested in this buxom boor and gave the lad special attention, but Millet was a very bad pupil. He soon flatly refused to follow the dictates of this Classic-Romanticist. The boy wanted not these artificial, city-made outlooks. His call was that of the earth. He soon left Delaroche's studio and was called by those around him "the incorrigible Norman peasant."

He married a Cherbourg girl at twenty-seven and soon found that he had to paint something that would sell, especially as his young wife became ill and died of consumption three years later. The marriage had evidently been one of perfectly normal mating, without love figuring greatly. The obligations and the resultant death didn't seem to matter much to Jean François. But the boy had no acquaintances to speak of in Paris; he loathed the cafés and the night life, and being most domestically inclined, he married again three years later. Then he actually had to put himself to painting small pictures for immediate sale—nude women, shepherdesses, bathing girls, Venuses and Dianas. He actually followed the silly prettiness of painters like Boucher. He succeeded in finding a market, but never were his bathing ladies piquant and fetching, and François loathed them so much himself that in 1844, or when he was thirty years of age, he boldly came out in the Salon with a frank, bulky representation called *The Milkmaid.* Hardly a critic saw in it a thing to be admired, but undaunted, for he knew it was his natural outlet, he came forth the next year and the following with more pictures concerned with simple peasant life. *The Winnower* showed strong movement and found some acclaim, and it found a purchaser who actually paid five hundred francs for it.

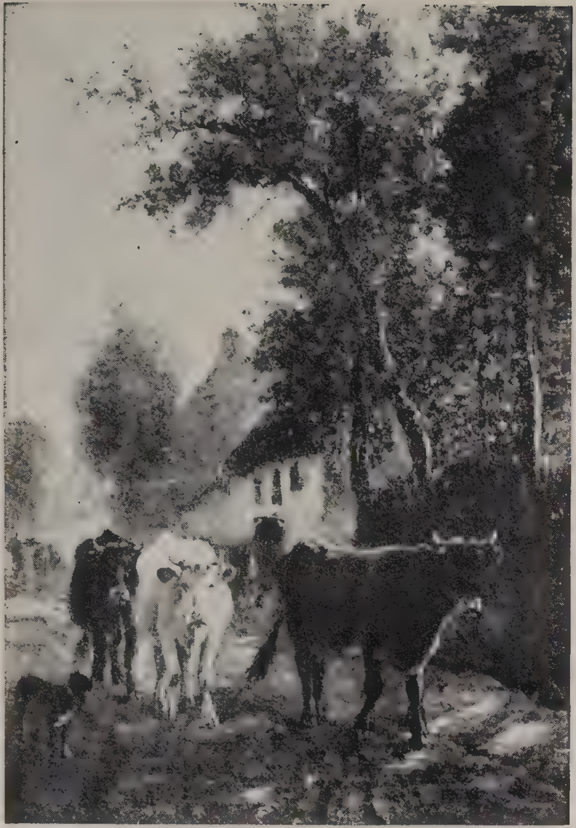
In 1849, Charles Jacque, who had his studio across the street from Millet, had determined to quit Paris and he pursuaded Millet to go with him into the country. Jacque knew about the little village in the midst of the forest of Fontainebleau, and on a June day, with their wives and children, off they went in a rattling stage-coach to Barbizon. They arrived in a drenching rain. The hovel they had procured to live in was miserable and unsanitary, but Millet was exultant. He knew that he had come home. The dripping forest called him; it was a wilderness in those days; its paths and landscaping had not been done. He tramped about it all day, forgetting his lonely and uncomfortable little family. But at night they all congregated at Ganne's inn. It was said that there were some twenty of them around the table and Diaz, the gallant of the group, arose and welcomed Millet and Jacque, their wives and children, and invited them all to smoke the pipe of peace with him. That night Jean François told his wife that they would live there forever; that Paris had been left for good; that here there would be success and happiness.

The next three years were pretty hard. One room was their home for a while. They had the sparsest sort of living, and we see Millet in the winters huddled up in blankets as he painted. The result of this first work here was *The Sower.* His fellow artists recognized it as a masterpiece.

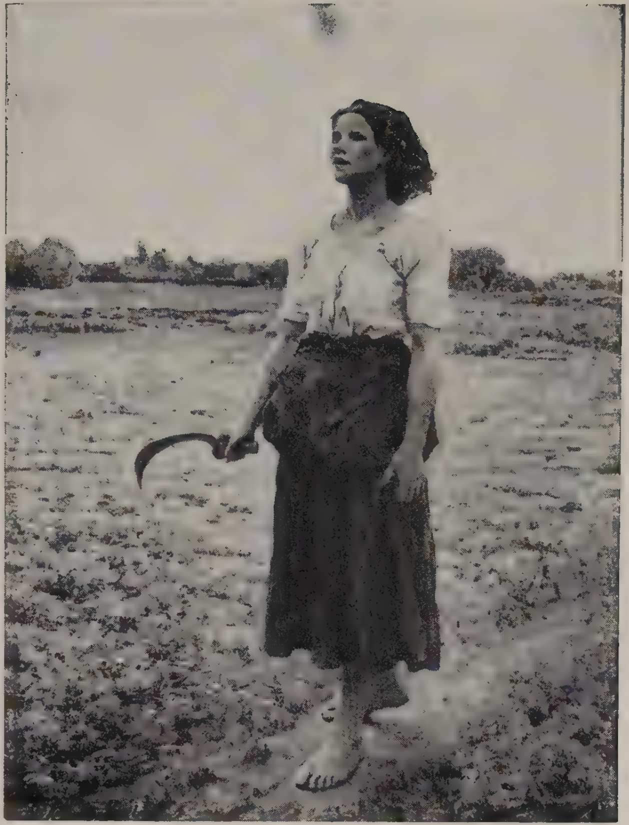
Rousseau and Diaz shared their loaves with him. At times he and his wife were literally at starvation and the faces of his children became pinched. His repeated efforts to exhibit in Paris were futile. In 1859 the Salon rejected his *Death and the Woodcutter,* but he absolutely refused to return to the supercilious subjects of his Paris days. Rousseau had become very successful, especially with American purchasers, and at the very moment of complete dejection Rousseau returned from Paris with the great news that an American had bought Millet's *Woodcutter* and had paid four thousand francs for it. This was a lot of money for a painting in those days, but it was just enough to square all of Millet's obligations, to fill his larder and buy clothes for the children for the winter and to reëstablish his credit for paint and canvas. Years later it was discovered that Rousseau himself had bought the *Woodcutter.*

A year later Dupré really sold *The Gleaners* for him for the whole sum of two thousand francs. Today *The Gleaners* hangs in the Louvre and is insured by the French Government to the amount of one million francs. In 1863 a dealer in Paris got Millet a commission to do four panels for a fashionable dining room in Paris. This gave Millet enough to buy the little cottage opposite Ganne's inn, which became his home and studio, where we go today to pay homage to this great painter of the simple life. The house proved a perfect setting for himself and his home-spun family. There were more children now, and while poverty was still upon them, there was a home and a garden, and an increasing happiness in the work of Millet that was inspiration to them all and was becoming more and more recognized afar. We will never know how many times Diaz, Dupré and Rousseau helped out with a little quiet charity. Rousseau especially had tasted poverty, and his sympathy and affection for Millet were unbounded.

By 1862 his pictures were given places on the line in the Salon, and in the 1867 exposition he became the recipient of medals and much favorable criticism. His nine pictures were all sold, and in 1869 he was invited to become a member of the hanging committee. About this time a Paris dealer, who was a close and loyal friend, advised him to turn to etching or lithography that he might produce pictures which would find ready patronage among those who



Golden Autumn Day.—Marcke



Song of the Lark.—Breton
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

could not afford important canvases. This appealed to Millet, as he had always drawn freely, sometimes making as many as a hundred rapid studies before a composition was actually begun. His family helped him with the mechanics of these new mediums, his children preparing the stones, making the acid baths and actually pulling the prints. Portfolios of them soon went up to Paris and they sold "like hot cakes." They did much to forward the cause of Millet.

Two years later saw his *Woman with the Lamp* sold at auction at Richard's for thirty-eight thousand five hundred francs. The French Government bought three pictures of his, and the minister of art, M. Chennevières, commissioned him to paint some of the mural panels for the Pantheon. He started to work on the schemes for these panels, but a fever attacked him and in January, 1875, he died at the early age of sixty-one. There will always be a regret, too deep to express, that Millet was not spared to do the Pantheon decorations. By that time he was perfectly assured of his own power, and he doubtless would have done some immortal things. We can imagine that with a series of Millet's magnificent laborers of the field in the Pantheon the preciousness of this great building would have been immeasurably increased. However, he might have failed. He might not have been able to adjust the simple Barbizon life of his chosen subject to the formal background of the Pantheon. Possibly destiny was right in stopping his hand.

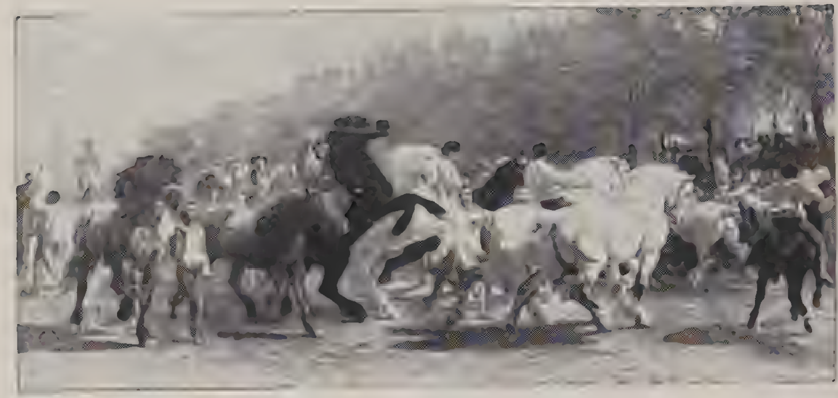
His success had become greater and greater, and at the very hour of his death Paris acclaimed him a Michelangelo. An auction held shortly afterwards at the Hotel Drouot for the purpose of disposing of the sketches in the possession of his family brought three hundred and twenty-one thousand francs. Within another five years single drawings and paintings brought almost as much as the entire collection had originally. By 1885 the value placed on Millet's pictures had gone so high that they were beyond the reach of private collectors. The French commission acquired two important canvases, but most other resales saw this art going to America.

In the nineteenth century there was only one counterpart to Millet and that was Meunier, who followed him somewhat and who became the great exponent of the glory of industry. A Brussels painter of power who really became one of the world's great sculptors, Meunier was a great craftsman, but will never be considered as important as Millet in the ethical valuation. Millet's equipment and viewpoint were absolutely identical. The talent and the inspiration of a man have never been so unified, so thoroughly synchronized, as in Millet. He had the power to do precisely what he could do and chose to do it—no more, no less. He came at a time when the cry against the world of superficialities was most needed.

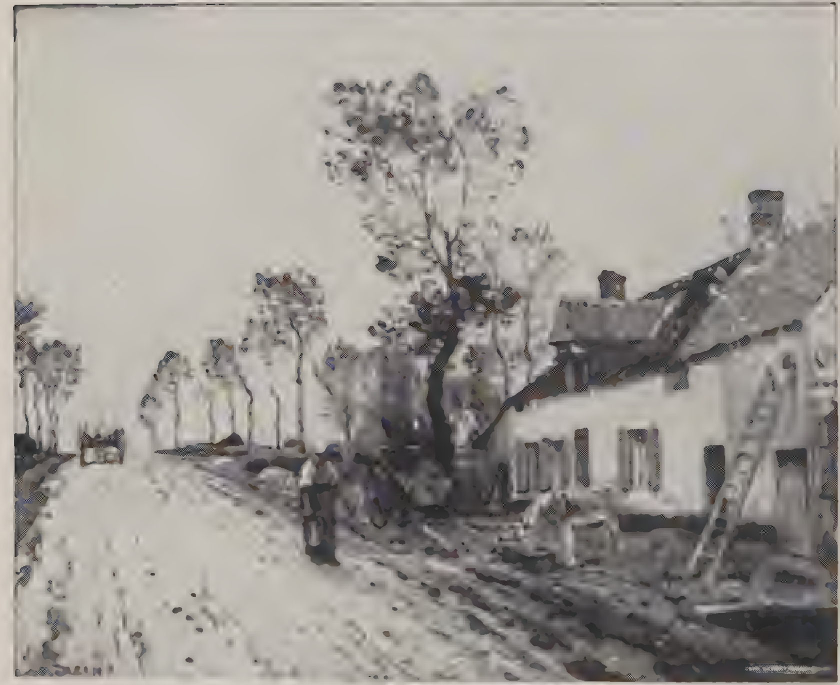
In Millet, French culture found a relief, a new fresh viewpoint. Not a painter in history came more definitely as a result of the demands of his time than did Millet. He did not hew out his own destiny or create deliberate symphonies of beauty the way Corot did. Millet's art just could not have been otherwise. He did what he did because there was nothing else to be done. His paintings actually have archeological, historical value as records of the truth of life of his time. He knew the peasant life best. He loved it most; it was life's entire vitality to him. He found it holy and loving. He knew nothing else. It was the center of and the circumference of being to him. His childhood had been good in that it had not spoiled all this. He had not been caught by the French academy early enough to have been burdened by an artificial technique. His impressionable days had come and gone without one false notion being embedded.

He did not draw the details of the clothes of his peasants just because he never looked at such things. They were nonconsequential to him. He saw the big, simple outlines of life, and he had endowment to articulate his work and to be able to represent in large, simple lines and masses these truths which he felt.

Millet's two most famous pictures now hang in the Louvre. *The Gleaners* was an early one, and *The Angelus* came much later. *The Gleaners* shows three women picking up by hand the wisps of straw left after the raking of the harvest. They sweep over the field with great strides, their extended arms moving almost like mechanical tentacles,



The Horse Fair.—Bonheur



A Former Royal Highway.—Cazin

futilely, hopelessly reaching for the meager reward. Two of the figures are coming toward us. Their heads are lower than their hips, and their hands are upon the ground. The other figure stands, slightly bending away from us as she is about to bow once more to the gleaning. In the distance a haywain, horses, more peasants, both men and women, two great stacks of straw, and many shocks of wheat are seen far away against the cottages of Barbizon. The rider of a black horse is silhouetted against the distant cottage roofs. The three in the foreground are separated from the rest of the picture by a long stretch of stubble field.

A soft afternoon sky, more green and rose than blue, domes the heavens. The picture is aglow with color similar to the subtle depths of a fiery, milky opal. There is a melody of color that shows its painter to be an absolute master of the spectrum of light and its blessing upon the earth. No other color of the entire Barbizon movement is to be compared to Millet's. It is soft, restrained, but rich and full. Your brain hums with the sequence and glory of the purple, blue, rose, gold, orange, yellow, amber, ivory and soft greens of his pictures.

Color is not alone his mastery; his form is as satisfying and as new. A ponderous solidity is the attribute of every peasant he ever put into his pictures. You can walk around them, feel their weight, know the sturdiness of their solid bodies. Solidity revealed through rich, deeply analyzed color makes Millet, above the ethical value of his pictures, a very magnificent painter. There is nothing specifically, intrinsically pretty in his canvases. His peasants' faces are rude and brown and soiled, the hands rugged and clumsy; the clothes are simply ugly coverings of great bodies underneath. They are almost more sculptural in the biggest, simplest sense than they are pictorial.

No wonder Parisians rose to his art with acclaim! Here was the truth of life that had surrounded them, permeated them. It was the very lifeblood of France, the structure upon which all of France was built. It had never been seen or understood before. He had instilled into the consciousness of being a regard for the fundamental gestures of life that made all life possible.

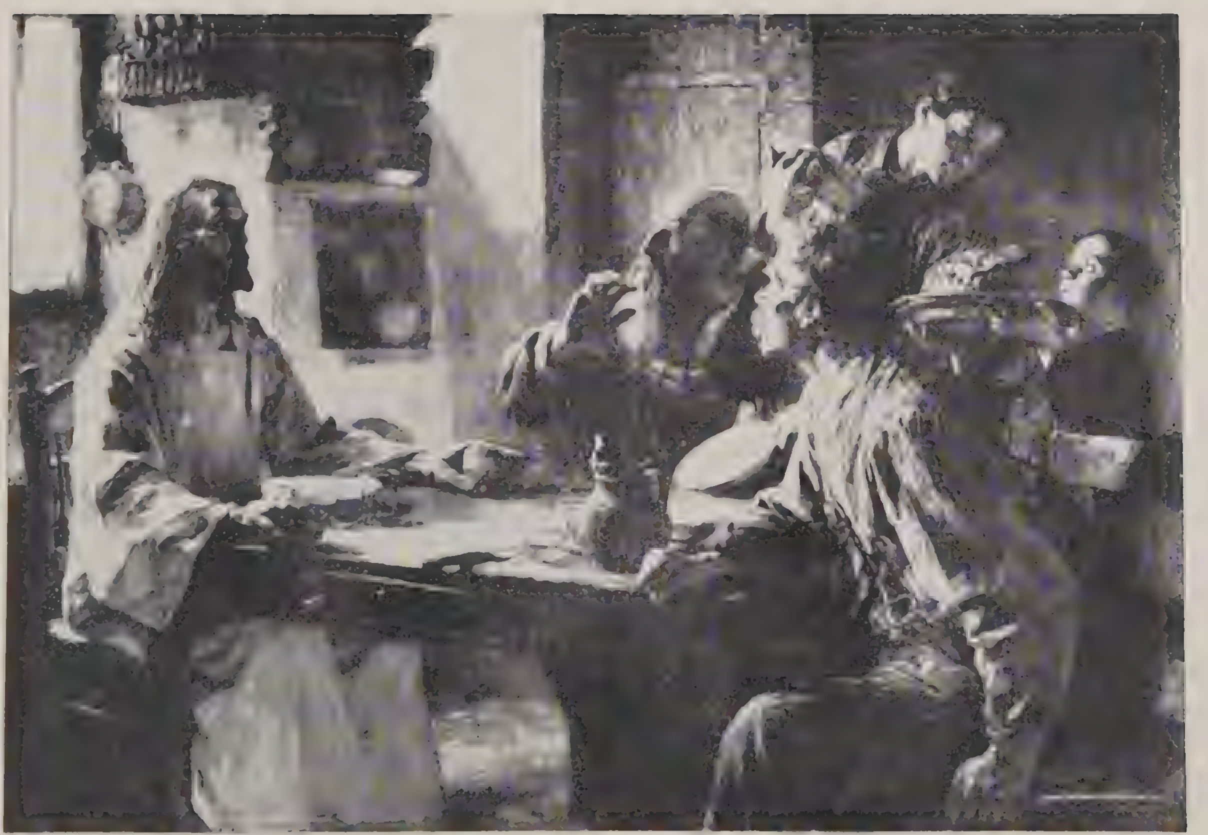
The Angelus somehow is not so convincing a painting. It has a greater refinement of color and it certainly has a more romantic touch of sentiment. A peasant man and woman, standing stiff against fatigue at the end of a day's labors, pause in prayer as the angelus is pealed forth by the bell in a distant spire, far across the fields, barely seen in the lavender haze of sunset time. Light is rapidly fading from the picture. The evening shadows creep in from every side; the golden rays of the setting sun shine upon wheelbarrow, basket and peasants. It is the magic hour of the day, but they do not see the beauty around them. They are unbeautiful themselves, clumsy, earthy people digging potatoes. The fork is stuck into the earth only to be regained so that the digging may go on until darkness drives them home.

The woman, working there with the man, has a body as strong as his; her coöperation is absolute. She may not know that this manual labor has made of her body a crass machine, unsympathetic to the motherhood her sex is responsible for. Millet not only records a truth of French life, but reveals it as one of the real hindrances of true progress in France. Millet painted, however, as if it had always been and always would be. Little did he dream that within a half century of the painting of this picture the snort of steam, the rattle of gas and the whir of electricity would carry ponderous mechanical bodies over the fields of France to do the work of a thousand laborers, to let the women return to their cottages, to their firesides and the gentler arts which would not interfere with their motherhood rights. In humble submission this man and woman of *The Angelus* breathe a few thoughts of simple prayer to their God. They will then work on until dark, the man to go home to his frugal meal and then rest, but the woman to work on into the night with her household duties, only to rise with the dawn and be out in the field once more that the harvest may be sufficient to keep them and their brood alive another year. The life of the French peasant has ever been a tragedy. Are the mechanics of today going to relieve all this? Is life in agriculture, where all the life of the race finds its sustenance, to be made beautiful and gracious, or are there other impending dangers more devastating than those that have been overcome?

A third picture of profound power is *The Wood Sawyers,* which is now in the Victoria and Albert Museum in London. It shows Millet a veritable Modernist. Two men drag a great cross-saw back and forth through a prone tree trunk. The bark of the tree is bleached white, or it may be a great beech. Within the tree is golden brown. The men have white shirts and the one with his back to us wears brilliant blue trousers. A man in a rose-red shirt chops away on a small tree in the background, beyond which the deep shadows of the forest mark invisibility. It is so big, simple and sweeping in its great curves, its few elements and its stunning primitive color that it hardly seems possible it could have come from the same civilization that produced Bouguereau's *Bathers.*

Millet's industry was amazing. His paintings, drawings, lithographs and etchings are seemingly numberless. They are all profound. No smiles come from them. Even the mother feeding her children with a great spoon from a single bowl, as they are seated upon a doorstep in the bright sunlight, gives us no smile, no sense of laughter. There are no jokes or play in the life that Millet saw—only a profound seriousness. There is no rancor or confuson, no questioning. Work is to be done, and through it alone life can be. Therefore it is done. Women tend their flocks and whirl their distaffs at the same time. A stone-crusher pauses in absolute fatigue before he goes on with his back-breaking task. A housewife comes through the door of her thatch-covered cottage to feed the chickens or to get water at the well. A strong woman tosses weeds with a crude wooden fork into a bonfire. A moon rises of a silent evening to send little white lights along the backs of hundreds of sheep as they are being brought into the fold, altogether too late, by their ambitious but tired shepherd. A sturdy mother with a young babe in her arms watches her spouse trim the vines or graft a tree.

A very surprising picture of Millet's hangs in the Louvre; it is a gentle spring garden, flanked by pink fruit trees. In the background, a hill slope and a distant forest



Friend of the Lowly.—Lhermitte

bursting with luscious spring green that has just been drenched by rain from a passing leaden cloud against which the arch of a lovely rainbow, completes the scene. Everyone asks if this can really be Millet. He saw its beauty, he felt its loveliness, and somehow brought himself to do it, and it is the most playful thing he ever did. But look at the orchard trees, how they have struggled for their existence. And the brush and stubble in the foreground—how expressive they are of the struggle. But we are glad that Millet could glory in the color of the rainbow long enough and freely enough to make this picture for us.

The Man with a Hoe was ever a favorite subject of his. We wonder if it wasn't always the same man, possibly some old, old man who had lived in his village. His legs are so bent, his feet so large in their great wooden shoes, his clothes so old and patched. His body is huge, his arms are long and his hands ponderous. His spine has been too long bent to make it possible for him to raise his frame to an erect position. He leans heavily upon the crude hoe as he peers at us with sunburnt eyes. Sometimes he is at the top of a hill, silhouetted against a flare of light; at others, white and absorbed in the glaring light of midday.

The painting in the Art Institute of Chicago which is most popular with the school children of that city is Millet's *Bringing in the Newborn Calf,* which hangs in the Henry Field collection. The farmyard enclosure with its white walled, thatched buildings, hedges, gates, and old trees, is the setting for a little procession. Two staunch young men in blue jeans bring in from the dusty road beyond the trees an improvised litter on which is a baby calf. Following closely and nosing the calf with maternal caresses is the mother cow. On the doorstep of the cottage, two little children eagerly watch the approach, the older holding the younger one well back out of the way. A staunch young woman does her part to assist the caravan along.

Whatever it may be that Millet painted, he did it with deep feeling, fine understanding, a glorious consistent technique. Millet attained such heights that his followers seem a bit weak. Even Jules Breton,* who did the famous *Song of the Lark* which hangs in Chicago, suffers greatly by comparison. The *Song of the Lark* taken by itself is a good picture, but there is something in this picture and in most of the peasant paintings of Breton which is a bit over-sentimental. He became concerned with the bodies or the hair, with the posture of a hand, or the elevation of a chin, to such an extent that we cannot help but feel that it is posed. It becomes somewhat self-conscious. *The Song of the Lark* can be seen in reality any summer twilight in rural France, a sturdy barefooted peasant girl coming along with her sickle, carefree and unquestioning, as the full moon is just rising in the east. The girl's labors are done and she goes home for the night. There is a smile upon her lips and a bit of joy in her heart. The sundown song of the lark she hears coming from the high heavens. Or is it her own song that is coming from her parted lips which the artist calls *The Song of the Lark?* The picture is good in color, but painted with no particular brilliancy or cleverness.

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*See page 203.

Another painter who does not really belong to the Barbizon movement, but is certainly the result of it, or in perfect harmony with it at least, is Léon Lhermitte.* He has done a few very important, magnificent canvases, always of peasants working or at rest. His canvases are wider in their scope, more complicated in their subject matter, than Millet's or Breton's. His figures are wonderfully drawn. Possibly we should include him with the Realists, as we do Bastien-Lepage, for they are very similar. But Bastien was so definitely a member of the Academy and the master of so many of the modern realists, while we find Lhermitte much more in accord with the Barbizon school. He lived over into the twentieth century and had more academic knowledge than all the Barbizon painters put together. He painted in Brittany a great deal and was as interested in the life of the Breton fisherman as in the peasants of the field. In some of his pictures such as the *Haytime and Harvest* he is altogether too literal in photographically portraying sheaves of wheat, scythes, and thatch, hayloft and white wall, the arms of men, the clothes of women, to allow us to see or feel any big story that might have moved his heart. Single figures are sometimes about as well handled as Breton or Millet did them, but there is always the difficulty of having known too much about how to do it and being thoroughly conscious of this knowledge.

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*See page 210.

We shall conclude this study with a reference to one who is very hard to place in the sequence of French art, but who, because of his subjects and his conscious revelation of the beauty of outdoor life, comes as consistently under the Barbizon spirit as anywhere—Jean Charles Cazin.* He was born in the year 1841 and lived until the first year of the present century. Cazin's art is always divided into two subjects, the wide countryside of France, painted with amazing accuracy under the sifting light that falls to earth from soft gray skies, and Biblical scenes translated into the terms of his own time and painted as if they had been enacted within these French landscapes. *Hagar and Ishmael in the Desert* and *The Expulsion from Paradise* show the proper personages, beautiful in body and lovely in the correct historical costuming, but enacting their drama in the sand dunes of Brittany.

Peter in the Garden and *Christ at Gethsemane* were done in Cazin's own moonlit garden and within the walled hill slope that rose directly behind it. He did paint moonlight upon a white wall remarkably, and rooftops and cypresses silhouetted against a starlit sky with fine understanding. A long, white road out in the moorland is a setting for the fleeing of Judas, a tiny speck of a figure rushing furiously out of the picture at the end of the road. *The Nativity* is placed within the real stable that he knew as a small boy on his father's farm. His gray sky and twilight pictures have a cool, clear abundance of color. He is very fond of rose and shell pinks, delicate cool greens, and golden buffs. Blue is treated with an Impressionistic knowing, and his aerial perspective and earth topography are beyond visual criticism. Cazin was a splendid objective painter of the visual out-of-doors. He leads us by the hand to admire the lovely scene that he has admired. He is not deeply moved by it, but it has made him happy, and he wants us to be happy.

And it is his smaller landscapes, sometimes entirely void of people, that do please us most, although his *Hagar and*

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*See pages 176, 206.

Ishmael is happy in its soft bronze and green tones and golden yellow light. There is such a lovely forest, though, just beyond the next dune, that you have a perfect certainty that they are not in the desert at all and that they would not famish or starve if they would just walk on beyond there a little way. But there is a romantic sadness that compels us as we see the woman place her hands over her face in her hopelessness, while the young child, clothed in a skin, tries to comfort her.

The Expulsion from Paradise gives us two beautifully painted nude figures climbing into a sand dune as they are driven out of a forested valley by a furious flying angel, in a brilliant flaming robe, who points derisively to the barren waste beyond. This evidently all happened on a lovely summer evening, just after the sun had gone down and when "God was in his heaven and all was right with the world." Cazin makes us love his setting most, and we go away from his canvases content that we live in so beautiful a world.

His large, dramatic salon compositions, such as the *Judith* in the Palmer collection in Chicago, are colorful, well-done performances; the actual painting of the entire canvas ever being exemplary. But somehow the subject seems never to call for as large a surface as he covers, and you wonder if it were not all done to gain a conspicuous place in the salon rather than to add to the world of beauty. This phase of Cazin, of course, has nothing to do with the gentle sincerity, the purposeful reality, and the lovely beauty of the natural life of Barbizonism.

Through the influence and the work of the painters who lived in that little village during the middle of the nineteenth century, France and the world have been enriched by untold treasury in actual goods as well as in the elevation of the spirit and the expansion of the soul. The Barbizon school was one of the outstanding contributions of the nineteenth century.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

HAGAR and Ishmael by Cazin, the ancient Biblical story told in the setting of the Brittany dunes as if enacted by the people of Cazin's own time. The scenic background of the picture is extremely realistic, with a note of sadness in harmony with the grief of Hagar. Page 176.

Edge of the Woods by Rousseau, the conventional well-massed landscape most characteristic of the Barbizon school: one great tree dominating the composition, and the earth solid and rugged. Page 178.

Castle Gandolfo by Corot, one of those superbly poetic landscapes that made Corot the first great master of the moods of nature. This is from his Italian series and the old castle with its surrounding buildings is a mere incidental to the great importance of the rest of the composition. The willows in this picture are highly characteristic of his style of painting. Page 178.

Landscape by Daubigny, the lush quality of a moist, lowland landscape with ground, water, trees, and sky painted through keen observation and objective Realism. Daubigny brought a calm silence to his broad panoramas. Page 183.

Hamlet on the Seine, also by Daubigny, is highly expressive of the ability of the Barbizon school to see and to reveal the related detail of miles of landscape. Page 183.

In the Forest of Fontainebleau by Diaz gives the Barbizon school at its richest. Diaz painted with a more sturdy stroke. He used more paint, was more interested in shadows and rich depths than his confreres. Page 187.

Edge of the Woods by Dupré, another phase of the Barbizon subject. Dupré especially succeeded with towering white skies. He was fond of rugged roadways and all of the sterner phases of the landscape. Page 187.

Moonlight on Sheepfold by Jacque. Notice how few of the sheep are really drawn and yet one feels that there is a great flock. The simplified massing of the shadows and the subtle color variance between the moonlight and the lantern light make it a picture of dramatic charm. The suggestion of the shepherd is very fine. Page 191.

Pasture on the Road from Honfleur to Villerville by Troyon. Another great Barbizon animal painter did this beautiful pastoral composition. In this the animals are far less important than the trees which are very beautifully painted. Page 191.

The Gleaners by Millet, the most famous picture of the entire Barbizon school; a masterful painting of three humble figures in the exigencies of toil, but no less remarkable is the painting of the distance. Its detail does not spoil the great simplicity of the design. Page 195.

Shearing Sheep by Millet, a more gentle composition by the same great master. Especially note the related forms in the various shapes of the composition—how clear cut they are, all felt as a pattern within the space of the picture. Page 199.

The Balloon by Dupré; not the painter of *Edge of the Woods,* but the nephew, Julien. This picture becomes pure illustration and depends more upon its romantic interest than upon its art achievements, but there is a fine feeling for distance and for light. Page 199.

Golden Autumn Day by Van Marcke, a moderately successful picture by the best painter of cattle of the period. Page 203.

Song of the Lark by Breton; justly popular, but not profound; a successful painting without being a masterpiece. Compare this with *The Gleaners,* by Millet, to discover its shortcomings. Breton gave too much attention to things that were unimportant. His treatment was somewhat sentimental. Page 203.

The Horse Fair by Bonheur, one of the most admired and talked-of pictures in the world, but having a very low rating as an art achievement. Page 206.

A Former Royal Highway by Cazin, as fine as his *Hagar and Ishmael* and more characteristic of the whole French school. Page 206.

Friend of the Lowly by Lhermitte. The lowly suddenly discover that it is none other than the Christ within their midst. Page 210.

THE ROMANTIC SCHOOLS OF ENGLISH PAINTING

VI

PAINTING in nineteenth century England was the Romantic outgrowth of the two well established eighteenth century tendencies, aristocratic portraiture and panoramic landscape. They were perfectly consistent for England, and natural for a highly developed, affluent aristocracy. The courts of England became the exemplary courts of the world, under the Georges, and the system of caste gave every human being a fixed and apparently desirable place in this caste. Democracy hardly entered the consciousness of the English world. Proud indeed was the serf, lowly as his station was, because he served next to another serf who in turn served a servant who was in service to a second butler under the most important first butler officiating in Suchandsuch Castle. And Suchandsuch Castle stood in the midst of an estate with forests and lakes, moors and gardens granted by King Soandso two hundred and fifty years before to the direct ancestor of the present lord of the castle. Why should not one be proud to be the scullery maid or the ''boots'' in such a situation as this? The labor party had not even been prophesied. The commoners had come and gone, proving a great fizzle among a people living for and by their aristocratic pasts. This is the key to the Romanticism of nineteenth century England, which still persists today—the only country that cares a whoop whether it has a king or not. And how wonderfully England does care. Why the very idea of the royal family in England today is of greater importance to ninety-nine per cent of the race than any President or Chancellor or Dictator is to any other people in the whole world.

The three or four essential steps in establishing the schools of British painting were taken by two rulers of this system, who had the inclination and the power to command the greatest painters of Europe to serve them. The people of the British Isles did not naturally express themselves through painting and sculpture. Poetry and architecture were their especial achievements. England had done nothing to compare with her attainment in dramatic poetry. Henry VIII invited the greatest painter of his day on the Continent, Hans Holbein the younger, to be his chief court painter, and a century later, James I called Anthony van Dyck from Antwerp to serve him in a similar way. These two magnificent portraitists were the real forerunners of the British school of painting. It did not come into organized existence until the reign of George III, when the British Royal Academy was formally established. This was about the time that a certain British subject by the name of George Washington was crossing the Delaware on a blustering winter day for a purpose not altogether to the glory of his king the patron of the arts of peace, George III.

So the story of British painting is very comparable, step by step, to that of American painting, and is very little older. The founding of the academy with Sir Joshua Reynolds, one of the greatest portrait painters who ever lived, as its first president, marked a curious situation in the annals of art. Full grown and vigorous was this child on the day of its birth. It had not grown up, step by step, century by century, and it was entirely the offspring of aristocracy. The painting of all the rest of the western world has come largely from democracy, often straight from peasantry. Art in England has had little to do with what we call folklore.

While a number of the men of the early days of the British Royal Academy lived over into the nineteenth century, their art was distinctly a development of the eighteenth century with a nineteenth century flowering. In 1790 we find a great deal of the interest of the painters of the Royal Academy leaning toward the elegant English landscape. This was doubtless in deference to the pride and possessions of the landed gentry. Gainsborough, one of the master painters of Earls and Duchesses, turned his talents not a few times to the painting of streams and meadows, forests, and spacious skies. George Morland took his figures out of doors and added horses and other domestic animals to his scenes. But at the dawn of the new century, straight landscape painting had become so important that the list of names quite rivalled the portraitists. John Crome, Richard Bonington, Samuel Prout, J. M. W. Turner, and John Constable blazed the trail for a significant and quite glorious school of landscape painting that persists straight through to the present moment without break or interference.

The portrait school contained such preëminent names as Romney, Peter Lely, Raeburn, Lawrence, and Copley, but not a significant or new thing was told by this portrait group. They merely carried on along the traditional, firmly established lines of the previous decades. But the landscape group stirred the entire field out of its lethargy and gave landscape painting the most impelling stimulus it had ever had. Altogether too little credit is given to Gainsborough, but if we study carefully his pictures in the Wallace collection in London, we become pretty well convinced that if he had not had to paint portraits, he would doubtless have devoted himself to the landscape. He was certainly the first convincing landscapist of the British Isles, for poor old Richard Wilson who had preceded him as a close follower of Claude, the French Classicist, had said nothing of national or creative significance.

Gainsborough was followed by Crome and Bonington. The former was intent upon the landscape pure—that is, minus all distracting interests, houses, boats, animals, and particularly people. But Crome's landscapes are pretty uninteresting, with big, academically drawn trees done without feeling, and a dry sort of countryside painted without art or cleverness. His compositions always give one the feeling that somehow he had chosen the wrong thing to paint, or that he had stood in the wrong place. In other words, his compositions do not satisfy.

Bonington, who died in 1828 and worked up to the last minute, was a consistent Englishman in that he was a world traveler. He painted English scenes especially in town and village. Castle, mill, and bridge interested him more than stream, tree, or mountain, but his English pictures are in the minority. He adored Venice especially, but painted all over the continent, and even in Egypt and the East. Architectural settings are the backgrounds for the myriad tiny, delightful, active figures that he introduced, and he painted in a scheme of color that had never been employed. Everything was mixed with white, producing what is known as a pastel effect. The critic opponents call it chalky. The result of course is most harmonious. A light quality is to be found even in the darkest shadows. Bonington was a painter with that unusual quality in the early nineteenth century called "decoration." He really made designs of his pictures, and each object and shape filled a definite area that helped the balance of his whole scheme. Bonington may be considered something of a historian, because he painted important examples of architecture with such excellent accuracy that they are now considered authentic records of many a structure that has passed. He had no rival in his particular field, and none followed him in imitation.

John Constable,* whom we have found to be the real father of the Barbizon school, became a giant. We are aware of no greater influence or finer mind in British painting. He was born in 1776, was acknowledged in 1802, and became internationally famous in the 1820's. He quit London, where he had been a student and a teacher at night school in the academy, at the age of twenty-two and took up his residence in Hampstead Heath, where rolling, forested, widespread country became the subject of most of his pictures. He went deliberately to nature with canvas and paints, and sat down in the presence of the great out-of-doors and became the first student to attempt to portray the fleeting lights and shadows and changing moods of nature as he was observing them. This was, to all common sense, almost an impossible proposition, but small, brilliant sketches in both oil and water color by Constable, which fill a room at the Victoria and Albert Museum in London, are proof enough that it could be done and we behold a new world related in a new way by this courageous innovator.

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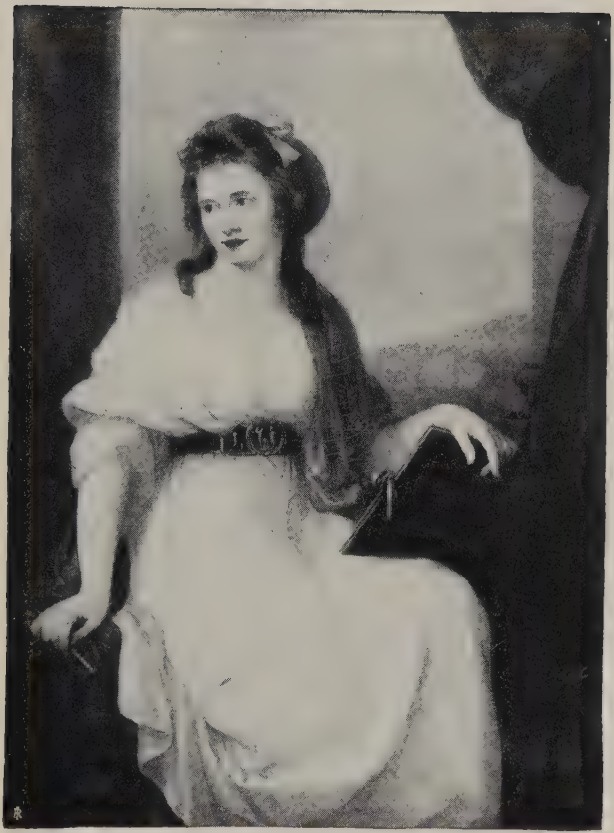
*See page 225.



SELF-PORTRAIT.—KAUFFMANN

Constable was persistent and fearless. At first, he muddled his objective and did very few convincing outdoor sketches. His greatest hindrance was his inability to eliminate a very characteristic English trait, that of seeing too much. He then simplified his aim and became content merely to record the true impression of a barren hilltop with the arms of a windmill whirling over the crest, and a cloud sailing by rapidly. He had learned that it was necessary that enough paint be mixed at once to cover the area allowed for each subject as it appeared under that particular condition of light. Only then could it be painted without hesitation before the effect of light changed. He then learned that, swung in the right direction and stated with the right values, each feature could be suggested with a very few fell strokes, and that a dash of white or gray against the proper blue would suggest the sky as a living reality.

Constable was the first painter to bring the time element definitely into the painting of his pictures. All painters before him had limited themselves in no way to the amount of time they should use in painting a picture. If it took hours or years to gain the desired effect, it made no particular difference. It is safe to wager that Hobbema painted for months on some of his landscapes. Constable's direct sketches are evidence of his belief that the memory of an effect in nature is not to be depended upon, that it has to be done instantly, on the spot, so that the fleeting, living effect may be caught. This collection at the Victoria and Albert in London is the immortal monument to the great pioneer, and the painters of today owe laurel wreaths placed at this shrine. It is a brilliant demonstration of what a seeking, vigorous mind can discover in life and relate with a new-found eloquence.

Only one great advance has been made in outdoor sketching over the thing that Constable attained. In suggestion, dash of line, deliberate and simple statements of value and form, Constable has had no peers, but in color he saw the world before him only dimly. According to the standards of early twentieth century painting, these sketches of the early nineteenth are almost colorless. Sepia, raw umber, Van Dyck brown were the foundation colors for his sketches, just as they were for all finished, painted compositions of that era. After laying in a sketch with these dull, warm colors, he plunged deliberately into his high lights, dashing them on with facile strokes and an abundance of paint. Sometimes he hardly got very far into the half-tones before the effect had passed and he quit his sketch.

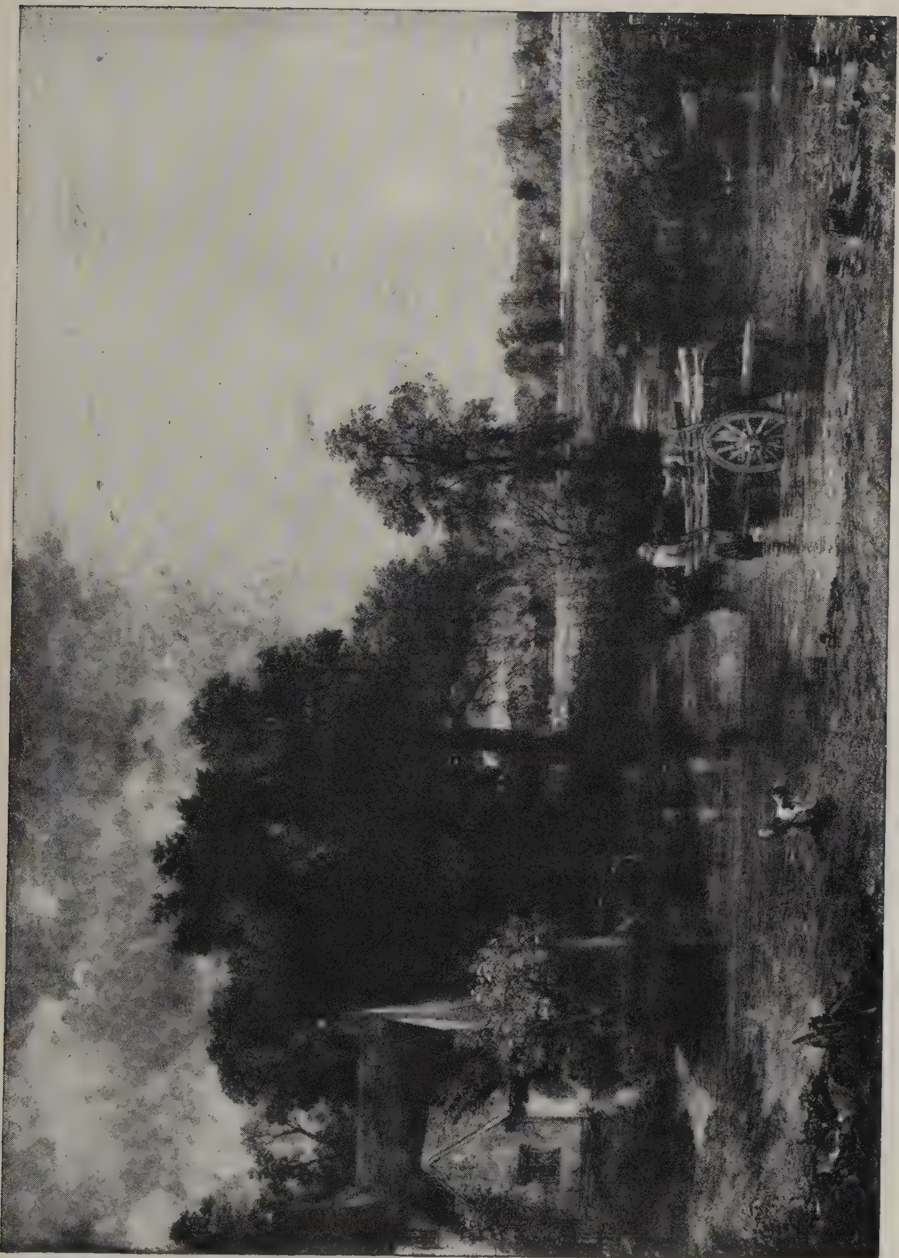
It is perfectly evident that he had no time to look at leaves or grasses, to count shingles or bricks. Bolder and broader became his stroke, firmer and simpler his tone. He put himself, in good sturdy English fashion, to doing a number of pretentious compositions. These he thought out in very conventional ways, but painted with speed and brilliancy comparable to his direct outdoor sketching. In fact, it is difficult to discover how much of Constable's large canvases were done in the open, and how much in the studio. Except for a dull dryness of color, there is nothing in any Constable canvas to even suggest that it was done in cold blood through the painstaking effort of studio rendition. Freshness is Constable's keynote, and even some of his big landscapes have a fresh dash about them that would arouse the envy of many a painter of recent times.

In Constable, Romanticism figures little except that the quiet, serene, domestic character of the landscapes in most of the pictures is itself highly sentimental. It is amazing to find that there were enough people in Constable's time able to see the world through this new vision and to endorse Constable's painting sufficiently to give him recognition during his life time, but there seemed to be instant response to what he attempted.

England was never surprised when Constable won a mention or a medal at the Paris salon, and he was regarded in the highest favor by the art circles of London. When it came to the painting of *The Haywain* in 1824, England was hardly surprised that it should have stirred the most comment at the annual Paris show. For already the Royal Academy had acquired a few Constable landscapes for its permanent collection. As we saw in our study of the Barbizon school, it marked the moment of the greatest change in landscape painting and became the true inspiration for the founding of the Barbizon school.

Constable was a country boy, the son of a prosperous miller. This may account for his low skies and his keenness in being able to represent them, for no airship captain looks at the skies today with greater earnestness than the millers did of old. In his youth, he had the good fortune to study with various masters of painting who encouraged his study in the open air. When he was twenty-three, he succeeded in gaining admission as a student to the school of the Royal Academy, and there he applied himself to the conventional drawing from classic sculpture, "the antique" as it was always called, and eventually from the human figure. He also copied paintings by Rembrandt and Ruysdael, endeavoring to see the world in general through the eyes of the masters about him, living and dead. Four years of this sort of thing gave him undoubtedly much knowledge of the grammar of art, composition, design, perspective, anatomy, construction, and so forth.

But in 1804, he became so disgusted with the unnatural paintings in the annual exhibition of the academy that he quit London definitely, going back to the little village in Hampstead Heath where he had spent his boyhood, and put himself diligently to work to "get a pure and unaffected manner of representing the scenes that may employ me." And certainly he did this. Without swerving to the right or left he stood by his self-assigned program of direct and truthful landscape painting throughout his life. Naturally he became most conscious of the need to paint light and air as well as objects; for the appearance of trees, buildings, people, depend upon the kind of light, the amount of it, and the conditions of atmosphere that surround them. He seldom went beyond the gentle environment of his native world, but he found such drama of sky and season, approaching storm, and dewy morning, luxurious summer and bountiful autumn harvest that he was able to show the eyes of the world how to see more clearly the beauty and the richness of any landscape where streams flow, trees grow, and sunsets glow. There are a heavy stroke, a blackish shadow color, a prose-like deliberate statement in Constable's land-



The Haywain.—Constable

scapes that were entirely transcended by the poet painters of the Barbizon movement, but many a landscape painter of England has followed very closely the Constable dictates.

Constable is really a pivot on which the whole art world turns. He did more to give new eyes to the seeing world and to bring a deeper regard for the living magnificence of a well-seen and thoroughly loved landscape than any painter of the century. There is a masculine strength to his pictures that few landscapists have reached. The earth is solid; the trees are rich and towering; their branches are far reaching and strong. Beyond them, meadows lie in the afternoon sun; brooks meander into distances; orchards lead the eye to distant hills or villages; a church spire three miles away is an unforgettable reality; a lake with sails stretches beyond the village, and the far distant shore is fully thirty miles away.

Step by step, Constable mastered the perspective of color and tone. His world is ever a convincing reality and expressed through no niggling style. He certainly found the short road to painters' eloquence. Thought went into every part of his picture before it was painted, and then with deft and deliberate stroke, paint of very carefully measured value was laid upon the canvas spontaneously but with finality. Constable's landscapes make many another, even many in the Barbizon school, look very thin indeed.

There is not much about his art that is convincingly British. He was not over-literary, for his pictures seldom told stories. Even titles are of little consequence in looking at a Constable exhibition. He was certainly dramatic in the place that he made for himself and the way he filled it. That much is English. And he was the most brilliant performer in landscape painting up to his time. One man only in the British Royal Academy attained a higher place than Constable reached. He was J. M. W. Turner, whose life and art constitute one of the most amazing chapters in the history of painting.

Turner was born in 1775 in the room immediately behind his father's miserable little barber shop in the East End of London. Not far away was the famous London flower market, and that was where his mother found him whenever he ran away from home. He was given public school education but until he was quite a grown boy he knew nothing about the world beyond the squalor of the East End. Just when he took to drawing or painting we do not know, but at fifteen he had a picture accepted for exhibition at the Royal Academy. We know almost nothing of his mother; his father provided the necessities for the family but evidently gave them nothing more. He had no social life whatsoever, and under this dull environment the boy grew up. Like the bursting of a rocket we find his pictures scattered throughout the English art world when he was but eighteen years of age. He made hundreds of beautiful, accurately drawn water colors of famous English castles and cathedrals. These he sold for very small prices and they found a ready market. Whenever a picture or souvenir, a Christmas card or a birthday greeting came out of a new fashion, young Turner immediately adopted it and swamped the market. His landscapes at the age of twenty stirred art loving London. There is a fire in them, a brilliancy of light and a dash of color that was wholly new. He became affluent enough, through his own efforts, to travel. He hadn't the least interest in social contacts, but he had gained the "wanderlust" in traveling about England to make pictures of the castles.

At the age of twenty-four, he crossed the channel and spent a season in Paris. He became completely overwhelmed with the art of Claude Lorrain, the French classic landscapist who had first put the sun and sunlight into pictures, but he did not like the landscape of France nor its atmosphere. He much preferred the low skies, the fogs, mists, and dramatic sunsets of England to anything that he saw in France, so he returned to London and at the age of thirty-three we find him the professor of perspective at the Royal Academy. This position he did not hold long for he was a poor teacher. He had neither logic nor continuity and he confused and muddled the thought of the students. He was never given the opportunity to teach again. He had had one little unsavory love affair that evidently settled him for good and all, as he remained a bachelor.

His mother had died and his father had given up the barber business and gone into business with his son, making frames, mixing his paints, and actually going about to sell his pictures. They lived in miserable lodgings, evidently caring nothing about where they lived, and Turner never had an adequate and comfortable studio in his life. But as Muther says, "his diligence was fabulous." He was made to paint pictures, and no hours of daylight caught him doing anything else. He traveled extensively; he was never poor, for the dealers scrambled over each other to get his pictures. He never spent money on clothes nor lodgings. He acquired nothing in the way of personal property. After his death, all of his personal possessions with the exception of his paints, brushes, canvases, and drawings, did not fill a single trunk.

From the time he was admitted to full membership in the academy, he seldom appeared at its social gatherings or even official functions. When he did appear, he was so badly clothed and so boorishly unclean that he was not made very welcome and soon he was snubbed on every side. He became wildly ambitious, wishing only to gain the place of honor each year in the exhibitions and to paint so as to arouse the astonishment of the world and the jealousy of his fellow artists. When he went to the exhibitions on varnishing day (the day before the opening, when the artists are permitted to touch up and varnish their pictures which have been hung) Turner would rush in fully equipped with paints and brushes, look about the rooms to see if any pictures were more brilliant and conspicuous than his, and if so, he would add more gorgeous colors or more startling lights until his picture quite effectually outshone everything else in the show.

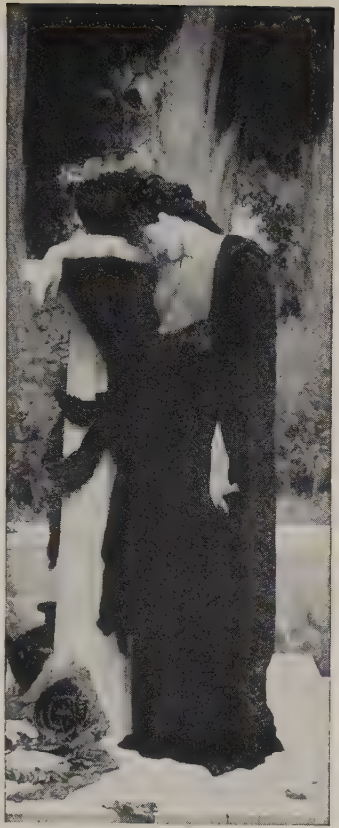
Turner acknowledged from his early days his adoration for the French classical school. He never found an interest in Ruysdael and Hobbema, the Dutch landscape idols of England, but to his death he prayed the fates that his art should be fit to hang next to that of Claude Lorrain. Many of his most famous compositions were nothing more than carefully plotted deviations from Claude's great compositions. Classic cities of purely imaginative fabrication rise along glorious waterways, bathed in the dazzling light of the setting sun. Claude had done all this time and time again. Turner analyzed it, felt sure that improvements could be made, stretched canvases a little larger than Claude's and dashed in determined to make his result more brilliant and more convincing than the Frenchman's. And in most cases, he did this very thing.

Upon his death, he left nearly four hundred oil paintings and nineteen thousand drawings to the nation. And he left twenty thousand pounds to the Royal Academy, the income from which was to be used for the grand annual banquet, the affair to which Turner had never been welcome in his life. His only stipulation in his gift to the nation was that his two best pictures should be hung in the National gallery next to two by Claude Lorrain. This was done, and now a room in the National gallery in London is hung alternately with Turners and Lorrains all the way around the four walls. We can see how much more precise, thoughtful, and painstaking Claude was, but how much more brilliant and imaginative and stirring Turner was.

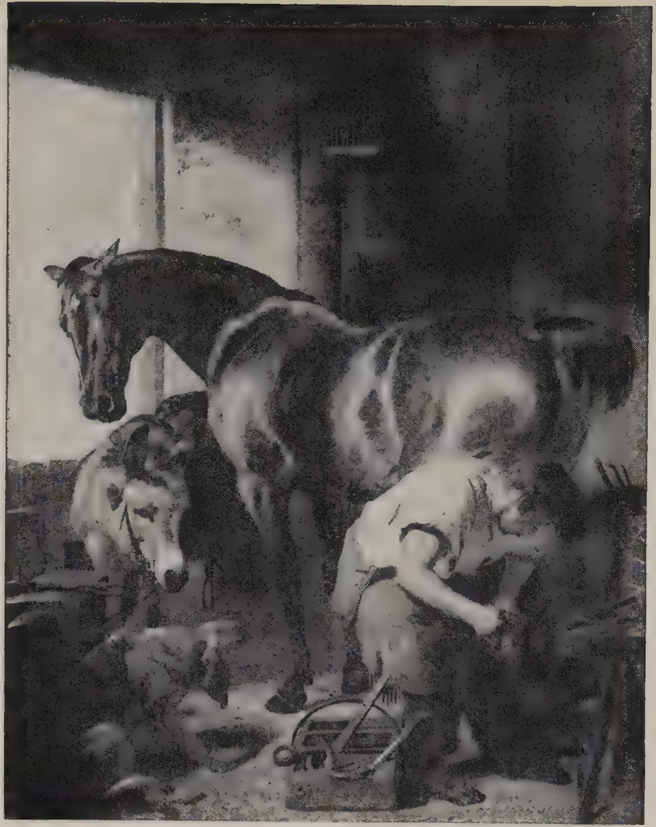
Today, one of the most noble rooms of art in the whole world is the new wing of the Tate gallery in London dedicated solely to the art of Joseph Mallord William Turner. Rooms adjacent to the great gallery and many smaller galleries on the lower floor are given over to Turner's water colors, pencil and pen drawings, and etchings. Nothing that has happened in modern art, no painting in the twentieth century, no concept of the drama of light, the sweeping magnificence of the seasons, destruction by the sea, or the tragedy of winter blizzards, has been conceived with greater brilliancy than Turner did it. His painting was not especially rhythmic; it never was well ordered or symphonic, but it was so overwhelming in its dynamic action, its sweeping sense of the movements of life, that we can find no counterpart. Hundreds of his early drawings, however, were most correct and painstaking, proving that he gained the freedom and dash of his great accomplishment by making accurate knowledge his foundation. He was a self-taught magician and stood alone in the ability to reveal instantly the pictorial aspect of everything he saw or felt that he should be able to see. If he was not satisfied with the appearance of a sweet little English brook flowing under a tiny bridge with a lovely old cotswold near by, he would readily change the brook into a mighty river, the bridge into an architectural wonder, the trees into the most majestic that ever grew upon the earth, and the thatched cottage into a city with fifty spires. Then he was not apt to be satisfied, but would put the ladies of the Hesperides along the foreground bank, mermaids sporting in the waves, and Ulysses weighing the anchor of his trusty galley in place of a boy's chip of a sailboat that did actually float down the brook.

Turner was enamored with the great movements of his time, and he called the winds and the rains, the sun and snow, to his aid in picturing his concept of these. His *Hannibal Crossing the Alps* is one of the world's most dramatic picture epics. Smothering whirls of snow silhouetted black against a ghastly sun encircle mountain peaks and engulf humanity. Almost invisible along the snow-blocked trails at the lower edge of the picture tramp hordes of men fighting their way against the overwhelming elements. Fires are built only to be quenched by the blizzards. Men fall in heaps only to rise and be spurred on by their commander.

Another picture shows the death of Admiral Nelson in the midst of a great naval battle. His flagship is in the foreground, surrounded by the masts and spars of his own and the enemy's fleet. The roads are blocked with hulls; the sky is filled with smoke and the din of battle roars on every side. Tiny specks are the men upon the deck of the flagship, but suddenly there is a dramatic pause in the fighting and all bend their attention to the speck of a white-shirted figure that is falling to the deck but caught in the arms of one of his officers. It is the great Admiral himself, and the magic of Turner's composition is better demonstrated in no other picture. Nelson does not occupy the first fractional part of the canvas, and yet all lines, dark and light, of mist, smoke, spar, sail, saber, and sailor lead the attention to the eventual climax, to this little spot of the Admiral's prone body. To take one man in a milieu of battle carnage, and regardless of his insignificant size make



Lachrymæ: Sorrow.—Leighton



Shoeing the Bay Mare.—Landseer

him the great impelling center of the picture, the thing of supreme importance in the entire canvas, is the work of a veritable genius. We have but to compare this canvas with other compositions of the same subject to know how masterful Turner was. There is one by Orchardson, also in the Tate gallery, of a very similar concept but it is a close-up of the central group upon the deck. But while admirably done, it has not one fraction of the drama or magnificence of the Turner. Orchardson thought it out well, but Turner completely mastered it.

His *Garden of the Hesperides* with gods and goddesses, dragons and mountains, elysian valleys and placid streams, is the classic of all classics in picture lore. His two most famous canvases are the *Ulysses Deriding Polyphemus* and *The Last of the Fighting Temeraire.** They are both marine scenes. The former is the glory of sunrise over the numberless fascinating islands of the sea. Ulysses' magnificent galley sweeps toward us from the fiery shores of Hades. In the towering cumulus clouds covering the heavens is seen the ponderous shadowy form of the angry Polyphemus. The shadows of night are being dispelled. The many sails of the ship are filled with wind to aid the pull of the hundred galley slaves. The ship rushes toward us guided by mermaids over seas that seem endless in every direction. Who has ever put so wide a picture within two dimensions?

The other one is of a subject very near the heart of every Englishman. One afternoon Turner was crossing the Channel from France and in those days the Channel ship went all the way up the Thames to London. As they entered the mouth of the river, Turner asked his nearest neighbor what the old hull was that was being towed out into the open sea to be burned. When told that it was the Fighting Temeraire, the flagship of the greatest of the English admirals, and that ship of all others that had made British history, he was infuriated at this ignominious end to which it was going, and said, "Tomorrow I will see to it that the Fighting Temeraire receives the burial that is worthy of her." So he painted this picture of the old flagship, impressive in hoary grace as with masts reaching into the

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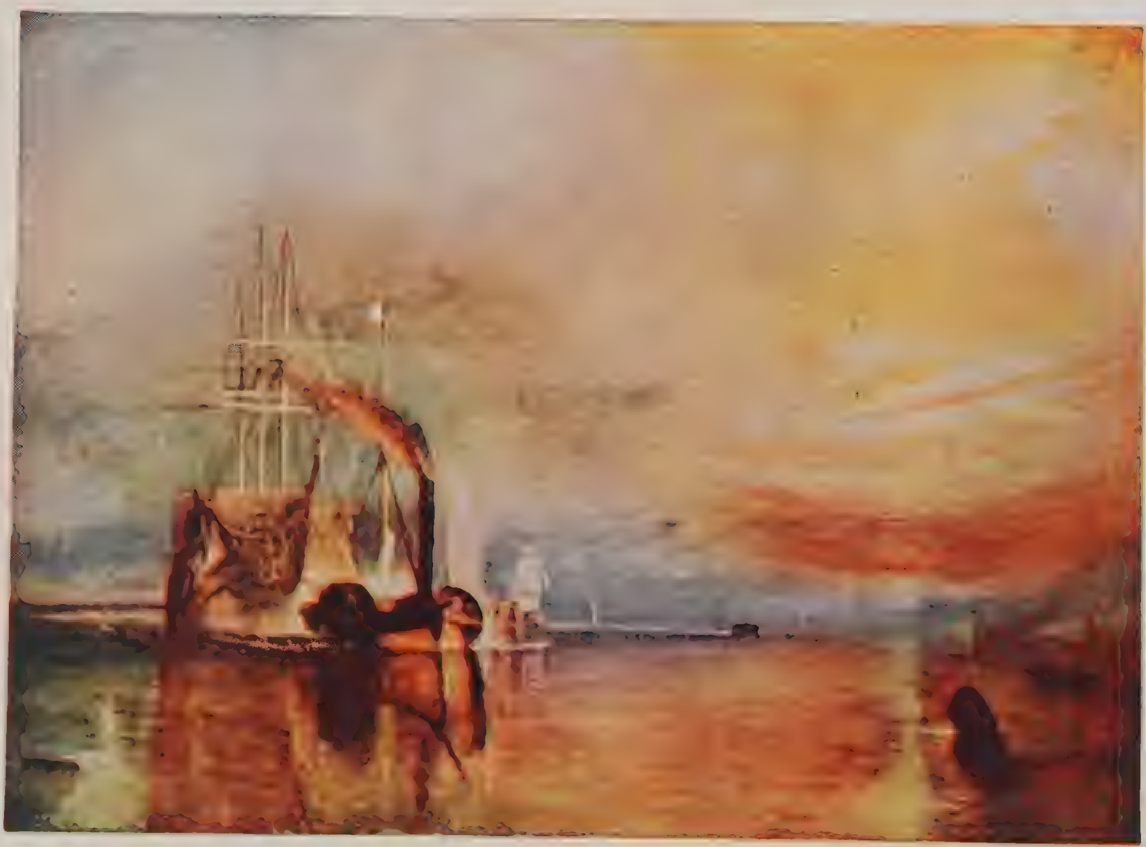
*See page 233.



THE LAST OF THE FIGHTING TEMERAIRE.—TURNER skies and white sails furled to the cross-trees, noble and majestic, she goes to her last moorings. A nasty modern little steam tug pulls away on the tow ropes and belches besmirching coal smoke up over her white majesty. A sluggish, glassy sea stretches everywhere. A buoy bobs slowly up and down near at hand. Other ships, quite distant, make their way back and forth over their chosen paths uninterested in the drama being enacted by this condemned one and its headsman. The second great interest in the picture comes in the spot of blinding light as the sun drops into the sea. This light is only momentarily visible, for the sky is draped in black, ominous clouds. Somehow one feels that all the light in the picture is gathered into this one spot, and the moment that it has vanished, eternal darkness will enshroud the whole earth. The passing of the light of day was never more dramatically told. The *Temeraire* is going into eternal night; the light and life of day for it is vanishing forever.

Turner tells these things without mannerisms or tricks. He does not speak with cunning and he never mystifies us. His art hardly ever slips into the realm of poetry. It is the biggest, most all-inclusive, clear-ringing prose in the picture world. Some believe his water colors are his masterpieces. Certainly in the matter of suggestion, arousing the imagination of the beholder, they are preëminent. Some are such slight dashes of color and sweeping washes of flowing pigment, indefinite in shape to the point of formlessness, that we must almost conjecture as to what he really meant. Yet his art was never the least bit abstract. He was always dealing with the things in the world that he saw or that he might have seen, or that he wished he could see. Nothing of Turner's fits well into the sophisticated programs of twentieth century modernism. He was really one of the last magnificent outbursts of the Renaissance. He was the hottest flame of the Romantic schools, making the elements of nature the great actors in a drama of life, rather than using meager men and women for the important rôles. He was the forerunner of the late nineteenth and early twentieth century schools of technical individualism.

Turner did not speak with the cultured English of genteel England. He did not tell the particular story of his race or the viewpoint of his age. He spoke in a universal language. He painted for the eyes of anyone on earth who would take the time to see. He was a giant in the field of painting, almost comparable to Shakespeare in the field of drama. If he had been a little finer grained himself, if he had been a bit more honest in the kind of paint he used and with the material that he employed, and had had a little more regard for the lasting importance of the pictures he painted, he might have been the Shakespeare of paint. But unfortunately, he was somewhat of a scribbler. He bought cheap paints and often used those which he must have known would eventually corrode each other. He had no regard for his ancestry, and less for his posterity. He did not look upon his five children as being of any importance because he had never had a wife. In other words, if he had only been a finer grained, more beautifully minded person, his art would probably have been the nineteenth century's greatest contribution.

Turner was Nature's great showman, but he was more than the ringmaster. He was the trapeze performer and the bareback rider, the tightrope walker and the animal trainer. He could set his stage with next to nothing and yet the show would be a great success. He could fill it with almost all the things in the world and keep it a logical, consistent, well-related performance. The sun and the moon actually appear together in some of his pictures. Day and night meet. Some contain hundreds of figures perfectly drawn and beautifully painted; harbors filled with ships, wharves alive with commerce; channel boats, tossed by terrific storms, the decks of which are filled with praying women and children. He peopled his seas and his mountains. His Elysian fields and his cities are as teeming as London. No one has ever seen the world in which he lives so completely or told of it to his neighbor so convincingly as J. M. W. Turner.

One phase of his art that is especially precious and satisfying is his superb interpretation of Venice. Both in oil and water color he did Venice perfectly. He went there often, was greatly inspired by its beauty and its resplendent past, and he summarizes in his canvases the Venice of the past, present, and future. It is interesting that two Englishmen, Shakespeare and Turner, should have created Venice in art better than any Venetians ever have.

Turner's Venetian pictures are to be seen not only in the great rooms of the Tate Museum, but in the National Gallery itself, the Wallace Collection, and very especially in the Victoria and Albert Museum. Most of them were done in and about the Great Basin, with the Doge's Palace, the Campanile, Santa Maria della Salute, and the Library as features of the background. The merchant ships of the world seem to fill the harbor. The resplendent richness of the East here seems to meet the commerce of the West. Somhow, Turner sums up the impression and the memory that we take away with us from a visit to Venice.

It is a wonder he lasted through, when he was seething with such fires. If he had been more finely attuned, he might not have lasted at all. Possibly it was his very crassness that made his prodigious industry possible and that kept his consuming emotional fires from burning him up in short order. Yes, Turner was a giant and an enigma. He belonged to no class, or caste, or creed. He knew no religious preferences or social prejudices. He was a strange creature, almost inexplicable, who cared little for his fellow man and less for the things of life. And yet he has enriched the property of the world, and especially of England, by millions of dollars. He took worthless colored clays and cloth, fired them in the furnace of his genius, and made of them priceless treasures.

The nineteenth century schools of England scatter after Turner into a number of unimportant channels. Academic realism and literary illustration followed along decade after decade under good but unimportant men. Only one revolution took place. This was a very gentle one with lovely results. It was highly, extravagantly Romantic, but on a platform of most worthy propaganda. It was the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood movement which was sufficiently important for us to study as a special subject. So let us study here the work of a dozen or more of the most important academic, romantic painters of England up to 1893.

We have already mentioned the good work of that staunch eighteenth century painter, George Morland, who put animals in his landscape. England produced a distinctive nineteenth century animal painter, Sir Edwin Landseer.* He is often mentioned with Rosa Bonheur when they are classified as the two most important animal painters of the century. Some believe that Landseer's paintings of dogs and horses are far beyond anything that Rosa Bonheur painted. Others think that the Frenchwoman excelled the Englishman in every way. Certainly neither of them was a highly important painter, and their contributions are of little real value to the art world. Bonheur, however, painted animals with a little more regard for the truth of the natural animal life. Her lions and deer are imbued with the fear that wild animals naturally have, while Landseer personified his animals, giving them very nearly human traits. He was especially fond of dogs, but they are always done as ''man's best friend'' and are placed in positions and given functions to perform in the pictures very similar to those given to dogs in children's circuses. Sometimes Landseer made the ridiculous mistake of actually dressing them in clothes. A nice little Dutch poodle dressed in breeches, a bloused jacket, and a little cap, stands on his hind legs and smokes a pipe as he rolls his eyes around hopelessly at us. Monkeys and even parrots are put into children's clothes, just to go through some little human trick for us.

This sort of thing is filled with such pitiful sentimentality that, no matter how good the painting is, the picture can never have a place in the real art world. He certainly could paint hair and hide in a very realistic fashion. He knew the anatomy of his pets and he often gave his canvases, and even these dumb little creatures, an air of elegance. One picture called *A Distinguished Member of the Humane Society* shows a magnificent St. Bernard dog enthroned upon a stone step at the water's edge. He is a beautifully groomed, well cared for creature. Another shows a poor, bedraggled little shepherd dog mourning at the shepherd's grave, and is called *The Last Mourner.* Then there is one of a papa terrier and a mama terrier

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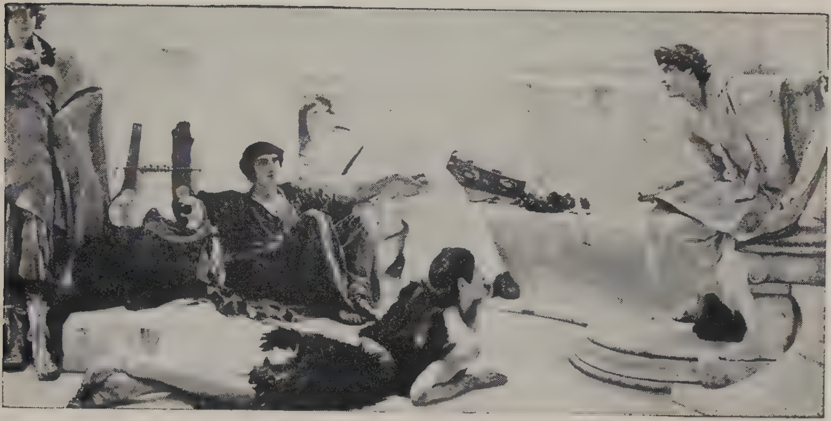
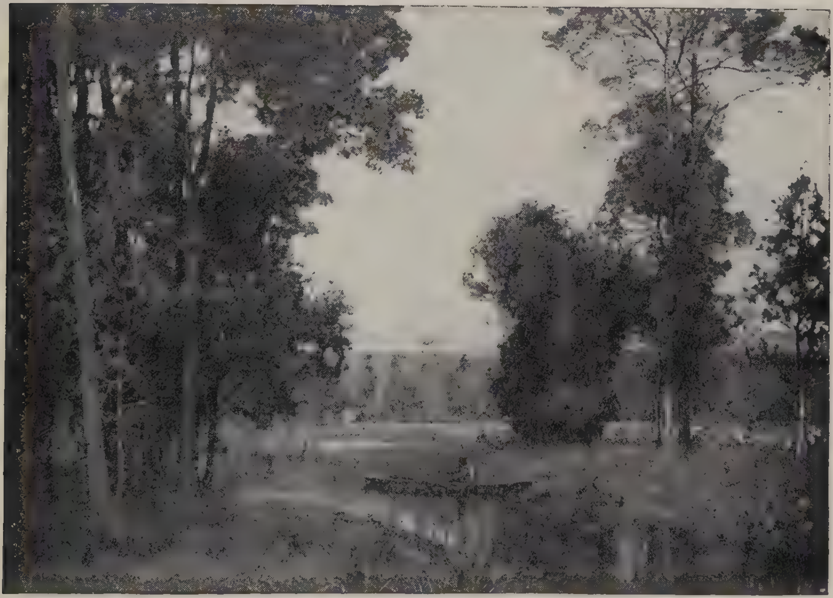
*See pages 231, 243.



A Reading from Homer.—Alma-Tadema



Morning at Longpré.—East

keeping house with all the little terriers running about. They are a very well-mannered and responsible family, but the children seem to have a great many restrictions placed upon them, for they do not have the careless freedom and the boisterous play within them that most doggie children have.

A fine, full blooded hound in regal surroundings has been given a glass of champagne, and the picture is called *High Life.* Another genial little nondescript, a sort of pug, poodle and bulldog combined, has been given a stein of beer, and of course he represents *Low Life.* Kittens tumbling out of a basket and getting terribly mixed up with a ball of yarn gave Landseer a very cheerful problem for a fortnight or so. But there is one picture of his that alone would have given him his place in the sun. It is entitled *War,* and is second only in significance to Goya's monstrous cartoon under the same title.

A beautiful black steed has fallen in the midst of battle across the dead body of his master, an army officer. The horse's legs are gone, and he suffers, but his greatest anguish is obviously the consternation he feels when he finds himself across his beloved master's body and unable to lift himself off. The dilated nostrils, the wildness of the eyes, the misery, the faithfulness of the steed who would serve his master and still serve, no matter if his master and the master's kind had brought this monstrous thing upon them both. Landseer turned off a piece of very effective propaganda in this picture and it is amazingly well painted. But in all his other pictures, the story is so evident, the romantic tale so all-dominating, that it is hard even to consider whether the painting of the picture was a good performance or whether its design and technique embody the principles of art.

Now comes a whole array of tableau painters. Dramatic incidents galore were done by all the members of the British Royal Academy, and all who were not members. Stage scenes, many of them actually designed as such, were painted by Wilkie, Newton, Webster, Page, Leslie, Mulready, Frith, and others. It is hard to tell which was the least effective. They were all illustrators, and to get the full significance of any of their pictures, we must resort to literature and read a few paragraphs or pages of description to find out what it is all about.

Wilkie obviously imitated the Dutch little masters, as in a scene in a peasant family kitchen where a blind fiddler entertains the whole group, or the penny wedding showing a roustabout group in a large room of an old country tavern, dancing at wedding festivities. Wilkie sometimes did aristocratic subjects, and in these he was more sincerely himself, although his figures are posed at the modiste's, before the dressing table, at the license bureau, or in the snuff shop, with a highly developed consciousness of the way they are standing, the clothes they wear, and the posture that their arms and hands assume. What a shame to have spent so many good, human hours in painting such unnatural and really unbeautiful rubbish!

Gilbert Newton was an American by birth, but lived in England after 1820 and chose as his subjects stories of the English writers, which he illustrated with painstaking precision. Sometimes he managed a glow of light through the picture that seemed both natural and worthy of the painter's craft. But generally the thing that he painted and that all the others around him did would have been much better on the stage, so that the curtain could presently go down and the actors could have a rest. Acting—it all seems acting! There is hardly a natural attitude or a genuine expression of sincerity in any of these romantic pictures.

By this time the British Royal Academy was not alone. Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin boasted of schools of art and annual exhibitions. Scotland definitely formed its own academy with its headquarters in Princes street, Edinburgh. It is known as the Scottish Royal Academy. Most of its members also belong to the British Royal Academy, but it is extremely proud of its independent aristocracy. Hardly a man of importance in either Scotland or Ireland can avow any marked independence from London. They have all either studied or exhibited there, or gone there to freely participate in its market.

William Quiller Orchardson was born in Edinburgh in

1835 and is probably still to be considered the most important of the Scotch Romantic painters. He had a fine academic training in London and in Munich. His patrons were largely Scotchmen, and aside from his pictures that are in the Tate gallery in London, and in the Walker gallery in Liverpool, hardly any of his may be seen outside of Scotland. His portraits are among the finest of the century. The one of Mrs. Moxon seated at a chess table, which hangs in the Tate gallery, is truly lovely, with black dress, the deep chestnut eyes that look straight at us, the thick mass of dark hair parted and rolled back to a knot high on the head, the filigree gold necklace which rests on the table. The painting was done with a most fluid brush. Few canvases have come out of British art to equal it in technique, color, or interpretation.

Orchardson's large historical canvases are certainly nothing like as fine. There is a conventional hardness to them which puts them quite in a class with David, although they are almost more literary than the French historians. He also did an effective canvas of the most dramatic figure of the century, Napoleon Bonaparte. In the Tate gallery is *Napoleon on Board the Bellerophon.* He is on his way to St. Helena, and is standing alone on the spacious deck of a sailing vessel. He looks over the sea and clasps his hands behind him. Standing amidship, and watching him intently, are a group of six gentlemen, his guardians on the journey. They are an elegant, aristocratic lot, and their attention to the little monarch suggests fascination mixed with pity. The sail, masts, rigging, gunwale and hatchways are done in the characteristic descriptive fashion of British painting.

Peter Graham, an Edinburgh confrere of Orchardson's, was in no way either historian or portraitist, but he was the founder of a very important Scotch school of painting, doing the Highlands with their rugged peaks, undulating foothills clothed in heather, and very woolly sheep grazing in the meadows. The lush quality of the Scotch landscape bathed in Scotch mist became a distinctive subject in the development of British painting, and Graham and his followers were responsible for it. Their canvases were almost entirely horizontal in shape, and when sheep were introduced they were the woolliest in all art. Macwhirter delighted much more in the perpendicular composition. He did birch and pine groves, paths through gentle valleys, loving especially the springtime of the year. James Patterson, William MacTaggart, and Sir James Guthrie now come into prominence as painters of the first water. They refused to give their undivided service to the British Royal Academy, but stayed in their own Scotland and did much to bring the Scotch academy up to a point of being a formidable rival to the British. In fact, from 1880 on, many art devotees declared the annual exhibition of the Scotch academy was far finer than the annual London show. Hugh Cameron was the one who most definitely belonged to the Romantic school. He painted groups of figures, generally in twos, tending the flocks, gathering the grain, meeting at the trysting place, or walking arm in arm through heather fields. He was nothing like as good a painter as Graham or Macwhirter.

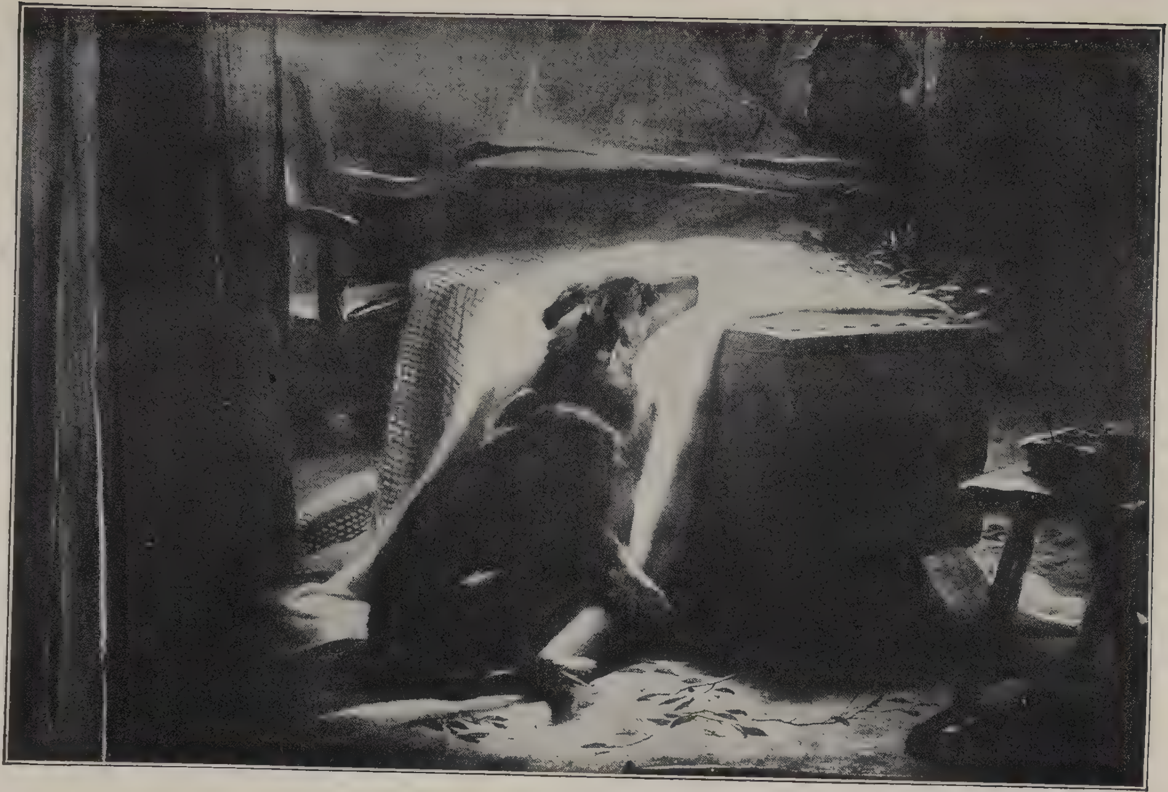
James Patterson did very magnificent landscapes. He had been in Düsseldorf as a boy, and had caught much of that panoramic feeling that the Düsseldorf school taught, but his brush stroke was of a broader mesh and he gave a most lucid and rich flow of color so that the eye wanders easily over hills, tree clumps, meadows, brooks, castles, distant villages, lavender blue mountains, and shell-colored skies. Patterson's paint was always rich and clean with never the least suggestion of chalkiness. His pictures are really among the finest of the descriptive type in the field of landscape.

Clausen sometimes attempted the landscape in Macwhirter fashion but he was much happier when he was doing close-ups of simple Scotch people at the daily tasks of life. In the Tate, there is a characteristic picture of his, *Girl at the Gate.* She has come down to meet us, appears a lonely sort of prisoner, and looks appealingly into our eyes. In the background is a little old cottage and a garden with roses and hens, where the old folks are at work. A famous painting of the same general type which hangs close to it at the Tate, is called *Man with the Scythe,* by La-

Thangue. The scene is set against the old crude walls of an Irish cottage with thatched roof and leaded glass windows. A flagstone path leads past cabbages to the roadway gate. On the stones has been placed an armchair in which a little child has been propped against pillows, her little legs dangling listlessly in their dark shoes. A man with a scythe has his hand upon the gate. A woman who has been gathering vegetables into her apron pauses and bends over the child with a most startled expression, for she sees that the little head is lifeless on the pillow and that the man with the scythe has gone by.

The English have always adored this type of painting. It is so literary, and if English expression is nothing else it is at least literary. Bramley was one of the most important of this group of story-telling painters. His most famous canvas is called *Hopeless Dawn;* a seaman's cottage with gray waters and bleak horizon seen through the window, a table spread for a repast, a candle that has almost burnt itself out, though it is fully daylight; an old woman, seated, turns away from the window to comfort a younger woman who has crumpled upon the floor, her head and arms buried in the old woman's lap. The scene tells its own story. The sea has been cruel; the fisherman does not return. A day spent in any of the English galleries of modern painting discloses miles of canvases like this.

E. A. Hornell, a fine Scotch painter coming into prominence about 1890, was an exception in one way. He did not tell grown-up romances, but devoted himself almost entirely to children—children in spring woodland surrounded by primroses, daffodils and buttercups, or Easter rabbits and colored eggs and chirping robins. The children are smiling and listening to the songs of the birds, or they are offering us bouquets of wild flowers. They are just the natural little descendants of the sweet, overly dressed, suspiciously good-mannered children of the variety painted so obviously by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Hornell's outstanding advantage is that his pictures are most interestingly painted. He was one of the first of the British school to throw aside the brush and apply his paint with a palette knife, laying it on richly and thickly, dragging one luscious color over another. Sir



The Shepherd's Chief Mourner.—Landseer.

James Guthrie painted somewhat similarly and his subjects were far less sentimental, although he was often happiest when painting children out of doors.

Arthur Melville may consistently conclude our Scotch study. He was literary and naturally an Orientalist, leaning toward the subject matter of North Africa. An inheritance enabled him to travel freely throughout his life, but he did not allow the ease of life to hamper his endeavor. He painted with ceaseless energy but with the finest restraint. His early oils are literal, almost of the detailists' school, but he soon turned to water color and devoted the rest of his life to the personal expressiveness and the emotional freedom of this charming medium. He remains today one of the finest water colorists of the whole century. He painted the Near East, Biblical subjects of Palestine, caravans crossing the Sahara, gondolas upon the canals of Venice, and then a perfectly brilliant series of light-filled, actively alive and astonishingly abrupt water-colors of the Spanish bull fights. He would suggest bulls and horses, the matadors and picadors, with mere spots of brilliant color laid upon the white paper, the bull ring filled with a horde of people, again suggested with a few deft touches. The movement, sunlight and dust of the whole scene are told with the least effort and through the simplest terms possible. He was a master of elimination and a very great master of suggestion, ever a brilliant colorist and a clever technician. Melville has no peer in his entire field.

Frank Dicksee* carried on the Wilkie idea of complete story-telling tableaus. He is not the least bit magnetic, but a finer colorist than his confreres. Four Irishmen have recently come into the limelight with some very brilliant painting—J. J. Shannon, Charles Shannon, Arthur Ricketts and the magnificent William Orpen. They are complete Realists. Shannon's portrait of Mrs. Patrick Campbell is almost the equal of the work of Orpen in portraiture, which is the height of praise for Orpen, who certainly thrills the world today with his facile brush, forceful attack and simplified character revelation. Ricketts is a decorative symbolist doing ancient mariners, Don Juans and somber Hamlets in settings that are half allegorical, half realistic, but always symbolical. He has a *flair* for drapery, flesh tones and textures of marble, gold and velvet. His canvases are superbly beautiful and rich in color, very complicated and often extravagant in flow of line and arrangement. They are generally dark in color but shot with turquoise blue, the glow of amber and the fire of opal. They are always literary, however, and one must go to the library to read and read in order to find out what a Ricketts painting can be all about. They are beautiful, nevertheless, and most ingratiating to the eye. They are painted definitely for the enjoyment of Englishmen and, of course, every Englishman is supposed to be so well educated that all the contents of the library are stowed away in his own brain.

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*See page 255.

A school of British Romantic Realism most closely allied to the continental schools of the same period was headed by men like Moore, Leighton, Poynter and Alma-Tadema. They were all Classicists, chiefly doing Roman and Greek subjects with such an amazing photography for flesh tone and textures of substances, that one instantly forgets he is looking at a picture, but believes that the real tableau in its rich loveliness is there before him. Albert Moore did beautiful blonde English women in Greek robes, posing to symbolize one season or another, or nudes of Venuses and Psyches stepping into marble pools. One of Moore's representative compositions shows three luxurious, well fed, heavy-limbed women, hair done in Psyche knots, figures clothed in Grecian drapes, a hundred per cent more voluminous than Grecian drapes ever were. One is seated, asleep, in a magnificent, throne-like chair heavily carved with eastern symbolism. The others stand on either side and hold in very carefully posed attitudes Japanese fans with which they slowly waft gentle zephyrs toward the English lady in the Greek tunic in the Persian chair, who in some unaccountable way is supposed to symbolize ''Summer.'' This is certainly romanticism running away with the world.

Alma-Tadema* depicted scenes of Roman and Grecian life, reconstructing the complete elegance of Roman interiors for us. He seemed to be happiest when he was painting the ivory flesh tones of exquisitely, artificially toileted women against the cold hardness of white marble. Greek circular benches of marble and alabaster do set off beautiful women most effectively, but he might have been at least considerate enough to have given them some soft cushions to sit upon.

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*See page 237.

Poynter was especially interested in the Greek subject and peopled idyllic gardens with the exquisite loveliness of ideally beautiful nude women. These men all knew classic architecture. They dreamed and dreamed the world of beauty around their imaginary reconstruction of Greek temples until they far excelled anything that even Paradise might have been, to say nothing of the primitiveness of much in the days of Pericles. When we look at Poynter's *A Visit to Æsculapius* we cannot believe that any Greek garden was quite as luxurious. Oh, no, it must have been watered by English skies. Did Greek women ever have the studied grace and exquisite aristocracy of these four lovely nude creatures who move about the garden of this venerable philosopher? Oh, no, they are the most lovely English women that Poynter could imagine.

Sir Frederick Leighton* was also especially interested in the Greek theme, but many of his works are pure allegory, as *The Sea Gave Up the Dead,* which is in the Tate Gallery, showing rising forms of age and youth, beauty and strength, clinging to each other and soaring by supernatural force out of the tumult of the storm-swept sea to the heavens above, that are sending down a glory of light upon these bodies. Leighton was very much interested in the physical beauty he painted. He cared much more about making each person in his picture ravishingly beautiful than to carry out any symbolic truth. He did pageants as well as tableaus. His *Captive Andromache* is the Greek spirit completely outdoing the Greeks. His *Greek Girls Playing Ball* reveals with painstaking precision the yards of fluttering draperies that he supposed Greek maidens of athletic tendencies to have worn. In reality they probably didn't wear a thing, and at any real sport looked a lot more like cross-channel swimmers than these bounteous flowers of Greek idealization. Leighton House in London, the gift of this very successful and affluent painter, is a rich array of classic objects and ideas. The rooms are more Grecian, Pompeian, Roman, Egyptian than they are English, and the paintings and statues by the artist himself are constantly reminiscent of the civilization and taste of the Golden Age.

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*See page 231.

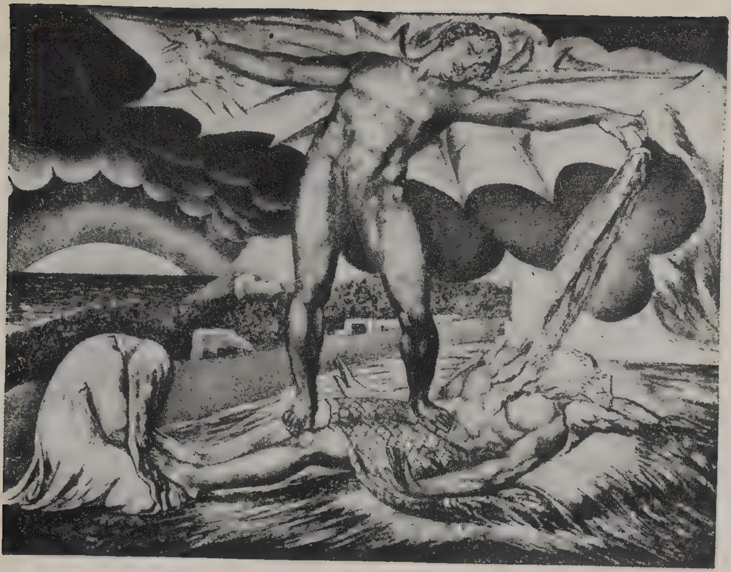
No matter how successfully this sort of thing is done, it can never be thought of as a vital art expressive of a creative race. On the continent Boucher, Baudry, Bouguereau and others belonged to this same spirit, but the French and Belgian artists were not as slavish in their adoration of the classic life. They occasionally found a sincere art emotion which the Englishmen never did. The chief thing that made them English is that they were all inclusively literary. Captions paragraphs long are necessary thoroughly to understand any of the paintings by these British Classicists. They are the embodiment of the height of Romanticism, and if they had not been such magnificent craftsmen and such thoroughly sincere and ardent hard workers, their paintings and sculpture would have been cast into the discard long ago.

Possibly the revitalized English development in the twentieth century was brought about by the works of these grandiose, superfluous painters of the grand theme, for they carried it to its absolute limit, after which something different had to be done. Probably they eliminated it entirely from the English system, and if that is the case it was well worth the doing. Anyway, is it possible to lay low with final condemnation anything that has happened in the art world? No artist is really self-created. He does what he does because there is a demand for just that sort of thing. There is no retrogression in the art world; it is all progression with a definite reason for every bit of it.

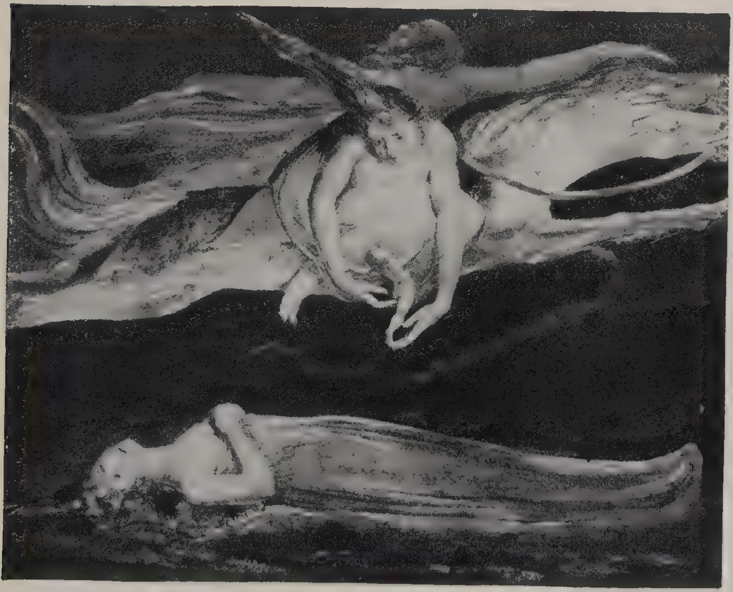
One knows not where to stop in a survey of the names of these English Romanticists. It is certainly not fair to leave out Walker and Boughton and Hall and Hacker. They all did the tales of English life so completely that anything like a photogravure section of a daily paper would have been entirely unnecessary had it been possible in those days. The works of these men really constituted a "photographic" survey of the life and the romance of the time. Principles of art in their production were entirely secondary to the human interest story that was told and often art principles hardly appear.

The most celebrated of the group on the continent was Hubert Herkomer, who was born in 1849, the son of a woodcarver of Bavaria. He received most of his training at the schools of Munich, although when he was a small child his father had moved to England. He was admitted to the British Royal Academy in 1878, and a year later became the professor of the fine arts at the University of Oxford. There is a very solid honest German feeling in his descriptive painting. He did everything from portraits to church interiors with every feature of the large assembly told with accurate characterization. Herkomer was definitely a Salon painter. One of his most appealing canvases is almost Barbizon in its setting, a somber roadway through a wilderness at twilight, a poverty-stricken family of four with their few worldly possessions in bundles have been traversing the road and drop in fatigue and dejection by the way. Herkomer gave us a very fine portrait of John Ruskin and other distinguished men of the 1880's. Somehow we do not feel moved with his subjects and the way he treated them. He undoubtedly enjoys a somewhat overrated reputation, but because of his intellectual standing and his ability to teach he became about as influential as anyone who had anything to do with the Academy.

Luke Fildes, Stanhope Forbes and many others were his pupils and did very well by the master's teachings, and not one whit better than the master. Byam Shaw followed in his footsteps but succeeded in incorporating some of the principles of the decorative school of France. He did a picture called *Truth,* which is high in key, meaning that there are no dark shadows or low-toned colors in the picture. In this scene of a medieval court, seated in the midst of a grand array of gentlemen and ladies, wiseacres and jesters, is the blindfolded figure of a nude girl. She symbolizes truth. Duchesses hold up a curtain around her so that the world may not see her nudity. They themselves do not even dare to peer over the curtain. The jesters have taken Truth's white garments and are dipping them into horrid dyes. You



Satan Smiting Job.—Blake



Pity.—Blake

see, it takes a word description to make the meaning of the picture entirely apparent.

Alfred East* was the most important landscape painter to come at the end of the century in England. He was definitely the English outgrowth of the Barbizon school, and his woodland scenes and moodful pastorals are as nearly like the French Barbizon school as they could have been and yet remain English. East inherited some of the Rousseau regard for the tree as a worshipful entity. As Barbizon had borrowed from Constable in England, so East in turn borrowed from Barbizon. It is really Constable gone abroad and come home in a sort of reincarnation. East combined the strength of Constable with the poetry of Corot. He was lyric in every touch. Figures were sometimes introduced into his compositions but only as decorative incidents. They did not even figure as much in the subject matter as Corot's. His most lovely pictures are those of the silences of the wilderness, or the calm of a summer evening in the rich perfection of the English landscape. No one ever drew or painted more glorious trees than did East.

He, like many another Englishman, had a literary bent, but he did not exploit this phase in his painting but rather in writing, and he wrote two very interesting books, one "Landscape Painting in Oil" and the other "Landscape Painting in Water Color." They are almost essential today on the bookshelf of any serious student of painting. East's best work was done in the early twentieth century, but his spirit was nineteenth. His confreres, Sims and Brangwyn, added new things to the twentieth century, so we will include them later.

England has lived by its traditions. The national spirit from the hour of its inception has permeated the social structure of the country to its very base. Most of the things that have happened in England have been vitally a part of the national movements. Union in enterprise, union in thought have been the shoulder-to-shoulder principle of the great English fraternity, and yet not a decade has gone by without producing at least one individualist. Turner, for instance, does not need to be studied in chronological order.

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*See page 237.

He was not in any way limited to his period or his environment, yet we cannot say that he was an isolated individual, for his activities penetrated to the depths of the society around him.

We are concluding our study of the nineteenth century painting with a survey of the art of the most pronounced individualist that has ever come from the British Isles, and if this were not the case it would be quite absurd to conclude this chapter with the art of a man who died in 1827. William Blake's* most important work was done during the first quarter of the century, but it was a century ahead of its time. He was practically ignored as an artist during his life, but now the room of Blake drawings at the Tate Gallery is the Mecca for more ardent pilgrims of art than any spot in the British Isles. Nothing in the national collections today delights the modernist as do these queer abstractions, emotional symbols and intellectual expositions of William Blake.

He really had little effect on the nineteenth century, but his influence in the twentieth century is inestimable. The very fact that scarcely an art history printed up to the World War even mentions him is proof of his unappreciated position, but now volumes are being written. His illustrations are being republished, his drawings enlarged and the prints sold to museums and libraries. Private collectors are fighting tooth and nail to get original drawings. We cannot class him with the painters, for he really did not paint. He drew in water color, however, and the facility of his color proves that he could have been a very great painter if he had had time or inclination to turn that way. Blake was essentially a poet with a happy endowment of a perfect means of expression through another medium. He did not draw just to illustrate his poems, for his drawings are not mere illustrations. They are great, convincing arguments for beauty, life, and soul, apart from any literary dependence.

He was born in London in November, 1757. His father kept a hosiery shop and the sustenance he was able to supply his family from this enterprise was very meager. William received a very scanty education. However, the father had the wisdom to recognize the boy's taste for design and at considerable sacrifice on the part of the family, William at the age of ten was sent to Henry Parr's drawing school in the Strand, just about where the great Savoy Hotel now stands.

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*See page 249.

While he was a student in this school he actually became a collector, and without any funds to speak of succeeded in procuring prints after Michelangelo, Raphael, Dürer and others. He remained in the school four years and grounded himself perfectly in the study of the antique. This idea of drawing long and diligently from classic statuary has been generally accepted in art the world over as the way to give the young idea a complete education in observation, execution, anatomy, construction, light and shade, and idealistic taste. This principle has persisted well into the twentieth century and only now have the art schools courage to deviate from this system and to put art education in more live, more inspirational channels.

But Blake got this kind of an education and in 1777 he apprenticed himself to an important engraver by the name of Basire and remained at this job for seven years. During these years he attended the night school at the Royal Academy, where he drew from the living model, and in 1780 he became an annual exhibitor in the Academy's exhibitions. In 1782 he married the daughter of a Battersea market gardener. It was a most happy marriage and they established their home in a modest way in Green Street, where they became acquainted with such artists as Stothard and Flaxman. Presently Blake became a feature of the gatherings at the house of the Rev. Henry Matthews, who prided himself on the illustrious persons within his circle. Blake recited and even sang his own poems at these gatherings. It was the influence of this group that brought about the publication of his first volume of poetry. Flaxman shared that first volume.

In 1784 he set up an establishment with a fellow pupil, Parker, where they proposed to sell prints and engravings and to establish a publishing house of their own. This partnership lasted a few years, but in 1787 we find him at the head of an independent business. It was in this year that his "Songs of Innocence" were published. The poems were utterly dependent upon the illustrations. They are of almost no value in themselves. Likewise, the designs and illustrations of this particular volume are less effective without the poems than any that he did later. He devised a new method of engraving upon copper, prepared his own plates, printed them himself, printed and bound the books by hand, and added the coloring to each plate by hand. How many poetic geniuses have ever had enough of a practical bent to carry their ideas through the toil of the workshop to their final presentation? He made little or nothing on "The Songs of Innocence," but in the 1790's came one after the other, "The Book of Thel," "The Gates of Paradise," "The Marriage of Heaven and Hell," "Songs of Experience," and so forth. Every drawing that Blake ever made in this time was for the express purpose of publication in relation to his own poems.

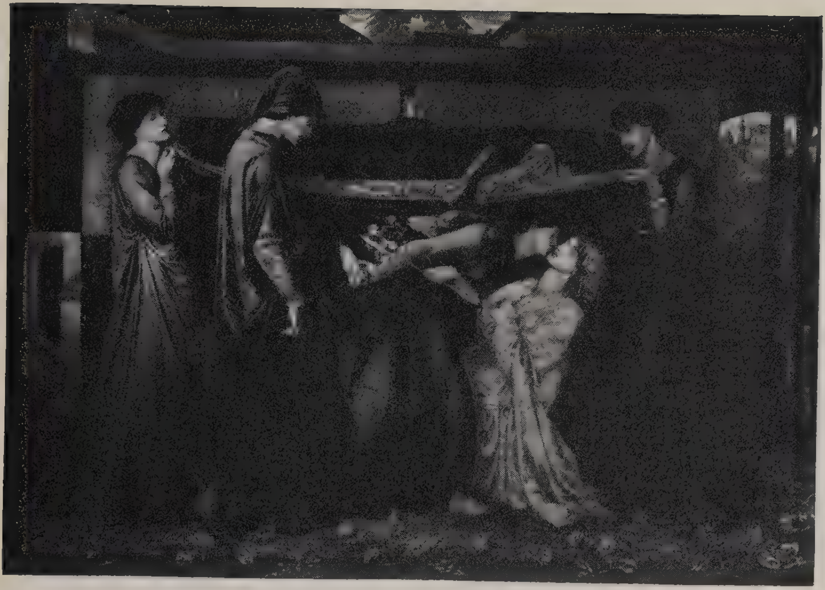
At the end of the century came his magnificent illustrations for the "Book of Job," and in this his genius burst forth in its fullness. The last twenty years of his life were spent largely in drawing. He illustrated Robert Bellair's "The Grave," did the "Canterbury Pilgrims" of Chaucer, and some works on astrology. He formed a close friendship with John Linnell, a water-color painter, and together they studied astrology under John Varley. The result of this was some of his most fascinating drawings, the celebrated *Ghost of a Flea*, and the humorous portrait of the builder of the pyramids. Fortunately, most of these drawings were some four or five times larger than they were to appear in the published print. And while the prints, especially those he made himself, are extremely lovely, the drawings are incomparable.

At the Tate Gallery there is a great design called *The Spiritual Form of Admiral Nelson.* A godlike creature stands in a circle of a thousand flames upon the body of a tremendous dragon whose form entirely encircles the picture. Forms of humanity, male and female, are being strangled or devoured by the dragon. These all float in an ethereal sphere, clouds surrounding the whole thing as if it were a vision. At the feet of Nelson a black man lies prone.

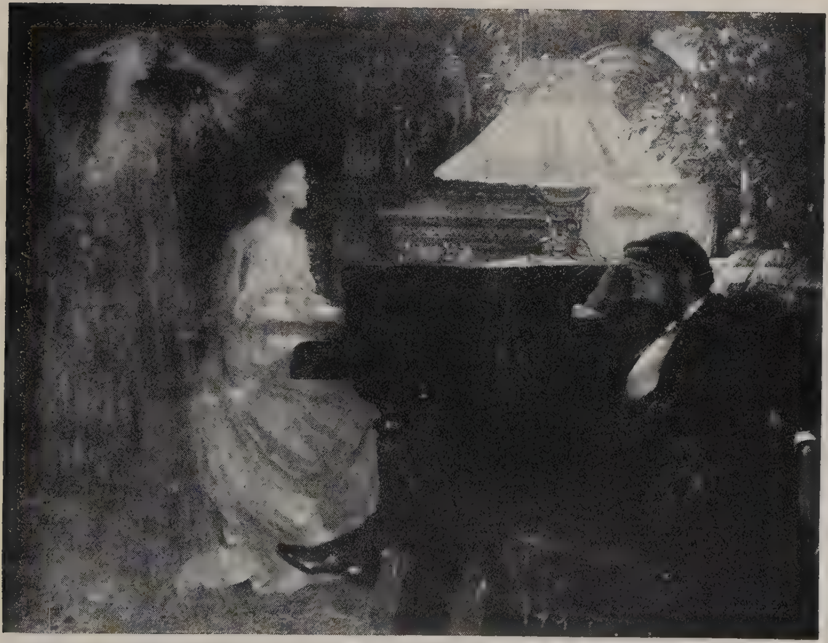
The organization of the dozen human bodies, the spear-like points of flame, the twisting body of the dragon and the rhythmic sequence of its scales is a rich design of full beauty in line organization and far ahead of any other painting we can mention of the entire nineteenth century, for this really is a painting, rich and full in its tone, very remarkable in its color.

He evidently washed in his tints of color before it was finished and then went on with the drawing, working one over the other in this interesting modern method. In his *Satan Smiting Job*—in fact, in the whole *Job* series—there is such directness and simplicity of line, such feeling in the expressiveness of every form that we cannot find drawings of a superior character even in the brilliant twentieth century schools. His work was never prose. He took the full license of the poet, that is always a privilege of the artist, and used it without question, always organizing his ideas into powerful designs of unalloyed beauty and limitless meaning. In this particular *Job* drawing, Satan is a gigantic male being with batlike wings that hold up a tumultuous black sky. He is standing upon the suffering, prone body of Job. The curve of the edges of the wings is repeated in the reverse in the low-hanging clouds, the sunset beyond a black sea. Job lies unconscious upon the shore, entwined in a fish net. Flame poured from the torch held in Satan's hand is swept downward by furious wings upon the chest of Job. Whether one knows a thing about Job or cares to delve one bit into the symbolism of this picture, the picture itself is entirely convincing. The effect of a wicked power is revealed. The helplessness of the prostrate figure, the earthly punishment of a distorted conscience are certainly apparent.

It is far better that art be symbolic than realistic, and it is not necessary that we should know the exact symbol in the artist's mind. The meaning embodied within truth may be one thing to this person and another to that, and whether we care anything about meaning, these drawings by Blake are so beautiful in their line, design and tone that we marvel at his understanding of what to do in his



Dante's Dream.—Rossetti



A Reverie.—Dicksee

given space and we are enriched by his measureless contribution to beauty.

A great painting of his, called *Pity,* is somewhat akin to the art of the British George Frederick Watts and Wiertz of Belgium, but it is a finer and more expressive design than either of them could have done. The horizontal space is lined horizontally with dark and light masses moving furiously from left to right. These masses are curious, almost ugly and discordant in shape. They seem to be moving through the skies at terrific speed. Eventually we discover they are cloudlike suggestions of powerful horses in the most furious of gallops; female riders crouch upon their backs. They really do not ride the horses; they are simply a part of the movement. The hair of the first woman is tossed into a great switch that cuts the horizontal lines in motion at a strange diagonal and helps to focus the attention to an exquisite tiny figure of a little child that has leapt upon the fingers of the rider extended down as she whirls by. This babe has arms raised in supplication to the strange one above it. Lying upon the earth in the attitude of utter hopeless dismay is the form of a clothed woman, stretching from side to side across the whole lower portion of the canvas. She does not see the cloud that sweeps above her. She does not know the little child that has left her brain, her heart, or her womb to make its appeal to the higher powers. The title of this picture is *Pity.* It is superb in its concept, amazing in its arrangement, organization and form. It is above criticism; it fulfills almost every law of the new schools—dynamic symmetries, expressionistic, rhythmic, abstractionistic. All of these laws of beauty were doubtless understood and demonstrated by this great forerunner of the modern schools of art. It would pay us to analyze any number of Blake's drawings and paintings. In each there is a new message and another comprehension of the possibilities of design.

His *Elijah, Hecate, Bathsheba* are each supreme masterpieces. The *Ascent of the Mountain of Purgatory,* a simple, fresh, water-color drawing, is comparable to any drawn design that has come from the East or the West. It is as decorative and rhythmic as a Japanese print. It has the meaning and the soul stir of a Rembrandt; a golden sun deliberately outlined with ink has a great serpent-like cloud moving across it from the sea below. Out of the sea rises a precipitous rock with a rugged path leading up its side. With great strides two women ascend this path, one high at the top, looking back and encouraging the second to follow. The drawing of these figures was mastered with a few lines each; their positions are pantomime of the highest order. This drawing, as deft and perfect as it is, could not have taken more than a few moments to do. It is hard to believe that such simplification and essential eloquence could have come in the early part of the nineteenth century.

If Blake had only been heeded, if his message could have been understood, he would have saved the Moores and the Leightons, the Landseers and the Clausens all their futile, aimless and nearly worthless labor. But it has required the eyes of a fresher world, a newer and more free century to understand the power and the beauty of the art of William Blake.

What is it that makes these great differences in the achievement of the arts? It is not knowledge, technical equipment, position in history, national or racial association. It is the bigness of the artist. If he is a great man with a fine mind, a big heart, fearless principles and far-reaching comprehension, his art becomes a blessing upon the earth. In other words, it is not his professional equipment that counts half as much as his bigness of spirit, his sense of balance, his understanding of life—in other words, his wisdom. A few Englishmen of the nineteenth century have been great persons with fine philosophy, the understanding of art, and the professional means to give it back to the world in lasting forms of beauty.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

THE Last of the Fighting Temeraire by J. M. W. Turner. In dramatic marine composition, this is one of the supreme masterpieces. The color goes from the warmest reds to the coldest blues and the tones from the darkest blacks to the most luminous whites. Dramatic contrasts may also be observed in the various objects floating upon the sea. Especially magnificent was Turner's ability to produce the drama of natural phenomenon. Page 233.

Self-Portrait by Angelica Kauffmann. Though Swiss by birth, a German by marriage, and an Italian by adoption, this lady through her residence in England caught the spirit of aristocratic portraiture and if she had not been so beautiful and social she would have become the equal of the greatest portrait painters. The suave composition is the acme of grace of line and softness of color. Page 221.

The Haywain by Constable. This picture was the first masterpiece having to do with the actual living qualities of the landscape. It shows remarkable observation of nature and the masterful ability to put it down. This was the picture that really founded the Barbizon School of France. Page 225.

Lachrymæ: Sorrow by Sir Frederick Leighton; sentimentality and artificial posturing carried to its climax, remarkable in its actual drawing but never great in its purpose. Romantic allegory done by an artist who was most interested in the things of his picture. Page 231.

Shoeing the Bay Mare by Landseer, one of the few beautiful paintings by this talented artist who devoted most of his life to painting silly animal tableaus. This composition is unusual but it might have gone better in a horizontal rather than a perpendicular space. Page 231.

A Reading from Homer by Alma-Tadema. The texture of the marble, the reality of the fur and hair and flesh in this picture constitutes its chief claim as an art production.

The costuming of the figures may be historically correct but their posturing is far more theatrically English than sincerely Greek. Page 237.

Morning at Longpré by Alfred East. Who has ever drawn and painted trees more beautifully? Notice the splendid strength of the tree growth but the delicate quality of the edges against the sky. The foreground is beautifully modulated in unified tones and the middle and far distance are not exaggerated in their color qualities. This composition is particularly a beautiful pattern of dark gray and light. East may be said to be the foremost "Barbizon" painter of England. Page 237.

The Shepherd's Chief Mourner by Landseer. This expresses quite perfectly the sentimental impulse of most of Landseer's paintings. May we say that he was primarily a lover of animals, and secondly an artist. Page 243.

Satan Smiting Job by William Blake, a drawing so forceful in its design that it hardly needs a title. The shapes and lines of the entire picture express the curse and the remorse within the consciousness. Blake was an intellectual artist rather than a sentimental one but he did develop great emotionalism. Page 249.

Pity by William Blake. This is one of the most inventive designs in the field of art, a perfect example of picture spacing, symbolic drawing and emotional allegory. Blake was more akin to the fathers of the pictorial arts than others of his time because his pictures were Symbolism rather than Realism, one of the few artists of the nineteenth century whose work loses nothing in the light of twentieth century criticism. Page 249.

A Reverie by Frank Dicksee, romantic sentimentality at its best. Masters of Realism had these painters become and very good showmen as well, able to arrange their stage and the actors to bring the immediate heart throb they desired. This form of picture making comes more consistently under the head of illustration than the fine art of painting. Page 255.

THE PRE-RAPHAELITE BROTHERHOOD

VII

ART is seldom the bursting forth of an unpremeditated eloquence. It is generally the result of plans deep laid through thought and devotion. There are no accidents in the art world. However, most of the greatest things in the arts were little thought to be of exceptional importance at the time they were conceived. Inspiration should always play an important rôle in the expression of beauty. It is not unlike love, and the impassioned artist much akin to the ardent lover. The so-called ‘‘temperament’’ of an artist is his heaven-given grace, without which he is ordinary. This is the obvious reason that matrimony all too often proves a failure in the art world. Easy enough it is for a mate to become jealous of the inspiration which the adored one finds in the world or in life apart from wedlock. It is a great soul and a most noble person who can make marriage to an artist a great success and a life of constant happiness. It has been done, and there ought to be a Hall of Fame for the perfect husbands and wives of great artists.

So many an artist has plodded and drudged through endless endeavor and then suddenly, in the spirit of play or bravado, under an unanticipated inspiration, has tossed off a seemingly unimportant creation which proves to be his masterpiece. In the main, however, the artist must work with definiteness of purpose. He cannot fumble or experiment except in study. He must be perfectly conscious of what the finished product is to be before he gets his endeavor well under way. Some artists can repeat themselves again and again in masterly fashion, but others will reach their climaxes only upon rare occasions and between times will fall far below their best. Standardization in art is always dangerous and generally fatal. Many an artist has failed because he tried too hard to follow the rules.

The artist who reaches success through a particular kind of endeavor is naturally tempted to seek more of the same applause, but he cannot be true to himself and imitate even himself. He must always be creative, venturing constantly into new channels and progressing with fresh ideas. An artist or a group of artists who go along aimlessly without a principle or a fixed goal may easily become lost in uncharted seas, but it is at least smothering and often totally disastrous for an artist or a group to lay themselves out too definite a program. This gives them no freedom for inspirational or spontaneous expression. It robs them of imagination and makes of their effort formulated dogma. All of this thought is preparatory to our study of the most closely knit, definitely formulated and actuated brotherhood, or art fraternity, of the entire nineteenth century.

The academies of all western countries—by these we mean Europe, the British Isles and America—had become so successful and authoritative after the first quarter of the century that it is not surprising to find in each country the young blood revolting and declaring for more freedom, or at least fresher principles. In England the first and only important revolt was a very gentle but positive one that came about in the year 1848. A group of the very best pupils of the Academy, aged from twenty to twenty-four, avowed their discontent at the methods of instruction and felt that the picture aim was valueless and "full of empty affectation." Three youths were particularly sure of this. They were Dante Gabriel Rossetti, already an accomplished poet and student of painting; Holman Hunt, who had already won medals in the field of painting, and John Everett Millais, an ardent satellite of the other two.

They worked in the same studio and firmly resolved to become their own teachers. Mulready, Maclise and Dais, the chief teachers of the Academy at that time, were declared by these youngsters to be hopelessly backward in their methods and unnatural and uninspirational in their viewpoints. The story goes that they accidentally came upon a portfolio of the engravings by the Italian Renaissance painter, Benozzo Gozzoli, containing his decorations in the Campo Santo at Pisa. Overjoyed they were with the feeling for life, the magnificent form and design, the purposeful philosophy and the intrinsic beauty of these pictures. They were so elated that they formulated a program and, in almost ritualistic gesture, laid themselves out to follow the principles and teachings only of the master painters before Raphael's time. They were sure that the sincerity of painting began to fall into decadence with Raphael and that never since his time had its great purpose been thoroughly understood.

They were guilty, in laying down for themselves a definite, invariable program, of the very thing they most openly opposed in the movements from the early sixteenth century until their own time. They believed that all of art during those three hundred years had become conventional through unnatural and insincere ambitions. It is quite true that painting of the latter two centuries had followed the most affected tendencies of the late Renaissance. The very fact that few important paintings came forth in Europe during that period proves there was something wrong with the viewpoint. These young men of London saw only the things to be criticized and, in the fashion of radicals, felt there was nothing right or worthy of endorsement.

They were joined by a few young men who felt the urge but had little ability to hold up their end of the program—Thomas Woolner, a young sculptor; James Collinson, a painter; F. G. Stevens, a critic, and William Rossetti, Dante's brother. Soon this group of youngsters was ardently at work to prove its philosophy. They painted and wrote, modeled and designed, always with the art of Italy before Raphael's time in mind. They had great adoration for the poems of Keats and Shelley, the writings of Dante, Chaucer and Shakespeare, and the Bible. Many of their early pictures were deliberate illustrations for these, but they never attempted to make their pictures accurate historically. They endeavored to do them in the spirit of the real Pre-Raphaelites who took the themes and stories of the classics and the Scriptures and interpreted them in terms of their own times.

In other words, Christ was not portrayed as a dweller of Palestine in the year one; he was revealed as a native of England, passing through the world and standing against its sin in the year 1850. This is precisely what the real Pre-Raphaelites had done. No representations of Mary, Christ and the Saints during the four hundred years of the Renaissance in Italy pretend to be revelations of historical incident. The costumes employed are thirteenth to seventeenth century; the backgrounds are those with which the artists were most familiar. In other words, the story was simply taken as a symbol of a spiritual truth or a divine principle applicable to the time in which the artist lived.

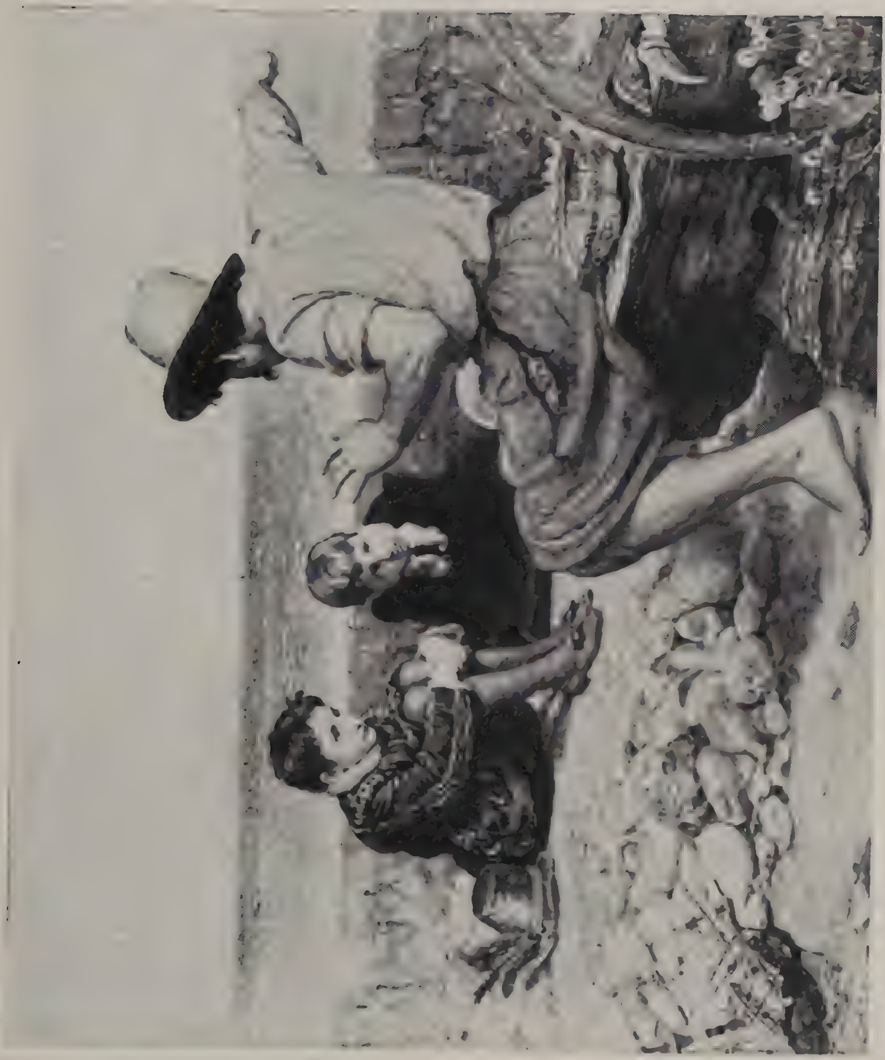
We even have painters today who do this. Less than a half century ago von Uhde of Germany, as we saw in our study of German romanticism, put Christ into the homes of the German peasantry in 1890. These Pre-Raphaelites did not limit themselves to their own hour as a background or to any particular hour. They very consistently accepted the beautiful costume and the feudal architecture of medieval England as especially picturesque and wholly fitting to their purposes. This, of course, was just as questionable as the notions which these painters openly opposed.

They declared that above everything else they should stand for Truth, whether it was Truth in realism or Truth in symbolism, and they felt that no detail of a picture should be subject to the least question as to whether it was the Truth. This naturally made them painstaking realists. Many a struggle must they have had in adjusting their philosophy to their work, for they were naturally poets with a particular love for and a very excellent taste in poetry. Poetry and the truth are often difficult to adjust to each other. Poetry is ever the most eloquent outlet of wisdom and not necessarily dependent upon exact material fact. Poetry without imagination is impossible to conceive, and one of the difficulties of education has always been the problem of distinguishing where imagination ends and the lie begins. Painting must always be allied to truth. A lie can never get by in painting. The thing that might be called falsehood in painting may readily be interpreted as simply imagination in poetry. The poet-painter is the one who can most happily adjust his work to these two seeming contraditions. This the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of England eventually did. Not all of their works were successful, however, and we are aware of their futile endeavor in some cases.

Holman Hunt and John Everett Millais were the first to expound successfully the principles of this new Brotherhood. In 1849, they had important paintings accepted for the Academy exhibition, and in 1850, Rossetti exhibited with them, and Ford Madox Brown, already well established as a painter, was seen to be in thorough accord. Brown never formally acclaimed its teachings or became a regular member of the fraternity, but on many an occasion after 1851, the group held its meetings in the studio of this firm friend. He was just a few years older than they, and managed his affairs so well that he became a very worthy example to the group and was always their chief counsellor.

The whole scheme of painting employed by the Brotherhood had little to do with technical performance. If they had only been better painters straight through, their art would have a much higher place today. In the light of modern technique their painting seems pretty bad. They gleaned none of the spontaneity that had been acquired by Constable; the time element they entirely overlooked; and they plodded and labored like lace-makers to produce intricate effects which had little or nothing to do with the greatness of the story they wished to tell or the composite beauty of the picture. But with all of their tightness of brush stroke and hardness of detail, they always used pure, brilliant color. Honesty was their first policy, and to the last stroke of the brush they were honest. They used the most expensive and the purest paints. They analysed the chemistry of their pigments, and knew that every mixture of color they employed was permanent and would last forever. The paintings of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood which eventually came in a veritable deluge are as brilliant today as when they were done.

The Brotherhood was in actual existence as a close corporation for about forty years. William Morris, the great art craftsman, his apprentice Walter Crane, Stanhope, and



Boyhood of Raleigh.—Millais

Strudwick, both admirable draughtsmen, illustrators, and painters, as well as the preëminent Edward Burne-Jones, are included within the Brotherhood. The name of George Frederick Watts may be added as the chief follower of the movement. At least he would not have been, were it not for the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite movement. The art of all these men can easily be arranged together without clash of thought or of beauty. They certainly belong within the same category whether they all belonged actually to the fraternity or not.

Let us first consider the art of Holman Hunt.* This painter is most renowned through his least important painting, the one which has become through purely sentimental reasons a first favorite. It is *The Light of the World,* a large, perpendicular panel with a lunetted top, which contains a life-sized representation of Christ knocking at a closed door. Hunt painted two of these pictures. The very fact that he could deliberately set himself to making an identical copy shows how intellectual and laborious must have been his approach. Most artists depend so definitely upon inspiration and spontaneity that they could not put themselves to this arduous, feelingless task. Today the second painting hangs in St. Paul's in London and is by all means the lion of the Cathedral. Thousands of persons go yearly to this edifice primarily to see this canvas. The original is at Oxford. An analysis of it gives us Hunt's whole principle and the key to the Brotherhood.

An English garden leads to the latched door of a cottage. It is twilight. The figure of Christ, tall, imposing and graceful, stands at the doorstep, overgrown with vines and weeds. He raps gently upon the door, but little expects to be admitted, for His attention is not given to the door but to us who are gazing upon Him. There is a full moon rising directly back of His head—or no, is it a halo? Well-kept English trees make a lacy silhouette against the evening sky. From the other hand of the Master hangs an elaborate Gothic lantern, through the windows and piercings of which shines a very brilliant light—brilliant for a single candle—upon His garments and His bare foot, the flowers and grasses, the weeds at the doorway. The light also shines up into His face, giving it a curious expression with all of the under-surfaces of the features illuminated. A crown of thorns rests upon the brow, and a great jeweled clasp at His throat holds a long, rich cape which falls to the earth. A long, dark mass of hair surrounds the face and falls to the shoulders. A well-trimmed beard and moustache complete the main features of the picture. The garment which Christ wears is defintely a medieval tunic and yet it is so simple and artistic in its design that we have our suspicions that it is one of Hunt's own creations rather than a copy of an historical costume.

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*See page 271.

The message is obvious. Christ is the Light of the World, and the lantern which He carries is but a symbol. The world has closed its door to Him. Neither He nor the light that He brings are welcome. The canvas is closely allied in its spirit to many of the romantic decorative illustrations by Schwind of Austria. It is not a particular expression of one nation or another. It is the result of a nineteenth century romantic viewpoint. *The Light of the World* is neither rhythmic nor very decorative. It is really neither realism nor symbolism; it is a thoroughly artificial concoction which moves us not today, and makes us wonder whether the conceits of the Brotherhood were not really more important than its inventions. Especially may we feel this after we are told that Hunt did not hesitate to make this head of Christ a portrait of himself.

This picture came forth in 1854 and created a great stir in England. However, the English mind had been pretty well prepared to receive it, as for three years the great writer of the Brotherhood and its most enthusiastic champion, John Ruskin, had been defending Hunt's work. Hunt had taken to illustrating Shakespeare and Keat's "Eve of St. Agnes," and had made the frontispiece for Bulwer-Lytton's "Rienzi," all of which had aroused much adverse criticism.

His pictures are literally cluttered with growing things; flowers and vines fill every possible corner. He painted them with microscopic reality. His pedantic fidelity to nature was his greatest hindrance. He drew with a fine understanding of anatomy, but his figures are somehow fixed in their positions for all time; they do not live or breathe. Sometimes his preaching was so obvious that his pictures became documentary evidence rather than the presentation of life or truth through beauty. The very titles are cumbersome and most of the pictures are so dependent upon a literary defense that they do not seem to be sufficient in themselves.

We cannot understand today how the *Light of the World,* with its mawkish sentimentality, its obvious preachment, has become so much the subject of conversation and discussion throughout the British Isles. Did Ruskin do it, or was it merely the low level of human endeavor and interest that found a sympathetic outlet in the discussion of this inane picture? One defense only does it have today. It did bring the idea of Christ as a living principle to the attention of a great many people. The original still hangs in Keble College, Oxford, and it is much better than the replica that Hunt made in his seventieth year and which is at St. Paul's. Here are the titles of others of his pictures: *Valentine Protecting Sylvia from Proteus, A Converted British Family Sheltering a Christian Missionary from the Persecution of the Druids, The Hireling Shepherd, Dr. Rockcliffe Performing Divine Service in the Cottage of Jocelyn Joliffe at Woodstock, The Finding of Our Savior in the Temple,* and eventually his great picture *The Triumph of the Innocents.*

This last and truly important work was the result of a long sojourn that he made in Palestine. His first picture resulting from the Palestine experience was *The Scapegoat,* a horribly unbeautiful concept, ugly and desolate in its design, repellent in its symbolism, but amazingly beautiful in color. Of course, it is a symbol of the outcast. A single, lonely mongrel sort of animal, more goat than anything else, stands bleating on the salt-encrusted shores of the Dead Sea. Carcases float in the stagnant water, bones are caked into the salty shore; beyond are the purple mountains of Edom. The ugliness of the entire picture is bathed in a lovely effect of evening sky. Of course, it was an astonishing departure in realistic symbolism, and the stir it created was much more justified than that made by most of Hunt's pictures, but today it seems to us inartistic and thoroughly unbeautiful with too obvious a propaganda and little justification as art.

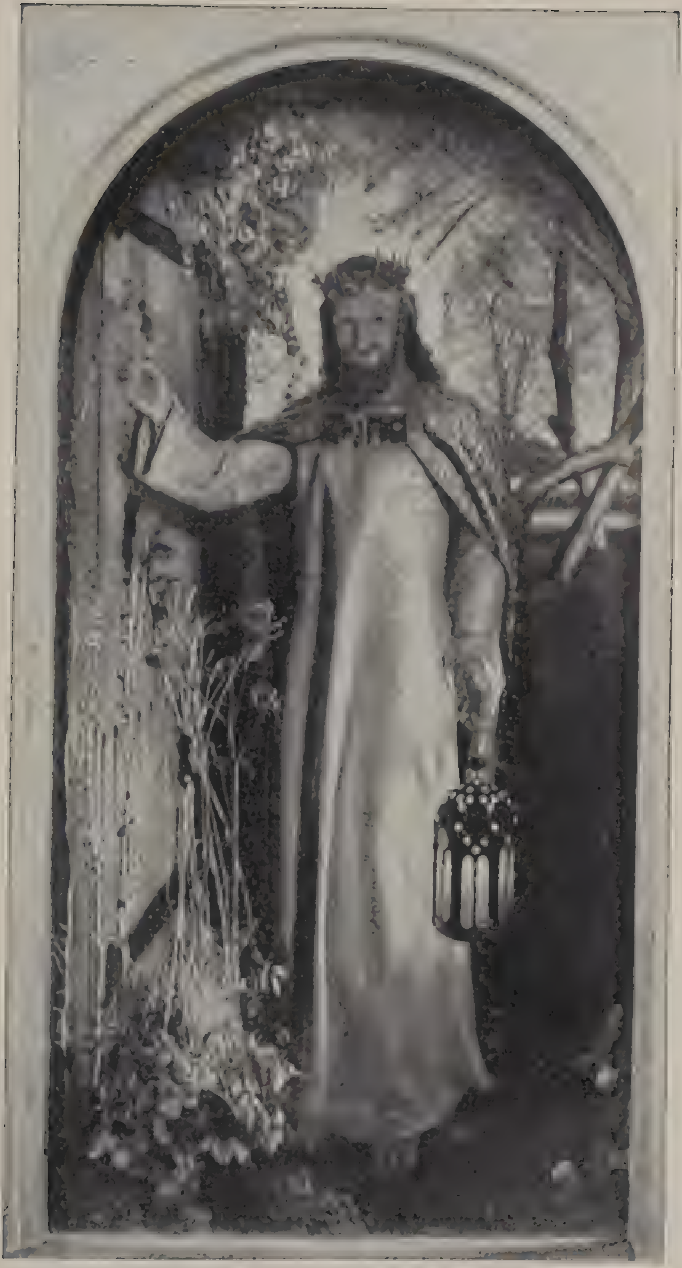
This was followed by his *Finding of Jesus in the Temple,* which is a spirited tableau of the young Christ with eyes almost of the wildness of a fanatic preaching to the sages in the Temple. The intricate detail of every object in the picture is almost beyond photography in its realism. This picture was exhibited in London and throughout the provinces and was purchased for five thousand five hundred pounds for the library of St. James's Palace. This was in 1860 and it was the highest price that had ever been paid for a painting by a living artist. Seldom since that time has an artist received as much as twenty-five thousand dollars for a canvas. Hunt had spent a number of years on it. His next great religious picture took almost ten years and did not appear until 1873. It is called *The Shadow of the Cross* and shows the slightly draped figure of the young Christ working in his father's carpenter shop. He pauses and stretches from the fatigue of his labors, and the late sun shining in at the doorway casts from his erect body and outstretched arms a shadow of the Cross along the floor and up the wall back of him. His mother, crouching near by, perceives this shadow and raises her hands in tremulous fear at its omen.

This work was presented to the Manchester Gallery by Sir William Agnew and the price was said to have been more than that paid for the Birmingham canvas. Then, after another two years spent in Jerusalem, Hunt returned with his *Triumph of the Innocents.* He had been working on this canvas for many years, making endless studies. It is slightly amusing that it had to be done in Jerusalem, for there is little about it that has anything to do with the people or the landscape, the atmosphere, or the color of Judea. It is an imaginary episode of "The Flight Into Egypt." We see the Holy Family, mother and Christchild upon a donkey, Joseph striding beside them. The procession is in a strange, ethereal spot, "marching along the waters of life" and "illuminated with unearthly light." They are attended by a great array of Holy Innocents—babes as cherubs floating, dancing, flying through space without wings. All have halos—glittering, almost jewel-like, metallic in their luminosity. They cluster about the Christchild and the Mary; they guide the caravan upon its way; they protect the Joseph from his fears. Mary embodies in figure and countenance a beautiful English woman and is very conscious of this holy compliment. Joseph does not see the cherubim, but the Christchild plays with his invisible companions and the donkey is very conscious of their presence. Soap bubbles, crystal balloons, spherical rainbows float and dance about the scene. It is an amazing mixture of every known form of realism, symbolism and allegory.

It all came from a literary era; from an age of discussion when conversation knew neither beginning nor end. Throughout the Victorian period conversation became more and more interminable until, especially in England, the intelligentsia talked itself to death, and the pictures by Holman Hunt nearly "talk" us into unconsciousness. If it were not for its elaborate and fascinating pattern and its extremely beautiful color *The Triumph of the Innocents* would be beyond redemption. This picture hangs in the Walker Gallery in Liverpool. We are not altogether amazed to find another of the same subject in the Birmingham Gallery. It is not a replica, for much of it is different. The color is not like the other, and the whole canvas is slightly smaller.

The story goes that the one actually painted in Jerusalem upon a piece of linen procured there began to crack badly, and rather than to try to save it, Hunt painted an entirely new picture. However, the original was eventually rebacked with a new canvas and considerably repainted, so some ten years after the replica had gained a world renown in Liverpool the original put in its appearance. Some feel that the original is much the best composition.

In 1899 he painted the most important of his later works, *The Miracle of Sacred Fire in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem.* He declared his ambition to be "to serve as high priest and expounder of the excellence of the works of the Creator." In 1905 he published his "History of Pre-Raphaelitism." In the last five years of his life



The Light of the World.—Hunt

he painted very little, and died in London in 1910. He was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral with national honors. Hunt's actual activity for the Brotherhood was not great, but he consistently expounded its principles throughout his life as none of the others did.

Ford Madox Brown* was really the great intellectual of the group. He was less poet than Rossetti, less painter than Millais, and less propagandist than Hunt, but his canvases have an intellectual grasp that places them in a very superior position. With reason and science aforethought was every note placed in his pictures. His compositions are incontestably correct. They are ponderous, laborious, uninspirational, but magnificently rich in color and perfect in drawing to the last realistic possibility. Madox Brown supplied the stamina for the entire movement. He had friends among the foremost publishers; he never wanted for friends among the intellectually prominent. The technique of his paintings was closely akin to that of Hunt. He took a deliberate stand against genre painting. He felt that everything British could only attain its position by its degree of aristocracy, and even though he painted largely illustrations for the Bible and Shakespeare, each successive canvas showed a greater degree of aristocratic feeling. This sort of thing was certainly excellent for Shakespeare but somewhat questionable for the Bible.

Christ never walked through such a magnificent world of material wealth, of elegant gesture, of human loftiness as Ford Madox Brown surrounded him with. In his richly colored water-color, *Christ Washing the Feet of Peter*, every person in the picture is thoroughly conscious that he is a very important person. It is grandiose acting of the most extravagant kind. No stage designer could have given Christ more complete and pictorial garments. Peter is the patriarch of patriarchs. The guests at his table would shame the friends of Boccaccio. The painting of the textures, from the immaculate white of the heavy English linen tablecloth to the reflecting surfaces of the shining metal bowl in which the feet are being washed, are utter realism. Madox Brown had a way of pulling his forms together, of making the folds of drapery and the outlines of shapes continuous, flowing elements in beautifully thought out composition.

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*See pages 277, 295.

With all of their artificial pose and gesture, his paintings delight us through their richness of conception. One canvas of Juliet in the balcony overlooking gardens, housetops and river valley, with the swallows of the dawn whirling back and forth against the early morning sky, and Romeo, who has climbed up a rope ladder to her balcony, showering her face and neck with the impassioned kisses of the most ardent of lovers, is a characteristic Madox Brown portrait. The draperies of the two, the intricate wrought-iron rail of the balcony, the leaded glass of Juliet's window, the apple-blossom branches which reach into the lower edge of the picture, are richer in their design and swirl, more complicated in their multiple delineation than the art of any other painter.

Madox Brown was certainly fortunate that his genius was able to command so comprehensive a notion of color. After all, color is the first message of the painter, and in color these Pre-Raphaelites, especially Madox Brown, excelled.

A certain affinity between the painting of Brown and Alfred Stevens of Belgium is apparent, which is quite readily explained when we learn that both men were pupils of Baron Wappers, the most important teacher in Antwerp during the 1830's, under whom they acquired their remarkable force in drawing and delineation through grace of line.

Among Brown's most successful compositions is one called *Work,* a street scene at Hampstead, which has almost the character of mural decoration. A group of most elegant and gentlemen-like workmen are busy with an excavated ditch through a well traversed road, while gentlemen and ladies of leisure pick their way past. The faces of the pedestrians are the actual portraits of Madox Brown's friends, including some of the Pre-Raphaelite men.

Then came a very remarkable water-color called *The Last of England,* a circular composition showing emigrants on the deck of a channel steamer leaving the shores of the motherland. It is raining; a man with sallow complexion, deepset eyes, shabby coat pinned up to his throat and an old slouch hat pulled down over his dark hair, holds a large umbrella over himself and a sturdy, beautiful young woman, toward whom he leans dependently. This woman, with wide-open light blue eyes, looks directly at us. She is immaculately clothed, but in heavy, simple things. There is force, neatness, determination about her. A heavy, somber shawl protects her from the weather, and at the edge of it we see that her hand clasps a tiny bit of a hand and that there, quite indistinctly beneath the shawl, is the form of a baby pressed to her breast. The weakness of the man, his failure, his need to go away are all evident. Her strength, her success as wife and helpmeet, her mastery of each situation are evident. But this, as we see, is all literature; it has little or nothing to do with the art of painting.

His water color of *Elijah and the Widow's Son* is beautifully and dramatically stylized. Down a steep stone stairway comes the patriarchal Elijah bearing the figure of a boy wrapped in grave clothes, but the boy is very much alive as he is lifted down to his mother, who clasps her hands in prayers of gratitude to Elijah. It is a very original way of telling this story, and the properties of this picture are most inventively arranged and unusual in their selection. But after all it is more closely allied to literature or the art of the theater than to painting. His Shakespearean illustrations are even more gorgeous. *Lear and Cordelia* is utterly operatic in its stagecraft. The grouping of the figures, the swing of their elaborate costumes, the medieval shadows of the great castle, the lonely isolation of the mistreated monarch, the selfish extravagance of the world in which he dies, are all vividly pictured.

One cannot understand how Madox Brown's paintings could have been so little in demand during his life, when Holman Hunt's were sold almost before they left the easel. Brown never received large prices for his pictures, and he often felt want. He evidently did not feel the pulse of his time; he did not know quite what it was to touch the fashionable thought of the moment. There is scarcely a composition of his that we know that is not superior to any of Hunt's as a matter of design and painting. Some day the Madox Browns will bring in high prices when the Holman

Hunts may bring little. His philosophy, however, as evidenced in his work, was agnostic, while Hunt was a high church man. The people may have been able to read this in his pictures, and to the sentiment of the most romantic of all periods this would hardly do.

John Everett Millais* held out the greatest promise, in the beginning, of any of the Brotherhood, but he was the very first to betray its principles. His paintings up to the time he was forty years of age are among the best that ever came out of England, but from that time on down he deteriorated and his art became weaker and sillier until it was little more than frivolity at the end of his life. About the age of Holman Hunt and a close worker with him for a while, Millais accepted at the beginning the theories of the Pre-Raphaelites without question, or until he felt that his popularity could be more rapidly developed alone, when his craving for popular acclaim and support led him far astray.

He was half Frenchman, his parents coming from the Isle of Jersey, and he spent his childhood in Brittany. At the age of nine we find him in the London schools of drawing. At the age of eighteen he came forth with a very important canvas. In fact, it is almost his foremost picture. It is called *Lorenzo and Isabella*, and hangs in the Walker Gallery in Liverpool. It is amazing that a boy of eighteen could have done so complete and perfect a piece of painting. Dining at a very low table is a group of a dozen medieval people in an elegant background of medieval Italian splendor. Isabella is seen in the first place at the right, but is little interested in her food. A graceful hound has put his head in her lap, and the vigorous gentleman in the place opposite reaches his be-tighted leg across to scratch the dog's side with his toe. Next to Isabella, the love-lorn Lorenzo gazes at her with unabated longing as he tries to pass food to her. The rest at the table are busy about their eating and drinking. Behind Isabella stands a servant in a black velvet jerkin and silk tights.

Every figure is perfectly drawn; each face is a character portrait. The composition is original and inventive, and while the color is somewhat dry and the handling tight, it is brilliant, nevertheless. The most interesting feature of the picture is that the faces are actual portraits; the master of the house is Ford Madox Brown, the man beside him is Holman Hunt, Lorenzo is Dante Gabriel Rossetti, Isabella is the Beatrice of Rossetti's dreams, and the standing servant is young Burne-Jones. In fact, there are no better portraits of these five persons in existence. A profile in the left of the group, behind Holman Hunt, is of young Millais himself. Of course it was supposed to be a scene from Boccaccio's famous tale "The Pot of Basil."

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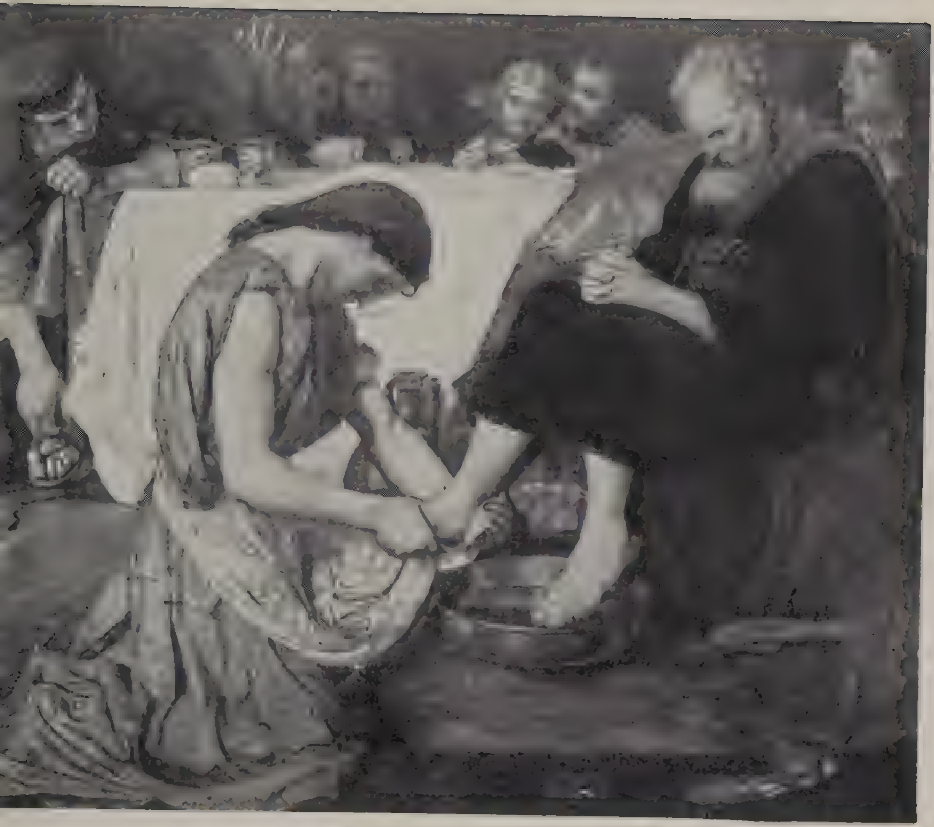
*See page 265.

This was followed by many fine canvases, among them *Autumn Leaves,* in which four lovely girls are raking leaves and piling them to be burned in an autumn bonfire. This picture was almost his undoing, for he attained popular acclaim largely through the exquisite beauty of the faces of the girls. This spoiled him, for he went about to paint more and more of this sort of thing. *The Vale of Rest* shows a nunnery graveyard with nuns busily digging a grave for one of their number. The face of the seated Sister Superior is unnecessarily sleek; the rose twilight that permeates the sad spot a bit too obvious.

Then came a wonderful canvas which was superior to anything of that period or anything that followed—*The Eve of St. Agnes.* St. Agnes, in her nun's robes, has swung open the leaded casement window of her study. Upon an altar close to the window burns a candle, revealing a crucifix. Through the window comes a breath of cold air, for out in the garden below and over the walls and behind the gate, the world stretches deep in white snow bathed in moonlight. It is a very wonderful painting of moonlight and winter air, and shows the keenest observation and a fine mastery of representation.

It is unfortunate that Millais could not have been content with this kind of achievement, but no, he turned to pretty children, sweet girls, and silly compositions of lovers, *The Huguenots, The First Minuet, Sisters, Sleeping, Awake, Rosalind and Celia, Cherry Ripe, Little Miss Muffet, Bubbles, Sweetest Eyes Ever Seen.* Even his famous *Princes in the Tower, The Princess Elizabeth,* and the highly popular *Effie Deans* prove that he had become a sentimentalist of the softest type. These paintings are the



Christ Washing Peter's Feet.—Madox Brown

A-IV—19

most cloyingly sweet of any that came out of a cloyingly sweet age. They are just hopelessly sentimental. There is no vitality of painting, no understanding of art principles revealed, and nothing but sweetish stories told in a sweet way. Of course, we find his paintings in every important gallery in England, but it is interesting that they are being placed each year in less conspicuous positions.

Some of his portraits are highly commendable. Mrs. Jopling, Thomas Carlyle, Lord Tennyson, and Gladstone were among his sitters. He is represented many times in the National Portrait Gallery. Certainly he had a most facile brush; drawing was as nothing to him. In 1895 he was elected President of the British Royal Academy, succeeding Lord Leighton, and in 1896 he died and was buried in St. Paul's Cathedral.

The whole winter exhibition of the Royal Academy in 1898 was devoted to his work. This was a sad event, for almost without exception the critics, from the Continent and England as well, found in the collective work of this master more to be condemned than praised. One said that twenty of his canvases alone would be worth saving, and that the other three hundred were worthless.

With such sentimentality as Millais was given tc, and was evidently part and parcel of the whole English nature at that time, it is not surprising that a great reaction set in and that the new movements of the Twentieth Century England were diametrically opposed to it. Millais, in his weakest phases, had many a rival, but none of them had any claim whatsoever to the Pre-Raphaelite movement. Men like John Philip and Richard Arnsdell would not even be worth mentioning if it were not that they did do some extremely interesting steel engravings of English scenery and life.

Now we come to the two great names of the movement, Dante Gabriel Rossetti* and Sir Edward Burne-Jones. The fact that Burne-Jones was knighted may or may not prove something about him. We know that he was knighted by Edward VII because of his great contribution of painting to the glory of England, but Sir John Everett Millais, the only other Pre-Raphaelite to receive such honor, was knighted by Queen Victoria for the same reason, and not at all in recognition of the important early things he did but because of the popular acclaim that had been given to his later rubbish.

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*See page 255.

At the formation of the Brotherhood, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, the son of an Italian gentleman and a very lovely English lady, was the youngest member of the group. But through him, those things that most pertain to the spirit of Pre-Raphaelism came into the group. By blood and spirit, Rossetti had Italy in his background. Fra Angelico, Benozzo Gozzoli, Botticelli, Dante, and Boccaccio were all understood and adored by this sensitive mind and exquisite poet. Rossetti always lived in a world of poetic mysticism and he seldom painted things that pretended to be expositions of realism. As already stated, he was a poet at a very early age, and today the collection of his poems makes one of the most exquisite and rich volumes in the whole of the English language. Rossetti was imbued with the passionate fire of the Latin. This, combined with a literary grasp of the English and the persistent energy of the Nineteenth Century, made of him a most interesting character and artist.

While Brown, Hunt, and Millais tended more and more to realism, Rossetti leaned toward mysticism. His art is called by Muther, "a kind of Italian Renaissance upon English soil." Rossetti's father was the great commentator of Dante and endowed his son with the name that in itself alone was an obligation young Rossetti had to fulfill. So the Dante complex held him throughout his life. If fathers and mothers only knew how important the imposing of a name upon an offspring really is, they would select with far greater care than they do. In this case, it wrought wonders, for before he was fifteen years of age, this boy knew all of Dante by heart. He had also read Shelley and Keats. His sisters were brilliant. The elder one, Maria, was the authoress of "A Shadow of Dante," and the younger one, Christina, became one of the most eminent poetesses of England. His brother William became a nationally recognized art critic and painted well.

From 1842 to 1850, Dante Gabriel Rossetti devoted more of his time to writing than to painting, although he was seen almost constantly in the companionship of Ford Madox Brown and spent many hours in Brown's studio at an easel. In fact, not until 1850, when he met Miss Elizabeth Siddal, a young dressmaker's assistant who proved the embodiment of his idea of loveliness, did he turn wholeheartedly to painting. She had a mass of hair of a distinct reddish tint, a very pallid complexion with an extremely long neck and a prominent, cleancut chin. Her mouth was beautifully lined and extremely sensuous. Her eyes spoke always with sadness; her lips were seldom parted. She was a highly characteristic example of the angular, languid English type. Not one person in a hundred would think of her as being extremely beautiful, but to Dante she was the realization of everything lovely that the human eye could perceive, so she actually became a Beatrice to this Dante. She immediately became his model, posing for the girl that was *Mary, Virgin, The Salutation of Beatrice on Earth and in Eden,* many compositions of *Beata Beatrix,* and the famous *Dante's Dream* which is in the Walker Gallery in Liverpool. In fact, in no pictures of Rossetti's do we find feminine beauty except that which was Elizabeth Siddall's. He did so much to make this type popular that today it is considered in England the acme of British loveliness. But in reality, it is a far less cultivated or beautiful type than many another which has graced England.

Dante's Dream is a huge canvas of a rich old Florentine interior. To the left, through a doorway, is seen a courtyard and narrow street of Florence. To the right, a stairway leads to a higher level and beyond it the towers of the resplendent city. The center of the picture is occupied by a tapestried wall which acts as a background for the pageant being enacted before it. The wooden floor is strewn with flaming poppies, and a red dove, so often seen in Rossetti's paintings, flies down the stairway to enter the room. The episode is played by five persons. Beatrice lies in death upon her bier, two women attendants lift a cloth from the figure so that Dante, who stands by with an angel, may look upon the face of his dead love. The angel stoops under the canopy of the cloth, and as he does so, the figure of Beatrice rises to a seated posture as the angel kisses her upon the cheek. Dante clasps the hand of the angel with deep emotion as this takes place.

We do not know what it is all about unless we go back and read the poems of Dante. Even then we do not know unless we read the declamation of Rossetti, or the long paragraphs of defense penned by Ruskin. It is thought of in England as Rossetti's most important canvas, and as for poetic beauty, grace of line, and loveliness of color, not he nor any other poet has painted a more beautiful composition. It is rather interesting that two of the most important poets of Nineteenth Century England, Blake and Rossetti, should also have been great picture makers.

Before meeting his ideal of loveliness, Rossetti had painted an *Annunciation,* almost entirely in white, a very original concept of a lovely Mary rising from a couch and leaning with great timidity against the wall beside her as she beholds Gabriel floating toward her on little tongues of orange flame and extending to her a lily. The garments of both, the lily, and the background are all white. No other artist of his time had attempted a painting in color that should be essentially a white composition. It has been done many times since. The character and beauty of this Mary are almost identical to those which he eventually found in Elizabeth Siddal, but we know that he had never met her nor anyone who really resembled her when he painted this annunciation. This in itself is proof enough that his ideal of beauty did not depend upon her, but that his adoration for her followed because she fulfilled his ideal.

In some compositions, such as the *Sir Galahad, Mary Magdalen at the House of Simon the Pharisee,* and *The Day Dream* show us how definitely he came under the Holman Hunt influence, for there is infinite, meticulous detail throughout every inch of these canvases. Each became a woven fabric of ideas as numerous and intricate as the threads of a tapestry.

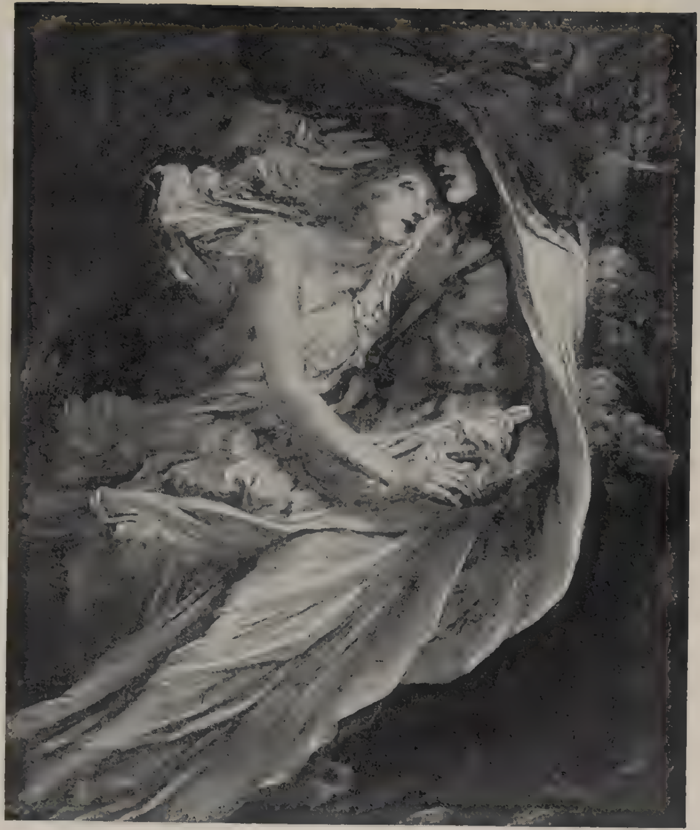
Rossetti had written "The Blessed Damozel" in 1848. It was published in 1850, about the time he met the one who was to be glorified as no English woman had ever been.

She certainly also fulfills his ideal as expressed in this poem, and when he painted her as *The Blessed Damozel,* "and the stars in her hair were seven," it seemed a perfect culmination of life circumstances that the poet, the painter, and the lovely lady should all have come at the same time so that this perfect eloquence could have been given to the world.

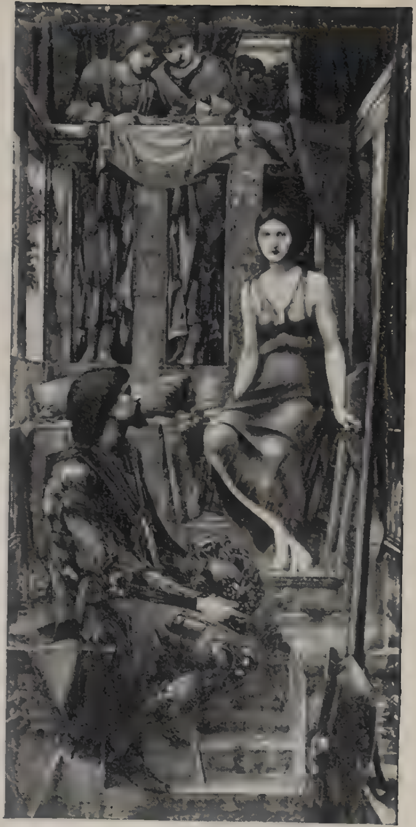
Much is written about Rossetti's contact with the literary outlet, his constant dependence upon the great heritage of poetry, and there are many who think of him as poet rather than painter. But surely, in both of these mediums, he magnificently revived the true romantic spirit of the Renaissance. It is a higher type of romance than the average of the Nineteenth Century, largely because it is poetic and imaginative.

He knew Elizabeth Siddal and loved her deeply for nearly ten years before he married her, but his love life also took on a Dantesque aspect, for Mrs. Rossetti lived but two years after this marriage, dying a very tragic death. He was overcome with grief. He even had his poems, every one of them, placed in her coffin and buried with her. Most of them were only in manuscript, and not until seven years later were they disinterred and published. After his first paroxysm of grief was over, he turned wildly to his work and wrote and painted alternately through the rest of his life. He became very intimate with William Morris, the magnificent art craftsman of the movement, and found himself adored by young Burne-Jones, whose friendship he grew to prize highly.

Not so much in the matter of the actual pictures he painted or the poems he wrote is Rossetti's contribution to be measured, but rather through the very distinctive influence on English taste that his works have had. No one has done more to enrich and refine English taste than Rossetti. His influence is widespread and felt in every phase of English expression. William Morris' wallpaper and furniture, Walter Crane's leaded glass and book illustrations, designs in theater costumes and settings, and painting in general became much more poetic, less material, more subtle and mystic, less sentimental, and more beautiful through his



Paolo and Francesca.—Watts



King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid.—Burne-Jones influence. The greatest result of his painting influence came in the work of that mightiest of the Pre-Raphaelites, Edward Burne-Jones.*

Burne-Jones felt a double responsibility in his regard for the art of Rossetti, for Rossetti died in the very beginning of Burne-Jones' success. The fires in Rossetti's temperament burnt him out quickly, for he passed away at the age of fifty-four. Burne-Jones felt that he was the only disciple to carry on the work of his beloved master. Rossetti's contribution in poetry had seemed complete, but his painting somehow only begun. Burne-Jones had not only been influenced by Rossetti, he had been devoted to the teachings and the example of Madox Brown and Holman Hunt. He had gleaned with his staunch and studious Welsh and Celtic nature from every possible source. He was only five years the junior of Rossetti, but this, of course, among young men makes a great difference.

Burne-Jones was educated at King Edward's school in Birmingham and was destined for the church. When he entered Exeter College at Oxford in 1853, William Morris entered for exactly the same purpose, to take the orders. The two were thrown together and immediately became close friends. Both had definite leanings toward the arts, and their friendship stimulated this interest. They went gallery-touring, seeing together not only the paintings in the University collection, but those in London. They both became fairly enamoured of the Italian pictures, and through this devotion succeeded in meeting Rossetti in the early fifties.

Burne-Jones left college deliberately to pursue the arts, settling in London where he was soon joined by Morris. They lived in Red Lion Square and worked directly under Rossetti's instructions. Burne-Jones said that at twenty-five he found himself where he should have been at fifteen. He resolutely set himself the task of drawing daily, as he had firmly determined to become a painter. In 1856, Rossetti declared that there was nothing more he could teach Burne-Jones, and in 1857 invited him to assist in the scheme to decorate the walls of Oxford University. This was fatal, for neither of them knew anything about fresco and the paintings began peeling from the walls before they were completed.

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*See pages 283, 291.

In 1859, largely through the encouragement of Rossetti, Burne-Jones made his first journey to Italy, and possibly just to be original or not to follow too closely the paths of the Florentine devotees, Burne-Jones declared himself much more in sympathy with the school of Siena. He came back to England determined to exploit in his own art the things that had been instigated by the Sienese. This clean edged, highly patterned, most decorative art of Italy proved a most happy influence for him. He began doing water colors, and a series of very splendid literary drawings in delicate tinting was the result of his next two years' effort, giving him a considerable place among the artists and publishers of Bond Street. In 1873 he began a number of large pictures in oil, in which endeavor Rossetti encouraged him heartily.

In May, 1877, his great day of recognition came at the opening of the first exhibition of the now famous Grosvenor Gallery where his *Days of Creation* and *Mirror of Venus* created a veritable sensation. Then followed his *Chant of Love, Pan and Psyche,* and the other works of 1878. These were done in very youthful and gay colors. In 1879 came his exquisite lower toned canvas of the *Annunciation,* a subdued flame of loveliness in gray and blue fire. A year later came *The Golden Stairs,* followed by the *Wheel of Fortune, King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid,* and *The Mill.* By this time, Burne-Jones was established as one of the most perfect painters in three hundred years.

In spite of the fact that Elie Faure, classing Burne-Jones with the Ruskin disciples, spends some few paragraphs telling why they failed and sums up Burne-Jones with this one sentence, "Burne-Jones is only a sentimental Mantegna entangled with a Botticelli infected by Puritanism," we assure ourselves that only the most prejudiced and self-biased viewpoint could fail to find in him a superior intellect and a master craftsman in perfect union with a profoundly esthetic soul. In a red-blooded, frank and proseful age such as this post-war period, too much of the Pre-Raphaelite diet would naturally be difficult to stomach.

By 1885 he had been given almost every honor that was possible in the English art world, including full membership in the Royal Academy, and these honors were not given through any personal favoritism or as the result of Ruskin propaganda, but because of the actual achievements of the superior thinker painter. People who do not have a taste for poetry, who are not interested in exotic expressions of beauty, who are not concerned with traditions whether material or spiritual, would naturally find little interest in Burne-Jones, but those who have an immediate elation in viewing his pictures may rest assured that they are attuned to all these things.

It is difficult to analyze Burne-Jones' pictures from the reproductions, and almost utterly impossible to describe them in words. This fact lifts them out of the literary limitation under which most casual critics would place them. They are not paintings, pure and simple, because they were made under the spell of endless ventures of thought which extend to the farthest ramifications of English tradition and the attainments of twenty centuries. There are reasons galore for all that Burne-Jones did, so the place occupied by his works may be more consistently within the field of intellect than of emotion. And as has been said before, the last judgment of a work of art is its measure of emotional eloquence. To a friend Burne-Jones wrote of his aims in art as follows: "I mean, by a picture, a beautiful romantic dream of something that never was, never will be—in a light better than any light that ever shone, in a land no one can define or remember, only desire—and the forms divinely beautiful, and then I wake up, with the waking of Brünhild."

In his aims he is sometimes foolishly likened to his French contemporary, Puvis de Chavannes Only the fact that people who are attuned to enjoy spontaneously Burne-Jones' paintings may also readily enjoy Puvis de Chavanne's works makes them similar. Their methods of painting, their treatment of line, design, and color, their delineation of form, and their whole thesis of beauty are so widely divergent that it is like trying to compare the Taj Mahal and the Cathedral of Chartres. Most everyone who likes and comprehends Chartres is quite able to enjoy the Taj Mahal.

In Burne-Jones' *Annunciation* we find his whole method revealed. It is a dream, but entirely coherent. Here is a rhythmic relationship between architecture, drapery, and nature carried through to an unbroken conclusion. Not one line of this exquisite, narrow perpendicular picture but that was thought out to its last possibility. A beautiful, pensive English girl, tall and slender but with the statuesque form that Rossetti also painted, stands beneath arches of a structure more exotic than builders ever produced. Only in the very modern mastery of steel and concrete have such fanciful and altogether poetic building forms as Burne-Jones created been possible. Before these arches, nature has spread her blessing of flowering vine and fruitbearing tree. All appears to have come into being under the magic wand of a god from Mount Olympus. Deep perspective through these arches leads the eye to inner sanctuaries. In the foreground, and to one side near a well curb, stands the timid, lovely maiden. Dropping down through the exotic tree from heaven itself sweeps an angel's figure. The draperies and the wings, the movement of limbs and body, the poise of hands and the loveliness of countenance, make this angel the most aristrocatic one in all art. Is the message of the annunciation perfectly apparent in this picture, or is it our knowledge of the subject, the education we have had in these matters, that makes us know it? This was one of Burne-Jones' first superior achievements, and twenty years later, or more, he came forth with a comparable picture called *The Depths of the Sea.*

In the colors of soft dove and faun gray, marble and ivory white, delicate jade green and lapis lazuli blue, the two pictures might have been painted from the same palette at identically the same time. But in *The Depths of the Sea* we are able to discover a more mature assurance and a far more elegant simplification. The shapes of the two panels are alike, and the dropping figures with ascending lines also make them similar, for in this later work, a mermaid is carrying down with her to the bejeweled floor of the sea a "youth whom she has unconsciously drowned in the impetuousness of her love." He was fond of this problem of design, and where in the field of art has the perpendicular panel been as successfully handled unless in the wood-block prints of Eighteenth Century Japan?

Once in a while, Burne-Jones did a square composition, as *The Sea Nymph.* In this, we discover that elegant, rhythmic swirl that he could do so wonderfully. His faces always have a placid serenity and a platonic aloofness that indicates something apart from human passions. It is this quality that brings the charge of Puritanism to Burne-Jones. Even in his famous *Paolo and Francesca,* representing this Italian heroine and her forbidden lover at the very moment of their engulfing confessions of love, there is a spiritual aura that lifts it into ethereal atmosphere and makes Burne-Jones' preachments of love, doctrines of soul-mating altogether aloof from the workings of nature in the material world. In fact, it is simply poetry divine, the loftiest and most exquisite way to tell a tale.

The *King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid* shows his elaboration completely. It is not a picture that one may read as he runs. When one comes upon it in the Tate Gallery, he feels that he would like to see it on a wall by itself and be able to sit down before it to gaze long and thoughtfully. It is almost like a whole evening at the theater or a concert. A superb interior in classic design of marble, bronze, crystal, and velvet is the setting for a beggar maid in rags who has been enthroned in the palace of King Cophetua. Pages-in-waiting decorate the balcony that surrounds the hall, with elaborate brocades. King Cophetua sits at a lower elevation, armoured in somber garments and with clasped hands and raised eyes adores this pure one whom he found, after traversing the world, there upon his own doorstep, the embodiment of innocence and purity, fit to sit upon his throne and to be his mate through life. The language that Burne-Jones has used to describe this scene is much more elaborate than our employment of English here. This picture in some ways is the acme of the entire production of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

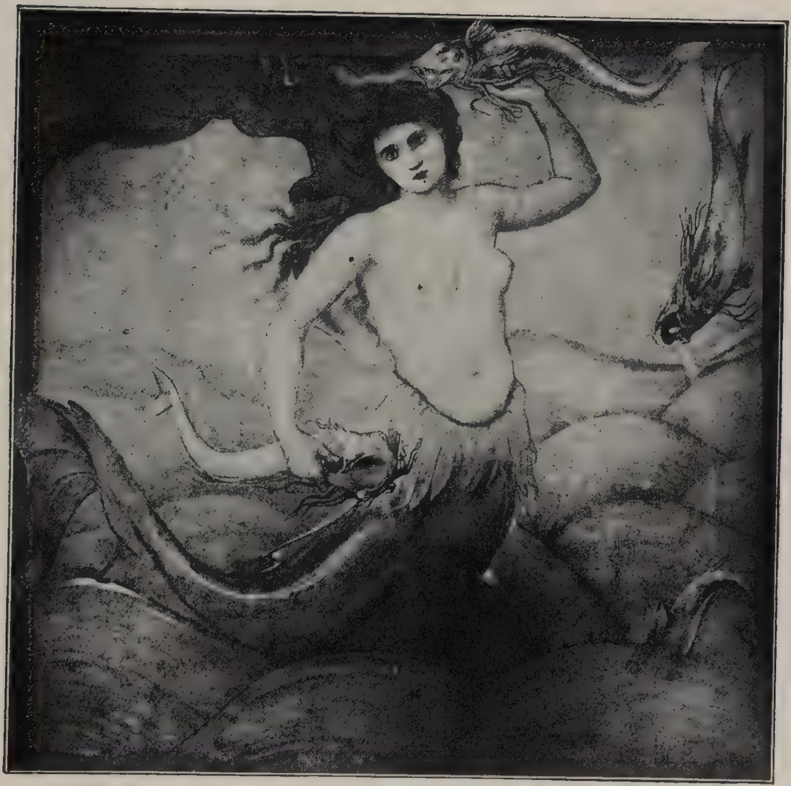
The most popular of Burne-Jones' paintings is *The Golden Stairs,* which has been sold in printed reproduction more than any other English picture. The circular stairway of characteristic exotic architecture sweeps upward through a perpendicular panel and is filled with the most beautiful procession of young women clothed in classic raiment, descending as if to the strains of heavenly music. Not a maiden in the entire group seems very real. They are not desirable because of any intellectuality or for any physical attractions, but they are as beautiful as flowers and the whole picture blossoms with a springtime loveliness and fragrance. It is a white composition, and, in its sense of purity through this quality, is almost the equal of Rossetti's *Annunciation*.

In nothing that Burne-Jones painted did he find dynamic activity. When there is motion, it is effortless; when there is passion, it is ethereal; the color is that of pearls rather than of opals. The flash of the diamond is never seen in his art, but his whole scheme of light is like the fracture of motion that comes through crystal clear water. Technically his painting is beyond criticism because it never pretended to be brilliant in performance. Brush strokes are not evident. It is of no consequence whether he gained effect through one painting or by going over the surface a hundred times. We never question that. He simply attained an effect that is absolutely perfect in its revelation of his desires. Textures in his pictures are more beautiful than in reality; such flesh, such marble, such drapery never existed. He has made his art more lovely than the truth. Without a great art purpose, pictures so created fall into the category of the most inane of the romantic products, but Burne-Jones was so ever conscious of his symphonic organization, of the principles of rhythmic beauty, and of the poetic idealization of line, tone, and color that his pictures are easily classed among the most successful art attainments of the century.

The word "stylized," necessary in a full criticism of Burne-Jones' art, might be explained here. When an artist attains a certain manner that instantly distinguishes his effort, this manner is called "style." Actors have it; singers have it; architects, sculptors, and painters have it. When they employ their particular "style" beyond the point of naturalness and repeat it again and again for the pure purpose of using it rather than to reveal through it the simple beauty of nature, the product, whether it be a piece of sculpture, a creation of architecture, a character portrait in acting, a song sung or a composition played, or a painting, is called "stylized." Burne-Jones' paintings are the most stylized of any in the Pre-Raphaelite movement, and much more stylized than any that came out of the Italian Renaissance. When we get acquainted with his mannerisms, in other words, and become thoroughly versed in his stylizations, we can recognize him instantly and need never look at a catalog or a name plate to discover whether or not Burne-Jones painted the picture.

His earliest works often resemble Rossetti's. But few of Rossetti's pictures even suggest Burne-Jones. In the drawing of certain heads, their works are similar, but in the final creation of the whole composition, their work need never be confused. Rossetti often gave a sensuous, impassioned loveliness to the women of his pictures, but Burne-Jones' women are ever chaste. He did the nude figure often and always with great reverence. When he did mythological subjects he did not become a Greek classicist, but remained an English Pre-Raphaelite, being always consistently English with a delightful Italian accent. His viewpoint was akin to Tennyson's. In fact, he may quite readily be called "The Tennyson of painting."

His highly decorative feeling made his art immediately applicable to painting upon glass for church windows. In the workshops of William Morris, there was the opportunity to carry out in the best craftsmanship known for leaded glass, the picture themes or decorative designs that this magnificent draftsman and painter could create. The result is that the Burne-Jones' windows are the finest of the whole century. They are to be found in a number of English churches, but those at St. Martin's in London and St. Philip's in Birmingham are possibly his best, although there are some very beautiful Burne-Jones windows in the Second Presbyterian Church in Chicago. They were not designed for their Chicago setting, but the church for which they



SEA NYMPH.—BURNE-JONES.

were designed was never completed, and a few years after Burne-Jones' death they found their present place.

Some critics have likened Burne-Jones to Botticelli. The comparison is not amiss, for Burne-Jones' place in relation to the painters who preceded him and who were of his own time is very similar to the place Botticelli occupied in relation to the other painters who preceded Raphael. Botticelli was the most stylized of all the Renaissance painters, and he had that same conscious rhythm in design that made his art always an artful creation of beauty, rather than a close interpretation of nature.

Few of the followers of Burne-Jones, especially those who have obviously tried to follow him, have attained a ripple of importance. He seems to have brought the whole thing to a complete conclusion. It is perfected and final, and not one additional utterance need be made. Walter Crane, whom we think of as being William Morris' successor and who was a magnificent craftsman and an excellent designer, nevertheless came too closely under the Burne-Jones influence. Most of his book illustrations would have been far better had he not followed the Burne-Jones example so minutely. Aubrey Beardsley, another illustrator who employed the same sort of line that both Burne-Jones and Crane had used, freed himself most deliberately from their spirit. He swung into a radical viewpoint and followed very ardently the teachings, the life principles and the expositions of beauty extolled by Oscar Wilde. Beardsley was the perfect illustrator for Wilde's poems and stories. His stylization was infinitely more attenuated than Burne-Jones'. In fact, we might say that Aubrey Beardsley occupies about the same relationship to Burne-Jones that Oscar Wilde did to Tennyson.

Strudwick was altogether unimportant, as he became purely an imitator of Burne-Jones without the *flair,* without the reason and without the soul or inspiration of his master. Burne-Jones died just a few months before the close of the century, and with him the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of England came to a definite conclusion. But just as a number of painters of France created works that might be included with the achievements of the Barbizon school, even though they were personally never associated with the movement, so in England the works of certain artists fall quite logically within the scheme of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, though they were not associated with the fraternity.

The most important of these was George Frederick Watts,* one of those isolated persons apart from schools or movements, yet whose works so definitely suggest the work of a school that it is difficult to keep him apart from it. It is very easy to go to the George Frederick Watts room in the Tate Gallery after viewing the works of the Pre-Raphaelites. We have already said that Watts had a certain affinity to Wiertz of Belgium. There seems to have been a comparable feeling throughout the middle nineteenth century between England and Belgium. In fact, the art of these two countries during this period was more closely allied than that of any other two of Europe. In his subject matter Watts was closer to Wiertz than he was to any of the English Pre-Raphaelites, but in his treatment of the themes his art was not far from that of Rossetti and Burne-Jones. He never had the magnificent perfection of technique that Burne-Jones reached and he did not attain the impassioned poetic viewpoint of Rossetti. His color was never as rich as Burne-Jones' nor as subtle in its symbolism as Rossetti's. Watts' mysticism was more obvious and much more ponderous than that of his confreres. He practiced the least known of all the arts in England, sculpture, and was especially fond of modeling animals and semi-classic human figures in allegory. He did some portrait sculptures that were excellent, but they never quite reached the height of his painted portraits. His best achievement, in fact, was the latter, and in this particular effort he excelled all the men of his time.

Yes, Watts was the best portrait painter in England during the last quarter of the century. Through his fine vision and rich characterization we know perfectly what William Morris, Burne-Jones, Tennyson, Joachim the violinist, Swinburne, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Rossetti, Lord Leighton and many another notable in the esthetic world of England looked like. His self-portraits are splendid and tell much about himself. He was a gentleman and a scholar, overconscious of a sentimental mysticism but otherwise a very staunch and splendid person. He moved in an aristocratic circle slightly apart from the other artists of his time. There were no irregularities in the life of George Frederick Watts, which makes his art much more sane than that of Wiertz. He was an admirer of his contemporaries and he looked to them and their achievements for inspiration rather than to fourteenth century Italians or to the Greeks of Periclean serenity. He received his classic and Renaissance inspiration quite second-hand, making it much less effective. In judging his works picture by picture in relation to those by the real members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, we see this weakness, but in his big direct symbolism of a highly English romantic type, Watts was not one bit Pre-Raphaelitish.

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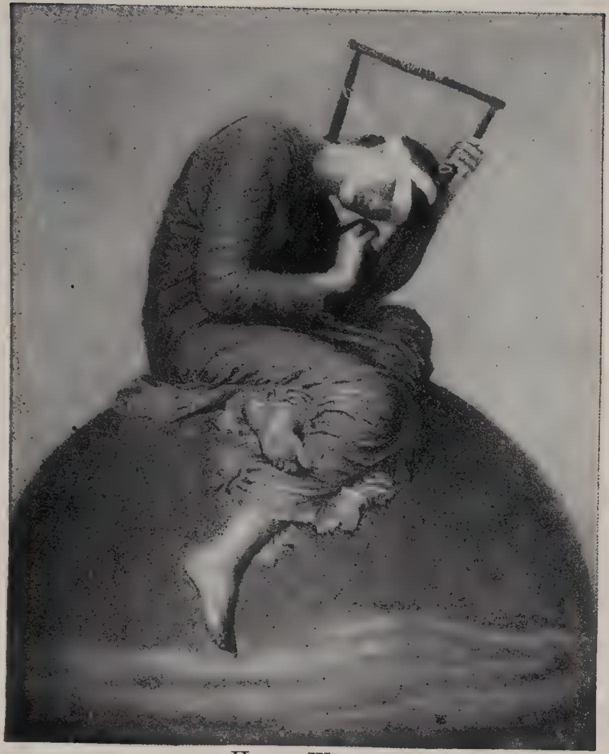
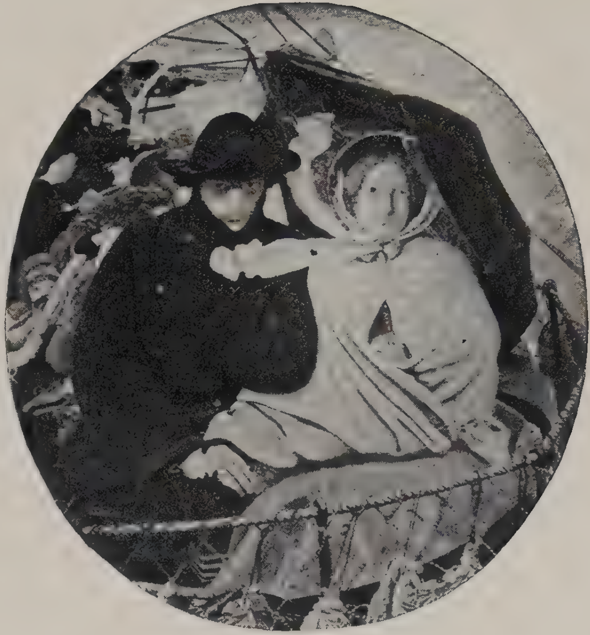
*See pages 283, 295.

His pictures have delighted the Ruskinites. They have swept art clubs and college classes into the secrets of art and have helped thousands of beauty lovers to know that life is not entirely a material proposition. Mysticism is the keynote of the art of Watts. Even in his portraits he brings a mystical feeling. Around the head of William Morris are almost invisible, silver-winged dragon flies. In the background of his portrait of the violinist, Joachim, one almost sees and yet does not quite see the faces of people, just as we think them when we hear music. Watts often invented his allegories. They differed from the inventions of Wiertz for they were always conceptions of the impersonal attributes of the human mind. They had a bit to do with the stalk of Destiny, but were seldom dejecting—rather religiously uplifting.

His most noted picture is called *Hope.* Immediately the question arises, "How can this blindfolded woman, whirling through space upon a sphere, trying to play a lute, the strings of which have all been broken but one, symbolize hope? Is it not more fittingly a picture of despair"? Quite true, but at the end of despair there is hope, and even though the strings of the instrument are broken all but one, that one may still be played and music will come forth. The blindfolded girl leans her ear to it so that she may catch



HOPE.—WATTS



LAST OF ENGLAND.—MADOX BROWN

clearly its vibrations. The picture is done entirely in blues —from the richest, deepest blues that are almost black to the blue of aquamarine. Blue is the ancient color symbol of hope or heaven. Turn from the reproduction of this painting which accompanies this text to a picture called *The Guitar Player,* by Picasso, which illustrates a later chapter, and we are immediately convinced of the sentimentality and romance of Watts' conception in comparison with the vital life stab and total death agony of the treatment of the identical subject by the ultra-modern Spaniard.

Watts was born in London in 1817, an aristocrat. He was never obliged to work for his living and as a youth turned his attention to cultural things. His primary interest seemed to be in sculpture and he quite determined to be a sculptor, knowing that he could consistently do so without concern as to the money return for his efforts. But he had gone only a short way in the study of the craft of sculpture when he realized that drawing was the fundamental principle of all the arts. When he turned to drawing he found that color was as essential a part of seeing as was line and tone, so without any struggle he found himself studiously pursuing the art of painting. Not until he was forty-five years of age did he really turn to sculpture in serious fashion.

Upon his death, when he had reached a most venerable old age, he left his works, both in sculpture and painting, to the government. At twenty-three he made his first contribution to the government when he painted the frescoes for the houses of Parliament of *Caractacus Led in Triumph Through the Streets of Rome.* He had won the commission in a competition and refused to accept pay for it. But there had previously been allotted a prize for the winner, which the young Watts was persuaded to accept and with which he took the journey to Italy, which in those days was very expensive. He came home enamoured especially with the art of Giorgione and Tintoretto, brilliant Venetian post-Raphaelites, and the voluptuous elegance of the physical forms in Watts' paintings are obviously due to this post-Raphaelite influence.

At first in the fashion of the hour, Watts painted largely in water color, but he soon found that the limited size of this medium was not to his liking and he turned to oils, soon painting enormous allegories much larger than anything attempted by the members of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. In 1848, when he was still a youth, he was commissioned to do a second fresco for the houses of Parliament, and in 1853, when he was but thirty-three years of age, he had finished his fine decoration, *St. George Overcomes the Dragon,* which is in the Poets' Hall. A little later he offered to do a series of frescoes for the magnificent new Euston railway station, illustrating *The Progress of the Cosmos.* This offer was refused, whereupon, undaunted and determined to give his talents where they would be appreciated, he did a *Hemicycle of Law Givers* on the walls of the hall of The Benchers of Lincoln's Inn. It was during this period that Watts did his first important portraits. Later he gave frescoes, large paintings and portraits to Birmingham and Manchester. If he had not been quite so eager to give his things away they might have been considered more seriously, but his detractors looked his gift-horses in the mouth and refused to see their good points. He was accused of self-advertising, and if he had not been a very courageous and determined person he might have well been discouraged by the seeming indifference and the malicious jealousy. His personal sincerity is attested by the fact that he was twice offered a baronetcy but respectfully declined it both times.

His first wife was Ellen Terry. This marriage was quietly dissolved before the English actress had risen to her great fame and when Watts was sixty-nine years old. Nine years later he married Miss Mary Fraser-Tytler. This union brought great joy into his life, and she proved not only a helpmeet but a delightful, inspiring companion. Their life together became ideal, and after his death, at the age of eighty-seven, Mrs. Watts carried on his spirit in opening his studio and home, Little Holland House, in Melbury Road, Kensington, as a museum in his memory.

It was at the age of forty-five that he began to paint his allegories in oil. It was at this period that he did his famous *Sir Galahad,* which is the idol of every seventh grade girl in America. A lovely, pure-faced youth in armour stands holding the bridle of his white horse. The picture is filled with the spirit of knighthood and the defense of truth. He is one of the most handsome youths in art and is typical of the romantic period. Watts' *Love and Death* and *Love and Life* came later. He painted three versions of *Love and Life*. One is now in the Metropolitan Museum in New York, another in the Luxembourg in Paris, and the third in the Tate Gallery. The scene is a rugged path on the very crag of a mountain top. Love, a nude figure in the prime of manhood, leads up the path in the most tender and protecting way the figure of a tremulous girl symbolizing life. Watts' philosophy and his whole art ethics are quite obvious in this picture. Not the visual objectivity but the inner meaning is ever the most important element.

Those who contend that the written or the spoken word must not be necessary to the understanding of a painting find this the weakest point of all Watts' art. It is true that a few words of description are necessary to the understanding of most of his pictures, but with the verbal key we easily unlock the door and enter into a delightful art experience. *Love and Death* did not become as popular as did *Love and Life*. In this Love is a beautiful boy striving to prevent the tall, draped figure of Death from entering a door, but Death moves on relentlessly and Love's wings are crushed against the casement. Both of these pictures are very lovely in color, rich and full of deep reds and purples in shadows and shell-like colors in the lights. *Artemis and Endymion, Orpheus and Eurydice, Ariadne, Eve Tempted* and *Eve Repentant* are among his most pretentious allegories.

The Secret of the Innermost and *The Last Judgment Day* are placed in the centers of the great walls of the Watts room in the Tate Gallery. They are really fanciful allegories, conforming in no way to the traditional interpretations of these subjects by the great religious painters of Italy or Flanders. They are surely imbued with spirit rather than matter. He even made his Greek allegories soulful beyond the concepts possible to the Greeks themselves, although the physical magnificence of the bodies he painted is sometimes more than fascinating. This is especially true in canvases such as the *Artemis and Endymion*.

In his monstrous picture called *Mammon* he shows himself quite allied to Wiertz and not altogether far removed from Goya, at least in philosophy. In this picture Mammon is a hoggish monster, somewhat giant, somewhat satyr, using as a footrest a young man and a girl. The weight of his legs is crushing the life out of their bodies. It is not as deftly done as Goya would have done it nor as repellant as Wiertz would have made it. It is again a propaganda picture and a warning to all youths and maidens to beware of Mammon—not to submit to him or the temptations and promises will lead to eternal punishment. You see, it is the old theology put into mystical terms by the poet-painter.

Watts is the acme of the purposeful painters. Many of his themes are bigger in subject matter, finer and more direct in their pictorial simplicity than most of the subjects the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood tackled, but he labored under one limitation that they did not have. If he had been a finer painter—that is, a better craftsman in the handling of his paints—he might have gone further; but he was never a superior craftsman. His painting is muddy and his strokes are bungled. He scraped off and repainted, changed his drawing and forms as he went along and modified his color schemes as the canvases developed. Watts' ideas were big, but at times he was nearly incoherent. Burne-Jones sometimes had very small ideas but always a perfect eloquence. We must wait until the dawn of the twentieth century, to the coming of the men who immediately preceded the World War, to find England once more in her full stature as an art producing nation.

The Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood was a very national and a very necessary gesture in the unfolding of art in the British Isles, and through the sturdy thoroughness, the tireless energy and the unquestionable sincerity of the Britishers, much of the reputation of the thinking art world during the romantic Victorian era was saved. It was not a highly important contribution but it was a very effective one, and in view of the wholly inane products of the Academy throughout Europe during that period, we have much for which to thank the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

DANTE'S Dream by Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Can one imagine a more richly composed tableau? But to know the full meaning one must read the story of Dante and Beatrice, must know something about the early Renaissance and must be acquainted with the spirit of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of England. Therefore, as elegant as this picture is, it does not justify itself but depends upon the literary interpretation. Page 255.

Boyhood of Raleigh by Sir John Everett Millais. This illustration hardly seems to be an expression of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, but Millais with all of his wonderful draftsmanship and ability to paint was more of an Englishman than a Pre-Raphaelite, and anything in the form of a story delighted him more than the symphonic arrangement of lines and masses merely to please the eye. Page 265.

The Light of the World by Holman Hunt, a very sincere and perfectly executed composition. We may not agree with the allegory and may question his handling of unimportant details but the picture is a fine piece of craftsmanship and a very original interpretation of the person of Jesus and the place of the Christ spirit in the world. Page 271.

Christ Washing Peter's Feet by Ford Madox Brown. This is one of the most colorful pictures of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. Christ's garment is brilliant green, Peter's a rich purple, and reds, yellows and blues abound. Even with the semblance to nature he treats the subject obviously as a symbol. The Pre-Raphaelites were sometimes plagiarists in philosophy but never in art. They imitated the spirit of early Italian creativeness but they never imitated the actual products of the early Italian masters. Page 277.

Paolo and Francesca by George Frederick Watts. In this canvas, Watts seems almost akin to William Blake but in direct and clear-cut interpretation Blake far excels him. Watts, however, was a painter and in this black and white reproduction we feel the qualities of his paint. His interpretation clearly sets forth that these two forbidden lovers are creatures of Destiny swept onward by unseen forces, unable to withstand its powers. He does not concern himself with the tragic results but reveals only the precious beauty of the whole theme. Page 283.

King Cophetua and the Beggar Maid by Burne-Jones, as rich as the Rossetti canvas, as colorful as the Madox Brown and quite as chaste and sincere as the Holman Hunt. This picture is better understood through reading its description, but it is filled with sensuous beauty. The warmth and loveliness of life, purity and adoration are convincingly revealed. Burne-Jones always had an important story to tell and he felt that it was worth telling in a very important and perfect way. He was the foremost thinker, poet, and craftsman of the entire Pre-Raphaelite movement. Page 283.

Sea Nymph by Burne-Jones, whirling circles placed within a square. How intelligently all the lines have been organized within the space. It might be likened to a sonata with the rhythm of the sea as the motif. Page 291.

Hope by George Frederick Watts, a far more popular picture than the *Paolo and Francesca* or any other picture Watts painted, but nothing like as sincere or beautiful. The form of the beautiful young woman and the sense of the spaciousness of the world are expressive of the love of life, but this life is clouded with despair. The musical instrument is broken but for one string, the string of hope. Even though there is but the one string left, we somehow do not feel that the lady is in as sad a plight as Watts would want us to believe. Page 295.

Last of England by Ford Madox Brown, a very beautiful circular composition, full of sentiment and tenderness but beautiful in its design of darks and lights. Page 295.

AMERICAN ART

VIII

AMERICA is so young in comparison to Europe that it surprises us to learn that the history of American painting is as old as the English, Scandinavian and Russian; that when painting in those three countries became national the western world's school of art was being founded in colonial New England. To be sure, our western expression at the beginning was purely European, and there is even a question today as to how western it has become, or whether there is really a genuine school of American art. At the Metropolitan Museum in New York we find the most interesting and altogether important gallery of American art that has been assembled. In many respects it is the most important art shrine in the western world, for it is devoted entirely to American-made art.

All the old masters we could collect from Italy, Flanders, Spain or elsewhere are, after all, but slightly more significant to us, to our viewpoint and culture, to our enjoyment than a fine collection of jewels would be. They are precious, of course, and to our trained eyes are incontestably joy-giving. But they are expressions of the life and viewpoint of people who lived at a different time in history, under altogether different conditions and influences than figure in the life of our new continent.

The most meager gesture that has come from our own existence, that expresses us indigenously, is vastly more important to us than all of the treasure trove dragged in from afar. This is the first justification for the significance attached to the American wing at the Metropolitan, and the main reason why every museum of art in the country is doing its level best to establish collections of American painting, furniture and other objects which express our own background. There is an amusing note in all this, for little of it is truly American. It may have been made in this country by Yankees of a few generations, but the technique employed and the vision exploited are, without exception, thoroughly European in the fundamental principles.

There is a very great American art, but it is little enjoyed and has nothing whatsoever to do with the present civilization of the United States. In isolated, shabby little corners of our vast country of wealth are colonized groups of American natives. These Indian Reservations are of small credit to us, but it is not too late to right a few of the wrongs and to bring justice of life into a situation that has been sadly misunderstood. The mysticism and art of the American Indian, before the white man came, had attained heights quite comparable to those of Greek supremacy. The mysticism of the Red Man expressed through his art symbols was as fine as Grecian mythology, and yet more simple, more direct and naive, more filled with truth. It had not suffered the elaborations or gone into the complicated channels where pagan Greece had carried its epics. In some ways it was not a progressive principle, for the tribes of the western world had lived centuries and centuries without apparent advance. Possibly they were happier. Their life might have been more nearly right.

Their art was a very perfect development of incorporated design and color. In pottery and weaving especially, they had attained high pinnacles of pure beauty. Our superimposed civilization, bit by bit, has robbed the red man of the right to continue along his native lines of art. And on the reservations today European principles of art are part of the compulsory teaching to the Indian children. How much wiser it would be to place within their reach dyes and wools, beads and leather, clays and glazes to encourage them in every way to go on with their own fine expressions, their divine heritage. In the museum of art at Budapest, Hungary, there are American Indian vases placed side by side with Greek vases, and one is as beautiful as the other. What a wealth there would be for our land if the native industry of the Red Man could be revived, and what happiness this pursuit would bring to his life.

This is the only real American art that we know, but naturally the European taking up residence upon these new shores would have none of it, or at least could find no sympathetic response toward it. As he brought from the old world his European bedsteads, pots and pans and garments, so he brought with him European taste. When the first hardy, vigorous pioneering had been accomplished and he sat himself down to rest, he looked about him at the crude ugliness of his surroundings and desired to beautify them. He got out his Dutch or English loom, had paints and canvas sent from London and went to work in the spirit of his grandfathers and made what we call early American art. Possibly he did introduce a colonial symbol or a new American sign of patriotism to a coverlet or a table spread. Possibly he did put a ruddier complexion or a harder hand upon the portrait of the colonial gentleman than his English confrere had in painting the gentleman of London, but nevertheless it was art from the Eastern Hemisphere—art that had to do with the hundreds of years of development of European culture.

The very earliest colonial expression in New England and New Amsterdam and Pennsylvania was really more indigenous than that which came later in colonial prosperity, for in the beginning necessity was the mother of invention and poverty was general, so that the first chairs and cribs, the first weavings and carvings were created by a people learning to live a new life in a new world to satisfy their simple demands. When prosperity came upon them and Boston, New York, Baltimore and Philadelphia became rich young cities, the old world could be commanded and every ship brought elegant objects and luxuries which were immediately incorporated in mansion life and were copied by the first industrial enterprises of this kind. By the time of the American Revolution, after a century and a half had gone by, Boston was truly a "Little London," and the social functions and the colonial homes of the leaders of society were quite as elegant as those in the homeland.

The first distinguished painting in colonial New England was done by men who had had their training in the London Academy. There was no such thing as an art school in the new world and the talented had to go to England to perfect the crafts. Portraiture was quite definitely the first endeavor in the field of painting. Sculpture did not develop at all, obviously, because the Puritanical viewpoint declared the body to be base and vile and "unholy in the sight of the Lord." This curious, almost inexplicable warping of the human mind against the God-given grace of life upon this earth has been the chief detriment to the progress of American art. It has not only led to false modesties but to desecrations, to unmoral practices and most harmful teachings. Even today America is unable to endorse the art of sculpture whole-heartedly, and sculpture, of all the arts, reveals the beauty of life. Portrait sculpture in many ways is loftier than portrait painting, yet the great portrait sculptors could be enumerated on the fingers of two hands, while the great portrait painters are innumerable.

The art of portrait painting only develops in aristocracies. The fact that the first fifty years of painting in New England were entirely devoted to portraiture proves how aristocratic were the colonial days. As in England, American painting came into being fully grown; it was not a matter of development.

One of the most accomplished painters of the eighteenth century was born in Boston in 1737. It was evident from the beginning that John Singleton Copley* was destined to become a painter, for as a mere boy we find him painting portraits in Boston. But the 1750's were lean years for a painter there. In 1760 we find him lodged in simple quarters in London and exhibiting his famous little picture, *Boy with a Squirrel,* at the Society of Arts. It won him recognition and commissions. By 1774 he had enough money to take him to Rome, where he stayed for a year. The American Revolution was on, the Declaration of Independence had been heard round the world, and Copley was not sure as to whether he should hasten back to Boston or return to London. The latter seemed the easiest thing to do, so back he went as a loyal Britisher. It is said that this very patriotic move had much to do with his being admitted to the Royal Academy in '77. He married an English lady and never returned to the colonies.

His portraits include many of the most haughty gentle-

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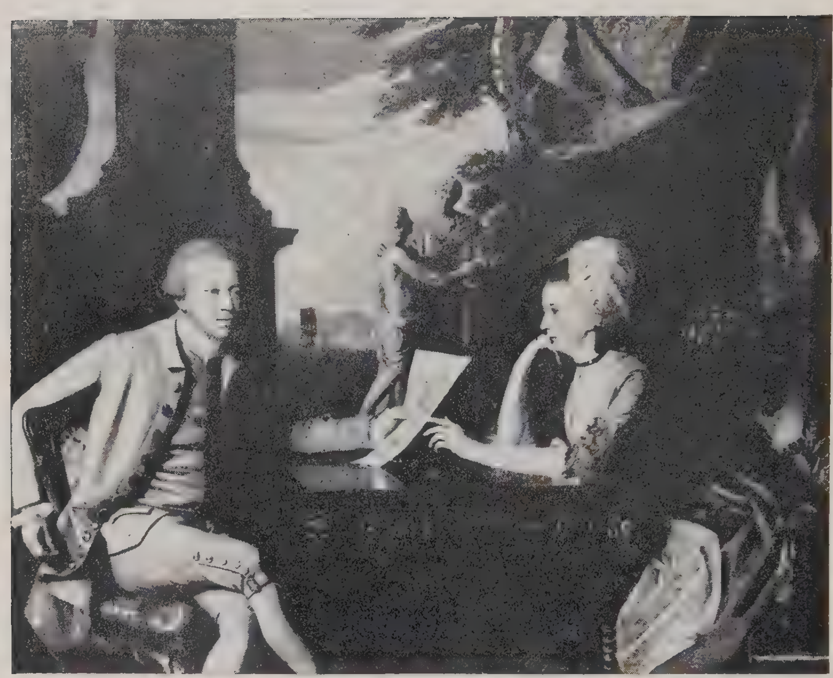
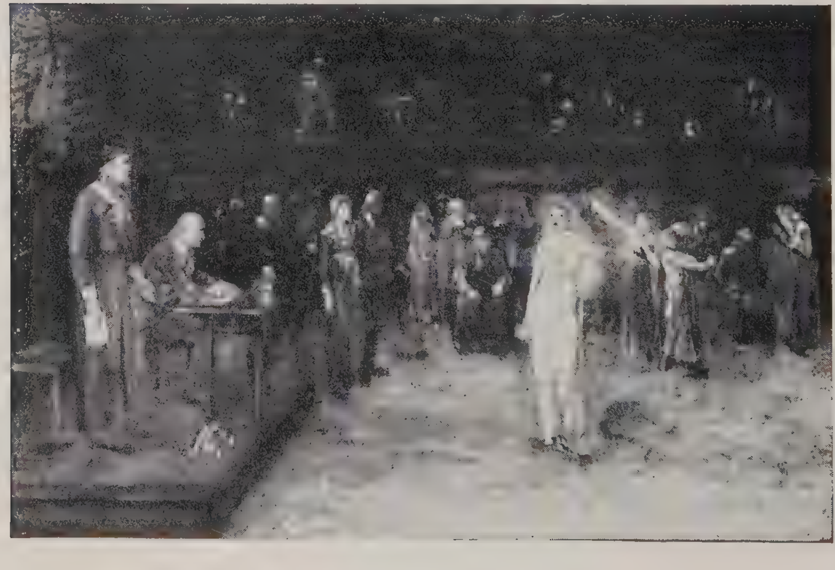
*See page 304.



Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Izard of Charleston.—Copley



Trial of Salem Witches.—Fuller

Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

men and ladies of his time, and yet his reputation was first made through his battle tableaus such as *The Death of Chatham, The Death of Major Pierson, The Defense of Gibraltar,* which were all painted between 1776 and 1785, making him a conspicuous figure at the exhibitions of the Academy. There is nothing whatsoever American about them. They are thoroughly British in every touch. They are large arrangements of artificially posed figures performing in tableau fashion the affairs of war. They were declared to be historical. All of Europe was engrossed with the historical painting, but it is evident that mighty few of these painters, not even the great David of France, had ever been within earshot of a battle, to say nothing of seeing one. Most of these paintings would have been much better as living pictures posed on the stage. They manifested precisely that spirit.

In his portraits, however, Copley showed great power. Even in his huge composition of the *Death of Chatham* the periwigged heads of the assembled gentlemen are striking, individual portraits of marked characterization and excellent painting. He was called in England "the Master Realist," and the engravings made from his big compositions and distributed widely over the Continent, as well as throughout the British Isles, must undoubtedly have influenced even the great historian, David. Many of his splendid portraits found their way to America, where they are to be seen at the Metropolitan, in the Evans Wing at the Boston Museum, and at the Art Institute of Chicago. Within the last few years Copley's portraits have been heralded as the best of the era.

He had come under the Holbein-Van Dyck influence that permeated the British Royal Academy at that time, for his lighting and color effects are closely allied to the Rhenish school. He did not develop that romantic sweetness either in touch or color that marked the paintings of many of his contemporaries. Those who deeply admired the art of Sir Joshua Reynolds felt that Copley's was slightly boorish—a bit crude, you know. But we see in his vigor a fine power to relate without hesitancy a plain fact in a most direct and complete way, without petting it or disguising it. There is something of the West about his portraits. His men are never fops; they are red-blooded and virile. His women are never supercilious; they are honest and very good company, no matter how artfully they may have been gowned.

A great many portraits were commissioned by Americans visiting Europe. The Izards of Charleston went to Europe for the purpose of being painted by Copley, and it was a long journey by sailing craft in those days. Today there is fear in traversing the seas even upon the mighty liners, but picture the little wooden craft of those early American times. Think of the tossing upon the high seas, the storms encountered, the wretched conditions of living before the objective port was reached. It must have taken great courage to go back to England in those days. Copley had had it and he never lost it, and gave it to all his sitters, especially if they had journeyed across the Atlantic and were going to take their portraits back with them to their western homes. No home-born Londoner who had lived his whole life in England could paint portraits with the same vigor that belonged to one who had braved the Atlantic for a voyage or two. The spirit of western courage is the only American note in the first portraits by American artists. It is said that financial difficulties prevented Mr. Izard from paying Copley for the painting, and it was kept by the artist for many years, but he eventually sold it to a Mr. Manigault, a grandson of Mr. Izard. In 1903 it was purchased by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

Benjamin West,* another Colonial American, was the first to make his mark on English soil, but we do not think of him as a portrait painter. He considered himself an historian and endeavored to bring about great reforms in historical painting. He became the chief court painter to George III, and was paid the highest salary that any painter had ever received in the history of Europe. This was pretty good for a Quaker boy of Germantown, Pennsylvania, who had been permitted to go to Italy to pursue his art only after his Quaker community had determined that the boy was worthless for anything else under the sun and that it would be hopeless to try to defeat him in his self-determined purposes. By the Quakers his drawing of the nude Iroquois

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*See page 314.

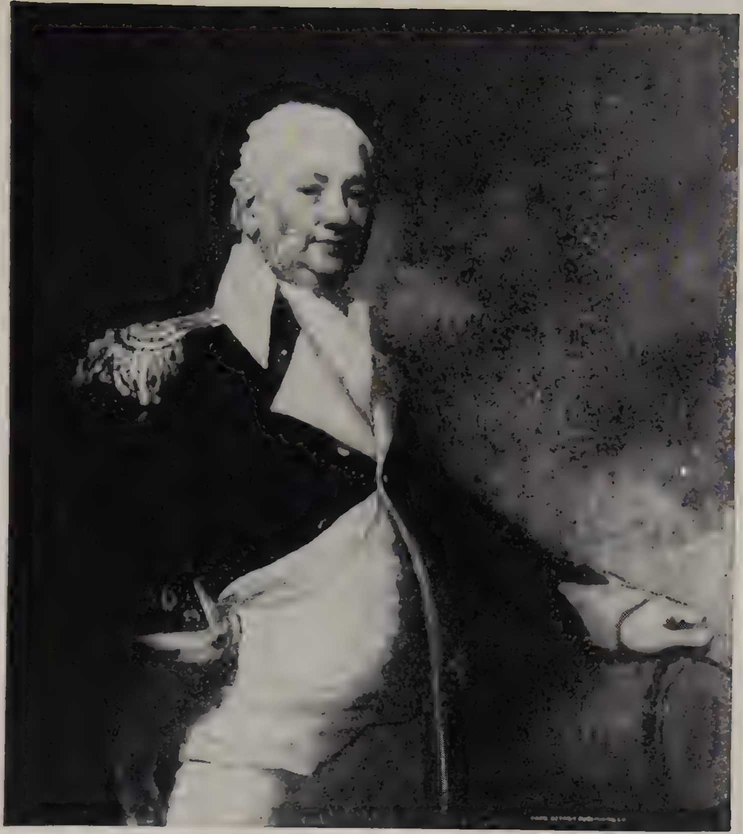
Indians who hovered around his father's cabin was looked upon as a most unholy pursuit. When his family found itself unable to cope with him, the problem of what to do with Benjamin was turned over to the church. The outcome was his departure to Italy with money enough to last him for three years if he were most circumspect and thrifty.

Arriving in Rome with a portfolio of sketches of the godlike giants of the Indian tribes of Pennsylvania, he immediately created a great furore and his popularity rose rapidly when he was presented to the King and actually deigned to lift his Quaker hat. He was a beautiful person—tall and powerful in body, handsome in countenance, well poised and suave in manner. He became a veritable lion. Soon he found himself, because of his great social popularity, unable to concentrate upon the study of painting in Italy, and without apologies to anyone or explanations to home folks, he accepted the invitation of the Duke of Westminster to ride in his carriage to Paris and on to Calais, from thence across the Channel with him to Merrie England. The Earl promptly presented him to the King and in a jiffy he was made chief court painter, invited to be the chief teacher in the evening school of the Royal Academy and to decorate in his odd moments the spacious new library at Eton Hall, the magnificent castle of the Duke of Westminster.

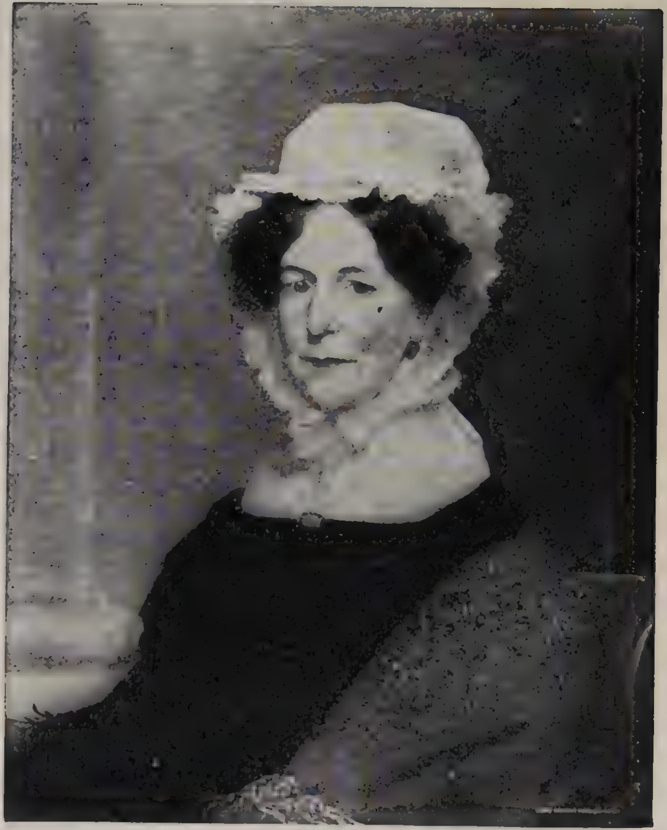
Today these decorations upon the walls of that library are considered West's masterpieces. They are historical episodes of the conquest of Pennsylvania. The Penns belonged to the Duke's family. Benjamin West as a youth had beheld these incidents. He had become expert in drawing the most magnificent creatures that had lived upon the earth since the days of Greek supremacy, the Iroquois Indians, and he was thoroughly convinced that historical painting should be made honest, historically, in the matter of costuming and background. In the Eton Hall pictures we find Penn and his generals in the actual costumes that they might have worn. We find the Iroquois Indian painted true to life. The background is the Pennsylvania that West knew, and the pictures are unique in the annals of art.

Occasionally he was not entirely successful as an absolute historian. The *Magdalen Anointing the Feet of Christ,* one of his many Biblical tableaus, and the one that hangs at The Art Institute of Chicago, is fairly correct as far as costuming goes. The garments worn by those assembled around the table and by Christ and Mary are probably quite similar to those which were actually worn in old Judea. The question might arise, however, as to whether Mary Magdalen would have worn so short a bodice and so long a trailing skirt. Is her costume possibly more classically Greek, or even medievally English? Aside from that there are other more evident mistakes. Can we say that the heavy, bleached, Irish linen tablecloth was a possibility in Christ's time? And there might be some doubts as to whether a Sheffield silver compote could have been used as a fruit container. The most serious anachronism, however, lies in the fact that the Magdalen is represented as a long-limbed, graceful-necked English blonde. This form of criticism may really be trite, for after all these things are not the concern of art. If West had not done his best to make historical accuracy the outstanding feature of his production, we would pass it by. His composition, unusual luminosity and beautiful coloring lift his pictures above the average of his time, but there is in most of the tableau compositions a highly theatrical air which became more evident as his art grew. His *Death of Admiral Nelson,* when compared to the same subject treated by J. M. W. Turner, is like an act of the operetta "Pinafore" in relation to a climactic scene in a Wagner opera.

He did a few portraits that are interesting, but have nothing like the vigor or the masterful rendition of Copley. What has become of most of the things that he did for the King and the royal court we do not know. They have simply been lost sight of. Yet he became the third president of the British Royal Academy, an honor of such distinction that the Academy has ever since guarded it most carefully against anyone who was not born in the British Isles. Of course, Benjamin West was born a perfectly good British subject and he always called himself an Englishman, but we have a notion that his conquest and the really admirable qualities of some of his paintings are due to the fact that



Major General Henry Knox.—Stuart



Elizabeth Tuckerman Salisbury.—Harding

he lived the life of a western boy in the wide-open spaces and the freedom of the new world. Few of his pictures are to be seen in America. The examples in the important museums are commendable but do not stir us deeply. As a painter we feel sure that our second American artist has been considerably overrated.

Gilbert Stuart,* the most British of our American painters, soon followed and he was one who brought the very best of the English tradition into the foundation of the American school. He was born in 1756 in Rhode Island, and his first study was at Newport with Cosmo Alexander, an insignificant painter but an excellent teacher. He went with Alexander to Scotland in 1770. There Alexander died, and the young Gilbert returned to the colonies, where he obtained many portrait commissions. These earliest pencil or oil portraits, as tight and hard as they seem, are extremely interesting and well repay a visit to Providence, where many of them are displayed in the Rhode Island School of Art. Early in 1775 he went to England and soon became a pupil of Benjamin West. Fortunately, however, his work showed little of the West influence. He remained in London and in 1782 set up his own studio there. He met with much success, but in artist fashion lived beyond his means and ran away to Dublin in 1788 to escape his creditors.

He had had the distinction of painting George III and the future George IV, and on one of his journeys to Paris had painted Louix XVI. His success in Ireland was triumphant, but in 1793 he returned to the new America for the express purpose of painting George Washington. It is said that Washington was the only person in whose presence Stuart had ever felt any embarrassment. The first studies were absolute failures, but eventually came the *Atheneum* head, which is the unfinished profile of the left side of the face and which has become generally accepted as the authentic picture of Washington. He did the right side of Martha Washington at the same time, and the pair are thought to be the first important portraits in the history of American painting.

Stuart did have a wonderfully suave stroke. He was imbued with the painter's craft to his very fingertips, was a much more subtle painter than Copley had been and went far beyond anything in Benjamin West's attainment. In fact many of his portraits are comparable to the finest of the British Royal Academy, even those of Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney and Raeburn. Scarcely any of Gilbert Stuart's portraits, even of the most simple of the early American folk, were painted unlike this British school. Elegance is their keynote and the effect is ever aristocratic. We delight, however, in his performance and in him as the first American who really played well upon the instrument of paint on canvas.

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*See page 309.

Because of the interest across the seas, he often painted replicas of his portraits so that they might be enjoyed by the branches of the family on either side of the water. He lived long enough to paint the portraits of the following presidents: Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Madison, Monroe, John Quincy Adams; and also of John Hay. He painted famous Governor Winthrop and Generals Gates and Knox, as well as Bishop White and Chief Justice Shippen. The finest portraits of the artists Copley, Reynolds and West are from the brush of Gilbert Stuart. In England he painted Lord Lansdown, Lord Clinton and Lord Lindhurst. His last journey to England was made in 1805, after which he settled in Boston, painting there until his death in 1828. The flesh tones of his portraits were painted with great freedom. Blood surges through the cheeks, the lips are moist and speak to us, and the eyes look at us and then glance away. There is a living quality to his portraits that will ever keep them at the top of American portraiture.

John Trumbull,* a contemporary of Stuart's, was born the same year as Stuart, and not far away, at Lebanon, Connecticut. He was the son of Jonathan Trumbull, the governor of Connecticut, was graduated from Harvard in 1773, and when his confrere was busy painting the nobles of England, he was serving in the War of Independence. He rendered special service at Boston by sketching plans of the British works, and it is now plain that his artistry in disguising boats and fortifications for the colonists made him the real father of that important factor of the great World War known as camouflage. He was made second aide-de-camp to General Washington in 1776, but resigned from the army in 1777, and in 1780 joined Gilbert Stuart in London, where they studied under Benjamin West. But Trumbull had hardly begun his studies when he was arrested as a traitor suspect and held in a London prison for seven months.

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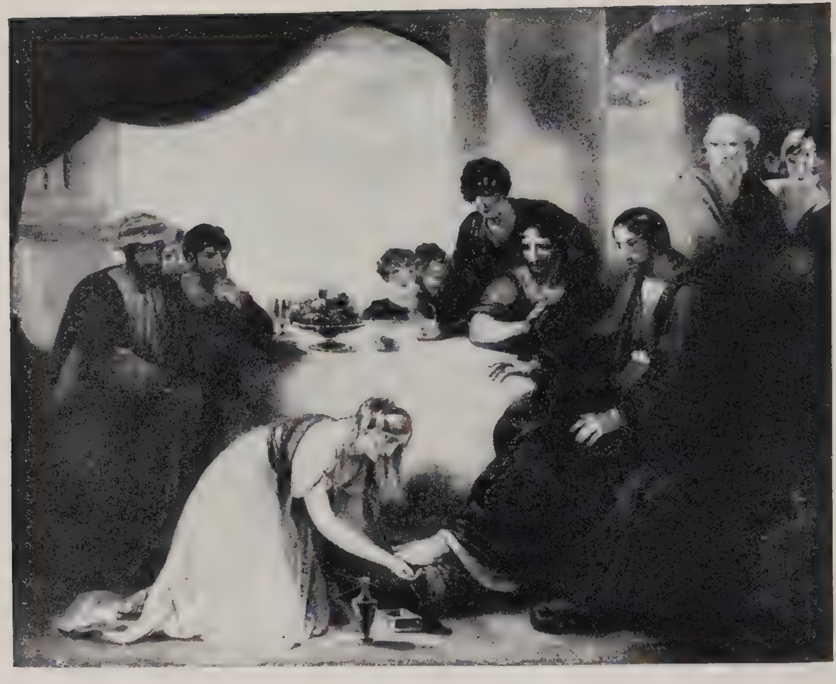
*See page 319.

Undaunted, he returned to America after his release and painted a few portraits, but he was restless and felt that he had not had enough academic training to do the big historical pictures that were in his mind. So again in 1784 we find him in Benjamin West's studio in London, where he painted his famous historical tableaus, *The Battle of Bunker Hill* and *The Death of Montgomery.* Both of these are now in the Yale School of Fine Arts, and next to West's paintings at Eton Hall are the finest of early American historical paintings. *The Battle of Bunker Hill* is the most dynamic and in some ways the finest dramatic picture of the American Revolution. It goes far beyond anything that Benjamin West did in the later days of his success. It is interesting to know that he began his *Surrender of Cornwallis* and the famous *Signing of the Declaration of Independence* while he was living in Paris in 1785. These paintings, together with the *Surrender of General Burgoyne* and *The Resignation of Washington,* were the first pictures to be bought by the United States Government and were placed in the Capitol at Washington. They now hang in the National Gallery collection. A series of more than fifty historical paintings fills the Trumbull Gallery in the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.

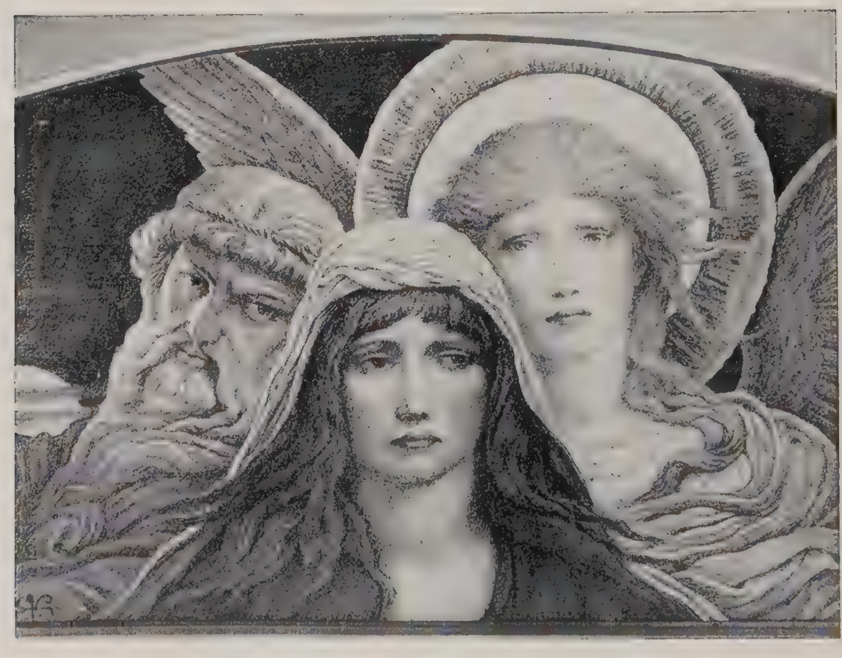
From 1831 on Trumbull received an annuity of one thousand dollars from Yale College. It was the first annuity ever given to an American painter. The precedent established by the government and by this great college in recognizing Trumbull has not been followed as it should have been, for there has been little support of American painting on the part of either the government or educational institutions. One of the weakest chapters in the development of America is the lack of official endorsement of American art.

Trumbull did a portrait or two of General Washington which are thought by some to be finer than the Stuart portraits. His *Alexander Hamilton* in the Metropolitan Museum, the finest portrait of that distinguished gentleman, is certainly one of the handsomest portraits and most brilliant achievements in early American painting. There is a direct frankness, a crisp vigor to Trumbull's portraits not to be found in those of his confreres, and they will always be among America's real treasures. They are not as aristocratic or as formal as the portraits of Stuart and Copley, neither are they quite such excellent, suave painting. But in the sum total his contribution was more than Stuart's, for his historical paintings are preëminent in the early schools. *The Surrender of General Burgoyne* reproduced here is a marvel of splendid, balanced design. David never did an historical composition that was really so alive. The placing is satisfying and academic, but there is something more than mere academy in Trumbull's presentations. The men live and breathe. They are not holding their pose until the curtain goes down; they are in action as we look at them. There is so much perspective in a Trumbull picture that many of the figures are drawn in minute scale. It would take an enormously deep stage to set one of his tableaus. His painting of *The Signing of the Declaration of Independence* makes Independence Hall in Philadelphia a lot larger than it really is. Trumbull had that faculty of creating big spaces, but oh, what a wonderful document this *Signing* is, with every face an actual portrait. How fortunate America was to have a painter who could record so honestly and completely the biggest historical moments of the founding of the Republic.

The artistry of Trumbull's pictures is not especially evident, but they are infinitely more artful than the paintings by the German, Leutze, who did the extravagantly theatrical composition of *Washington Crossing the Delaware,* a replica of which hangs in the Metropolitan. One of the best ways to determine how excellent Trumbull really was is to take his *Battle of Bunker Hill* and compare it with Leutze's *Washington Crossing the Delaware.* The *Battle of Bunker Hill* reminds one in some measure of West's *Death of Admiral Nelson.* In it Trumbull shows his West training



Magdalen Anointing the Feet of Christ.—West



The Soul Between Doubt and Faith.—Vedder more obviously than in any of his other pictures. But the composition has three dimensions—a really splendid surging of the army as it rides up over the hill, and excellent pictorial relationship between the masses in the foreground and the tumultuous sky. Banners and swords criss-cross throughout the picture in the confusion of dynamic activity. The light masses, surrounded by dark, confused areas, are held together in dramatic fashion. If an actual moving picture could have been taken of the "Battle of Bunker Hill" this picture would probably prove to be more bunk than truth, but it was a well thought out composition nevertheless.

The Leutze *Washington Crossing the Delaware* is the thinnest kind of artificial stagecraft. A suffering, shabbily organized army under General Washington, fighting its way in miserable, leaky little boats across the ice-choked Delaware in the fury of a terrible blizzard, did not put on the grand airs that Leutze painted. No men held silken banners aloft on weighty poles. No generals placed polished boots upon gunwales and directed oarsmen to "Proceed yonder." The truth of these matters is very much better staged today by our moving-picture producers, and what a relief is felt throughout the art world that no more foolish attempts such as Leutze's, or even Trumbull's for that matter, need be made by hard-working and painstaking painters.

Trumbull was an all-around great person, not for a moment the "long-haired" artist type. His versatility and widespread activities make him almost the Peter Paul Rubens of American art. Twice he acted as an American secretary in England, the first time under John Hay in London in 1794 during the negotiations of the treaty with Great Britain, and again in 1796 when he was a secretary commissioner to carry out the seventh article of the treaty. He was elected president of the American Academy of Fine Arts in 1816 and remained its president for nine years. He died in New York in 1843. After Trumbull the historical painters were of slight importance.

A few fine portrait painters presently came along, among them Chester Harding* and Thomas Sully. In both these men a definite western freedom was manifest. The women they painted were not the pampered, well-protected aristocrats of elegant England, and even though they were painted in black silk Sunday-go-to-meeting dresses and sometimes even gold filigree earrings and elaborate breastpins, they give one the feeling that they have been called out of the kitchen and have been persuaded by the painter to pose just a few minutes for the portrait. They are women not afraid of work—women whose activities are far more democratic than aristocratic. Sully did country children particularly, and he fell slightly into the Reynolds and Romney manner of making them a whit too pretty, and his *Boy with the Hat with the Torn Brim* has become as popular as anything Reynolds ever painted. Sully had a soft coloring and a mellow glow in half tone and shadow which became almost too sweet but which distinguished him above the other painters of the first half of the century.

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*See page 309.

Harding was a very brusque painter. He did Daniel Webster, John Quincy Adams and others, sparing them not. If they had blemishes or irregular features, Harding exaggerated rather than minimized them. Henry Inman, another portrait painter of that time, was much more gentle. He painted New Englanders and did them with a fine regard for their real gentleness. G. P. A. Healy,* with a New England heritage and a New York training and a little spell of learning in both Paris and Munich, brought a character into his portraiture that was not at all English. He settled in Chicago in the 1850's and was the first painter of the real American mid-westerner. He did portraits of almost everyone of importance in the Middle West, and if anyone questions what the spirit is that has made America possible, he has but to scan a collection of Healy's portraits. They are neither poetic nor elegant, but the frankest, most straightforward prose imaginable in portraiture. He had a fine strength of characterization, and the great ability to stop when he was through. He did not overpaint. Only one other portraitist of the Middle West of America has done more in characterizing the American spirit and that was Frank Duveneck of Cincinnati, the head of the American school of realism, who brought the Munich influence effectively into American portraiture at the end of the century.

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*See page 325.

Healy drew with a photographic realism. He knew the structure of the head and he painted hands admirably. Eyes are always meaningful and ever the center of interest in his pictures, even though they are apt to stare at us rather than to wink gently as we approach. Many of Healy's portraits are "as hard as nails," but he is nevertheless one of the high peaks in the panorama of American art.

A man who is hard to class as either portraitist, historical or tableau painter is George Fuller,* the most important mystic of the nineteenth century American school. He was born at Deerfield, Massachusetts, in 1822, and lived most of his life on his little Massachusetts farm, a retiring soul, thought queer by his neighbors. Yet he has left some of the most poetic utterances and some of the most stirring, dramatic canvases that we find in American art. His *Trial of the Salem Witches,* which hangs at the Art Institute of Chicago, is almost inexplicable. It is akin to some of the most subtle, mystical things in French art. His faces, and even portrait heads, at times were treated almost in the spirit of the Frenchman, Carrière, who, however, came much later in the calendar. Fuller must have lived very close to the mystic world. His figures do not seem quite real and yet they are painted with a deep sympathy as if the artist had touched the hidden sadness of the soul.

The woman on trial in the austere New England court room is a very beautiful creature apart from the dull world in which she lives. She does not hear her questioners. She has no fear of them and she is scarcely aware of the curious who surround the room and hang over the balcony rail. Derision and hatred fill the shadows of the large room with fearful things. Proceedings have come to a sudden stop. Something is filling the consciousness of all assembled that they cannot understand. An invisible spirit seems to hover about the accused one. The picture is in dull browns with very little color. It is a sordid business, this trial of "witches," and Fuller makes us feel the pity of it, but he sympathizes deeply and profoundly with the misunderstood one. He actually gives her an aura of heavenly glory. The one who sees beyond, who could lead, is derided and spat upon.

History again repeats itself. To one's mind there immediately comes another trial picture, one by Munkacsy, the Hungarian painter of about the same period. But if we compare the significance, the power and the telling emotion of Fuller's *Trial of Salem Witches* with Munkacsy's *Christ Before Pilate,* we instantly perceive how much greater is the Fuller painting. *Christ Before Pilate* is a dramatic sort of pageant, a snapshot episode in an excellently played Passion Play. Fuller's is the very symbol of the workings of Satan. Beauty and Truth are being judged by a cruel, unfeeling world of matter. All the light in Fuller's picture hovers about the misjudged one. The shadows are total oblivion. It is a very great picture, standing quite alone in nineteenth century America.

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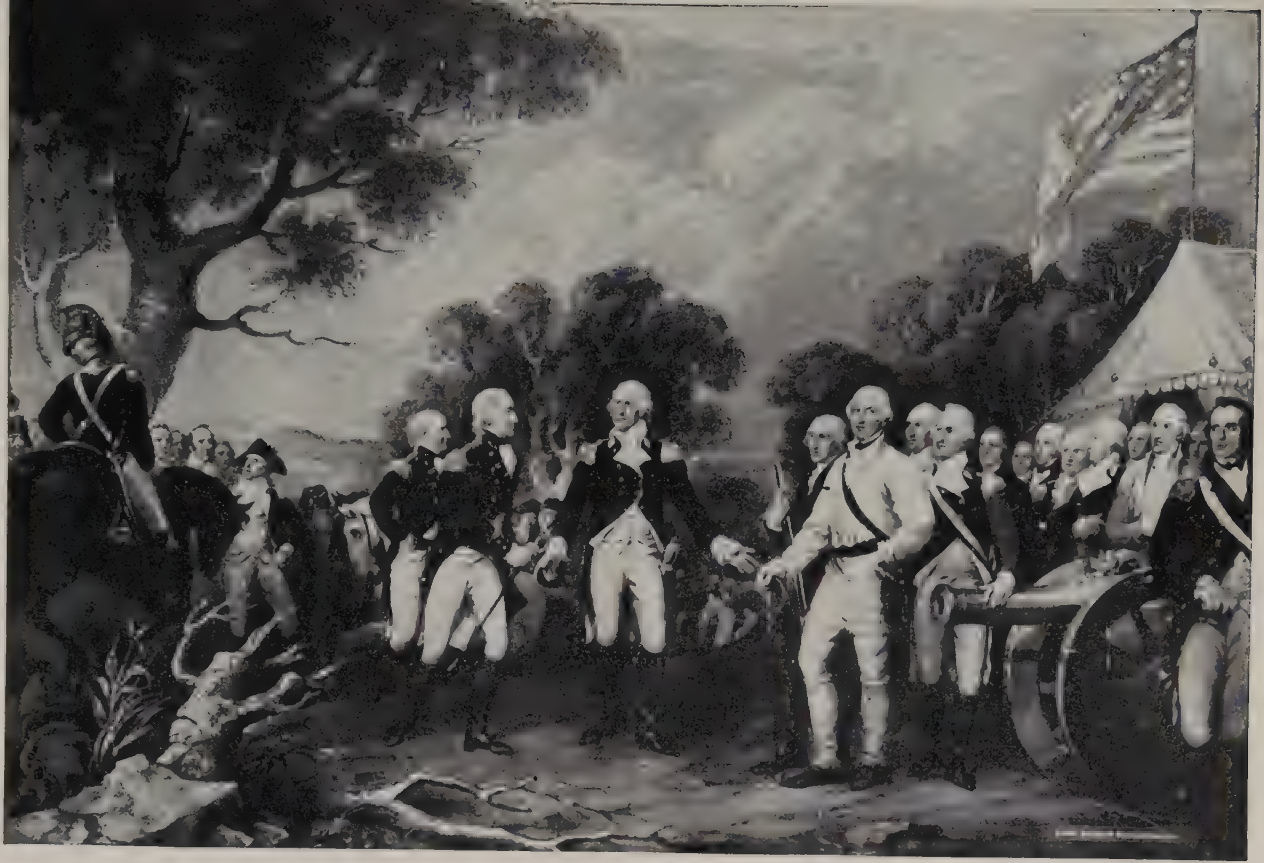
*See page 304.

Fuller made the mistake of so many great geniuses, that of isolating himself from the world to which he was so much akin. An explanation for this is that geniuses are very delicately attuned and anything approaching opposition or struggle often snuffs out their inspiration and smothers their genius. So, rather than fight it out in the world, some retire to a hermitage to do their work in silent exile. The result is often a lack of brilliancy in expression, a poor technical accomplishment. If Fuller had gone to the exhibitions, stood in the market place and rubbed shoulders with his producing fellow artists considerably more than he did, his painting might have been more masterful in performance. He drew with amazing sensitiveness, but he painted with a confused timidity. On the other hand, his inspiration and ideals might have been totally warped had he found contact freely with the outside world. We are grateful to have Fuller's painting as it is and the American treasure of the nineteenth century is greatly enriched by it.

In less than two centuries America had a great capitol and twenty metropolises that rivaled cities of the old world that were centuries old. Awkward and overgrown they were, to be sure, but by 1890 each contained at least some noble buildings with more planned. Aside from these great commercial, industrial, financial centers, the forty-four States of the Union had capital cities with capitol buildings. The States were rivaling each other in the splendor of their capitals and their universities. Washington, laid out



Surrender of General Burgoyne.—Trumbull

by the father of the country himself, and Major L'Enfant, the French designer of the nineteenth century Paris, was rapidly becoming the exemplary city of America. Its capitol, built in the Roman classic order with the finest dome in the western hemisphere, was gloriously set and ardently and rightly admired by all.

The National, or as it is known, Congressional Library, close by, was the most pretentious and elegant building in the States. These buildings required something more than architecture. They had to be embellished with the beauty of painting and sculpture. There were numberless spaces upon walls in pendentives and domes well lighted and within the range of vision, calling for decorative or pictorial embellishment. Painters were in demand, not to do easel painting alone, but to do murals.

The American painters knew nothing about the ancient mural art of fresco, and the costliness and tediousness of mosaic made it undesirable for the immediate and speedy demands. Fresco was the great medium of mural decoration in warm, dry, Renaissance Italy. Mosaic had been the great medium of mural decoration in the ponderous Byzantine buildings during the dark ages and when labor cost almost nothing. Our nineteenth-century painters had become expert craftsmen in oil painting and they found in Paris, which has a climate similar to ours, a most successful use of oil painting in a new form of mural decoration. Linen canvas was stretched the shape of the space to be filled, painted within the artist's studio, rolled up and taken to the wall and applied either with a solid adhesive or upon a loose frame that was firmly attached to the space There are disadvantages to this type of mural decoration; the linen may shrink or stretch, thereby cracking or bulging the picture; if the wall is too dry or damp the linen is apt to rot or mildew. Few adhesives are chemically stationary; they may eventually react on the canvas or on the paint. The oil paint itself, mixed with various oils and varnishes, is apt to change color, to turn black, corrode or fade. Changes of this sort often come in easel paintings, but when the surfaces are small and the brush strokes rich, full and varied, there still may be charm and beauty to the picture even after these ravages of time. Mural paintings for huge spaces must be treated in simple, flat colors, and any marks of disintegration become obvious harmful blemishes. So the task given by the architects and the builders of the noble structures in the new America to the painters was a very difficult one.

There immediately arose a magnificent group of studious, sincere men who put themselves to the task with determination. One by one they went to Paris or Italy to study the problem at its fountainhead to its last analysis. Fresco as a possibility was definitely discarded. Dampness was found to be its total ruination, and the dampness and humidity in most American cities was far beyond that of the Italian cities. Mosaic was not felt to be a very free medium because of the costliness of the material, and could not be used unless the structure was solidly built so that there would never be shifting of foundations or cracking of walls. Then, in an age when labor is very expensive, mosaic becomes prohibitive.

Rome, and in fact all of Italy, became the great inspiration to Abbott Thayer, Edwin Abbey, Kenyon Cox, Elihu Vedder and others who saw that the mural paintings of the Renaissance were supreme wall decorations as well as pictorial revelations. Edwin Blashfield, John W. Alexander and others found a greater inspiration in Paris through the late nineteenth century French mastery of the physical problems of decorating the wall spaces and in the joy and gaiety, decorative loveliness and rich beauty they gave to their splendid buildings. So our artists went to work, and from their Washington, New York or Paris studios came forth an endless pageant of stunning mural paintings for places in the great halls of America's noble edifices. The two most completely decorated nineteenth century structures of America are the Congressional Library and the Boston Public Library. These two buildings contain works by almost all of the important American mural painters of the nineteenth century, and the Boston Library has, in addition, a glorious array of murals by the Frenchman, Puvis de Chavannes, the greatest wall painter since Giotto. State capitols, especially Wisconsin, Minnesota, Pennsylvania and

Missouri, are also elaborately decorated by the great muralists.

One of the two most recent capitols displays the art of the foremost mural painter of modern England, Frank Brangwyn, whose decorations make glorious the Missouri Capitol, and in the new Pennsylvania Capitol, Violet Oakley, the foremost American woman painter, has added priceless beauty.

It would be a useless survey to enumerate all the painters who did murals for the Congressional Library. Many of them are unknown otherwise and there are quite as many poor paintings in the library as there are good ones. Some are so absurdly romantic, sentimental, realistic, or inclusively Victorian that they have no place with the noble and no right to exist there. There is no great unity in the scheme of this building. The structure as a whole was finely planned, but too many cooks spoiled the broth. The Boston Public Library is very different; it is still America's most perfectly decorated building. Puvis de Chavannes, Edwin Abbey and John Singer Sargent decorated the corridors and main rooms.

Elihu Vedder* may be considered the father of American mural decoration. He was born in New York City in 1836 and studied first to be a genre painter, but soon the classic glory of Italian art led him there. And from the time he was forty years of age he lived in Rome. Through his illustrations and genre paintings he had won membership in the National Academy of Design, New York, when he was but twenty-nine. His first important contribution from Rome was the completely illustrated ''Rubaiyat'' of Omar Khayyam. It was immediately published in Italy, Germany, France, England and America with the text in the languages of these respective countries, and it gave him a very high place in the art world. Look at these illustrations with their elaborate patterns of classic dignity in both figure and design, and it can readily be seen how easily this scheme of decoration could be enlarged for mural purposes.

In 1886 there appeared in the entrance hall of the Walker Art Building at Bowdoin College, Maine, Vedder's five lunettes symbolic of government. A little later came his important mosaic "Minerva" in the Congressional Library. He never freed himself from Italian influence, and the whole of Italian art in method, theme and symbolism was so definitely exploited by Vedder that many a student has found in his work sufficient instruction to take the place of study in Italy. Through Vedder the elegance and dignity of Italian painting were brought into the American school. He was an utter slave to anatomy and construction, with the result that his figures and forms are often too round and too objective to be successful as mural decorations. The great mural, of course, is the one which does not destroy the wall but embellishes it. His *Cumæan Sibyl* in the J. Pierpont Morgan collection at the Metropolitan is an outstanding example of his Italo-American painting.

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*See page 314.

The very subjects Vedder chose reveal his viewpoint. *Europa,* a combination of Greek goddess and Roman beauty, rides by on the curliest and most magnificent of all bulls. *Fortuna* floats in high space swathed in diaphanous draperies; her golden locks suggest a Medusa; the wheel of fortune upon which she stands might be considered prophetic of the automobile age, for it has wire spokes and a balloon tire. Our illustration, *The Soul Between Doubt and Faith* is characteristic of his design and handling. With all of its flow of line, with the thousand strands of hair, the multiple folds of draperies and the intricate design of wings and halo, it is not a rhythmic picture. It does not seem to be a complete composition, but rather a segment out of a large picture. In its classic character and its objective symbolism it is material fit to be placed in a noble space, but as a successful art treatment it is questionable.

Possibly it is rather too bad that this painter did not remain more naturally an American and continue with his first choice, the genre subject. Even from the literary standpoint this picture is not convincing. An argument arises immediately. Which is the Soul? Surely not the long-faced pouter in the foreground! No, that must be Doubt. Then, is the Soul the venerable old man with long beard and wise countenance? No, he is too material. The Soul must be the radiant spirit with the glorious face, the halo and the wings, and yet this one may be Faith, and so the debate goes on. Our answer is that Vedder was altogether wrong in his precept. He did not do what he had attempted to do and we must have his own defense of the painting to know what he really meant; yet he did paint with an accomplished technique.

Abbott Thayer,* a painter some ten years younger than Vedder, became a very important artist and contributed a few mystic things to American art that are almost equal to those of George Fuller. In fact, he is a sort of meeting ground between Fuller and Vedder. He had the misfortune of being a pupil of Gérôme at the École des Beaux Arts in Paris during his twenties. After this he went to Rome, there met Vedder and got some of Gérôme's literalness and orientalism out of his system. There are murals by him at Bowdoin College and in the Congressional Library. They give the feeling of being unfinished compositions. He evidently developed an abhorrence for the literal detail that the master Gérôme had tried to teach him, and went to the other extreme, giving the appearance of thoughtless emptiness to certain areas of his pictures.

Even his best known, *Caritas,* in the Robert Louis Stevenson Memorial, gives us the suggestion of these unfinished spaces. A tall, beautifully and classically gowned woman bends slightly to protect two tiny children standing at her feet. Again the symbolism is somewhat debatable, but the freedom of painting and the glory of color are most satisfying. Thayer painted as if he loved to do it. His canvases always give the feeling of light reflecting from precious surfaces. The color is like mother-of-pearl, old gold, the light of the amethyst and the luster of pearls. The central figure of the murals is an angel seated upon a rock in an ethereal sea of deep night blue. The wings are raised; a threadlike halo sends little lights out into the ether. The angel, in a very serious mood, becomes a guardian; she does not look at us, neither does she speak; her strong mouth with firmly set lips tells us none of the secrets of the hereafter. She clasps one knee with both hands and extended strong arms; a rich enfolding of soft drapery covers the sturdy, beautiful body and flutters off into space below. It

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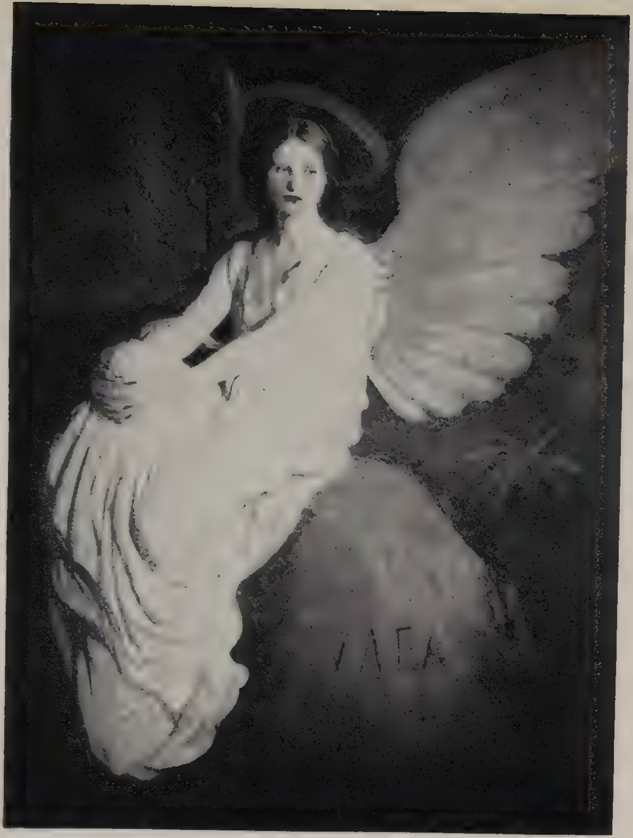
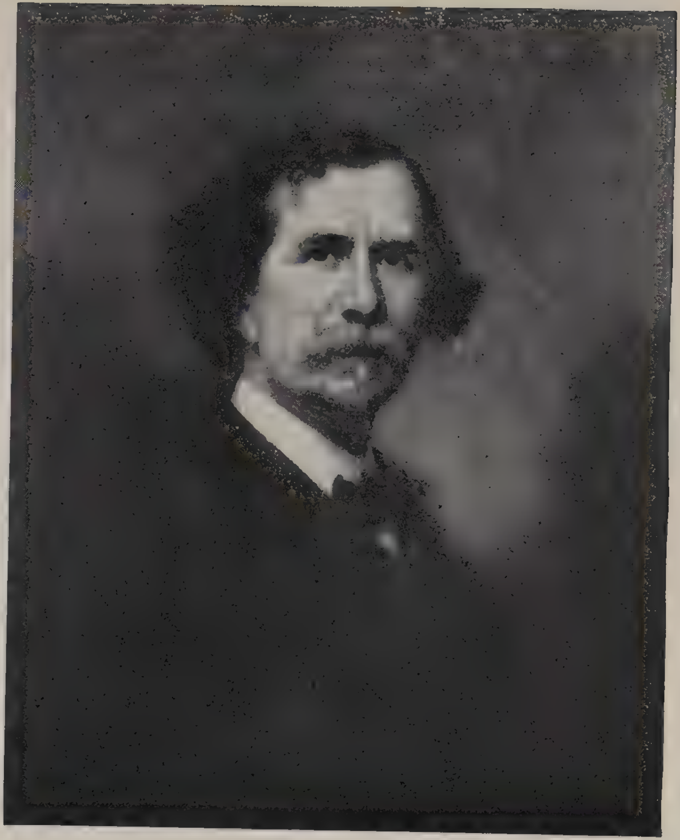
*See page 325.



STEVENSON MEMORIAL.—THAYER



PORTRAIT OF HIMSELF.—HEALY
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago

is more French and Italian than American, more old world and renaissance than modern and western.

The place to study the art of Abbott Thayer is in the beautiful Freer Gallery of Art at the Smithsonian Institution in Washington. The three outstanding collections of this most perfect of all art galleries are oriental arts, especially Chinese and Japanese, paintings and drawings by James McNeill Whistler, and paintings, drawings and decorations by Abbott Thayer. Charles F. Freer of Detroit became Abbott Thayer's foremost patron, and during the last twenty years of Thayer's life bought almost everything he did.

One is immediately struck by the fact that Thayer began hundreds of things but finished few. A sense of incompleteness permeates most of his art. It is never the aggressive, literal philosophy or design of Elihu Vedder. It has a lusciousness of color beyond Vedder, a warmth of beauty, a rich sensuousness that the other painters, especially the muralists of his time, did not. His specialization of beauty, however, is quite as limited as was Dante Gabriel Rossetti's. He painted one particular type or scheme again and again. In tracing the drawings and portrait studies made from his daughter from the time she was a wee babe until she reached a perfected womanhood, we see that it is her beauty that became the key to all Thayer's art.

The two foremost nineteenth century mural painters of America, those whose works have been accepted as standards of the profession, and which decorate more American buildings than the work of other artists, were Kenyon Cox and Edwin Blashfield. Cox* was an easel painter, working much in the classic manner, and only turned to mural painting about the time of the Chicago World's Fair. He also became an important teacher and gave many of the best years of his life to the Architectural League and the Art Students' League of New York. But fortunately he did a few magnificent murals, among them a frieze for the Appellate Court of New York, six panels for the Walker Art Gallery at Bowdoin College, and superb decorations in both oil and mosaic for the capitol at St. Paul, Minnesota, and for the capitol at Madison, Wisconsin. The pendentives at

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*See page 335.

Madison were commissioned to him and he filled them with mosaics symbolic of Government, Justice, and so forth. The drawing and color are most satisfying; they are brilliant, masterful things, and our only objection is upon his use of the words which describe the subjects. For instance, Justice appears in such isolated letters that it reads "JUS-TI-CE," and Government reads "GOV-ER-N-MENT." It is almost a puzzle to find out what these letters really spell.

But at Madison are also his finest murals—in every way the finest decorations in the whole great building. They are the tall panels in the perfect architectural setting of the Senate chamber. *Marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific,* the panel which is reproduced here, shows Cox's whole method. These are figures of grace and beauty, strength and definition; there is nothing unfinished or overdone. The color is brilliant and direct; the sky is intense with silvery white clouds. The draperies are in Chinese vermilion, jade green, Japanese orange and Korean gold. Mercury, the messenger of the gods, symbol of time and space, guides the barge of the Pacific in which ride the islands symbolized by the nude figure garlanded in a flowery lei; Japan, bringing her offering of rich art; China, resplendent gifts and deep mysticism; a turbaned figure with outstretched arms symbolic of the lesser known peoples of the Pacific completes the tableau, except for a most robust and beautiful mermaid who rises from the sea at the prow of the boat as a symbol of the sea treasures in the coral depths. The reproduction is lovely, but one must see the painting in its original setting at Madison to know its superior worth. The corresponding panel of the Atlantic is quite as glorious.

Yes, this room is Kenyon Cox's masterpiece and one of the finest attainments in American mural painting. It is allegory borrowed from the whole world; it is the technique of the best learning obtainable in all of Europe, but the result is neither French, Italian or German, neither occidental nor oriental, but all these and more. It is Western. It has the freedom of the new thought of America in it, and certainly it is the great treasure of Madison.

In the same building Edwin Blashfield has a number of contributions. The Assembly has a huge painting of *Classic Wisconsin* enthroned in the midst of a great pine forest. Government, Justice, Peace, Plenty, Agriculture, Mining and Fishing surround her as classical, symbolic figures; Indians and pioneers stand in the shadows on each side, awe-struck at this vision; deer gaze from the forest, and birds peer from the tree branches. A little badger that ran across the foreground was eventually removed. It is dramatic in color, full of stagecraft in its illumination but a bit too sentimental and certainly faulty in its symbolism. It is too realistic in its perspective and objective in its realistic light and shade to be good mural painting, and its glory is too dominant for it to be good decoration.

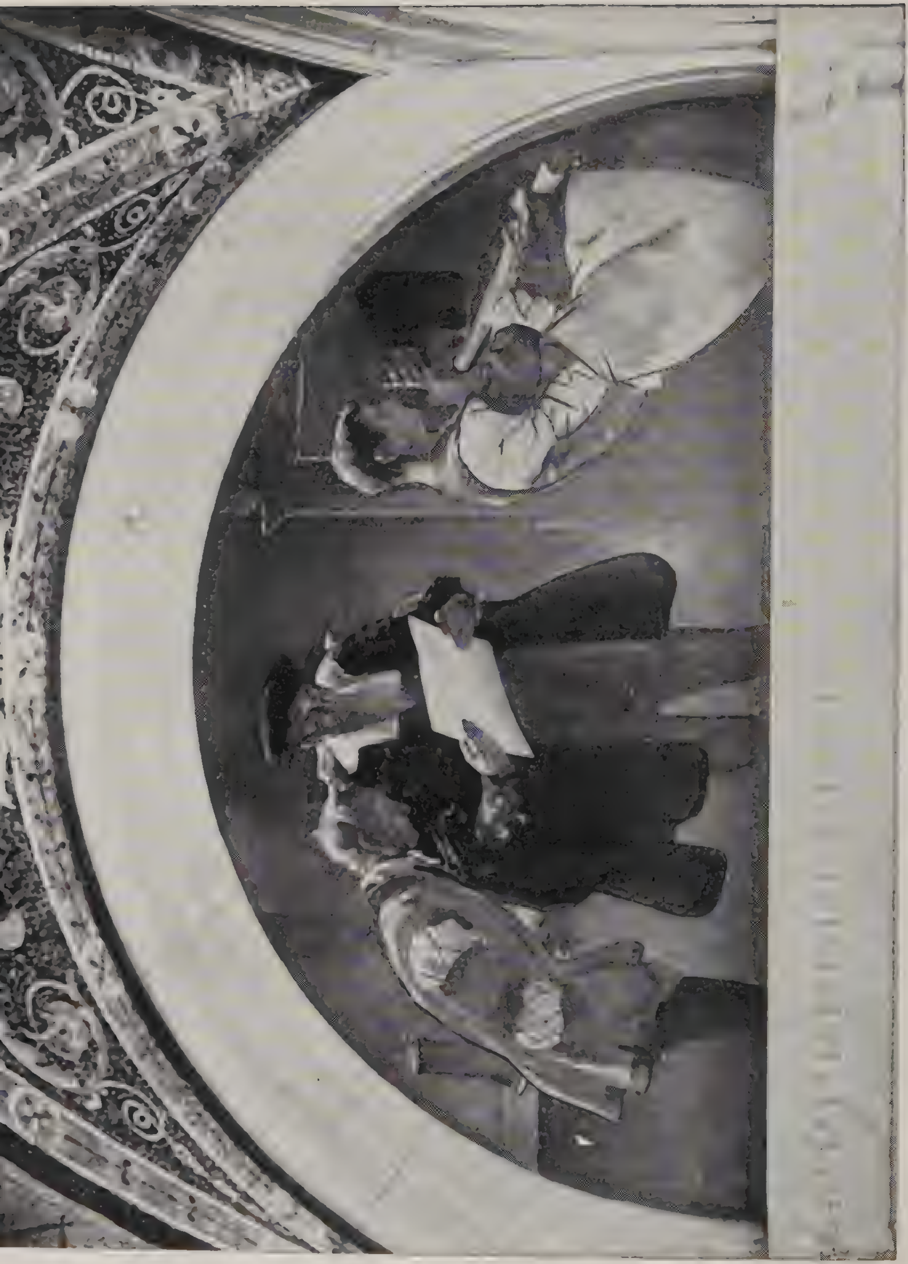
The best of Blashfield's work is his painting in the eye of the dome. It is one of the most impressive domes in all the world, and the eye is a long way from the floor of the main rotunda. It is a great sight to stand upon this floor and look up to the magnificent reaches of this classic structure. One peers into its lantern or eye and there beholds a swirl of red, white and blue, the American flag embodied within the stars of heaven, with the red and white costumes and caps of the angel protectors of liberty. It is a fine piece of foreshortening. These angelic figures seem to be floating above us; clouds envelop them; they are illuminated by the light of the sun, but beyond them is the starry dome of the universe.

Blashfield's best murals, however, are in the St. Paul capitol. They are done with a quiet dignity and symbolize the State of Minnesota, the growth of the Northwest, and the coming of justice and government to this land of the North. They are well placed and illuminated, and while highly realistic and sometimes complicated in color and form, they do satisfy as painting articulated to architecture, as do few of his other elaborate works. He, too, made his first bow at the Chicago World's Fair, doing the great dome of the Administration Building there, and he has possibly decorated more buildings in America than any other man, with rich quality to his art. We are still most impressed by the quantity that he did. He was more confined in his outlook and technique to the spirit of the

French and German schools than any of his confreres, and while his subjects were ever perfectly good American allegory, the treatment and the whole art of his production were very definitely romantically European. He added little to what had been done abroad. In him we find an assembly of the arts of centuries, and his pictures are grand without exception, but they are nothing to which future generations will point as steps in American development.

John LaFarge, who passed away shortly before the World War at the age of seventy-five, was really responsible for the organization of the Society of Mural Painters in 1876 in Boston and was its president for a considerable time. As his name indicates, he was of French parentage and his grandfather, a French painter of miniatures, was his chief master. He first studied law, and in this developed logic and a serious thought penetration which abode with him throughout his art career. He spent some time in Paris, chiefly copying the old masters of the Louvre. He eventually turned his attention to the laws of noble decoration as applied to stained glass windows. His windows in St. Thomas' Church in New York in 1877 were followed by windows at the Paulist, the Brick, the Incarnation and the Ascension churches, all of New York. He then did a huge window for Trinity Church, Buffalo, and the renowned Battle Window in the Memorial Church at Harvard. He also did windows and ceiling decorations in some of the great mansions on Fifth Avenue. The last important work was done for the St. Paul capitol.

The Congressional Library decorations by him are among the best there. He was thought of as a master in anything he undertook. He was very much adored by the students who came within his teaching, and had great influence over such men as Augustus St. Gaudens, the sculptor, Francis Lathrop and John Humphrey Johnson, painters. He was a writer and his book, "Considerations on Painting," is one of America's foremost art texts. He was one of the first American artists to go to the Orient, and he spent a number of years in Japan, acquiring Japanese habits and manners of living, but never did Japan affect his art. There is noth-



Evolution of the Book Printing Press.—Alexander ing which particularly distinguishes his painting or his design. The LaFarge windows for long were thought to be the finest of modern times, but today we look upon them as rather complicated, undecorative paintings upon glass, which at times was treated with so much color that it became quite opaque. In fact, had these same compositions been done upon canvas they would have been much more satisfying. The idea of the window as a transparent conveyor of light or as a decorative embellishment within the wall space was never successfully managed by him. His allegories very definitely influenced those employed by both Blashfield and Cox, and his color in some cases was allied to Thayer's except that he used a great deal more red. Some of his easel paintings are extremely interesting, especially those of Biblical subjects. But he never did find a style that was his own. He did not distinctively create, so that his name becomes merely one of many in the progress of art in America.

Edward Simmons, a close follower of many of these men, deserves more than a slight mention. He felt most interested in the episodes of real American history; pioneers in prairie schooners were more to his liking then Greek goddesses riding in Roman barges. But his picture sense was too scenic to make a lasting art impression.

Edwin Abbey* immediately comes to mind the moment American mural decoration is mentioned, and through him we get the English influence. He was born in Pennsylvania in 1852, studied at the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts and soon became the head of the illustration department of Harper & Brothers, publishers, in New York, and had as his associates there such men as Howard Pyle and Joseph Pennell. He became extremely successful as an illustrator. Through this connection he soon found himself in England, where he became the Harper & Brothers' representative and chief research man. Among the illustrations which he made in England were Goldsmith's "She Stoops to Conquer," and a volume of old English songs and, most important of all, a series of illustrations for Shakespeare's comedies and some of the tragedies. When we look at these today it is not hard to believe they were entirely English.

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*See page 339.

In 1883 he was elected a member of the Royal Institute of Painters in Water Color and found this distinctive English medium much to his liking. Up to 1890 he painted in nothing but watercolor, but became extremely popular the reading world over through his illustrations in this medium. From 1890 on he turned his efforts to oils and lived all of this time in England. In 1896 he was elected an associate of the Royal Academy, and in 1898 became a full Royal academician. About then he was commissioned to do the *Quest of the Holy Grail* series for the Boston Public Library. These he did directly upon the wall in fresco. Nothing has ever made a more popular appeal to American education than this series by Abbey. The *Galahad the Deliverer* illustrated here is a very characteristic example of this phase of his painting. The reproduction, however, gives a far greater sense of flatness than does the picture in color. The whole Holy Grail series, based upon the English interpretation of the old German saga of Parsifal and the knights of the Holy Grail, confused with the persons of King Arthur, Sir Galahad and the knights of the Round Table, is as complicated in its symbolism as is the translated story and in its treatment is betwixt and between illustration and mural decoration.

The very fact that these pictures should ever have become so highly popular and yet remain objects of great admiration to the entire country, proves how romantic and sentimentalized is the American regard for beauty. As illustrations they have charm and arouse the imagination; are good indeed for a library, because they compel the serious beholder to turn to reading. Possibly mural decorations in a library are most consistent when they illustrate literature, but as mural paintings or as art these reach no standards whatsoever.

As fate decreed, the popularity was immediate and widespread. Abbey was given the most amazing mural commission that had ever been awarded in America. In 1900 he was actually commissioned to do the entire interior of the costly new capitol at Harrisburg, Pennsylvania. He went to work on the enormous spaces allotted him, but he tried to take illustrations for printed pages to be held in the hand and to enlarge them to the noble dimensions of great walls in spacious halls. But fate was tried too deeply in this and rescinded the trust. He was just well started when he passed away, leaving only the small designs and sketchy compositions which he had planned to develop into great pictures. Commissioners at Harrisburg were wholly at sea and they were in the greatest consternation as to what should be done. The country was scoured to find someone who would carry on the Abbey plan. Cox and Blashfield flatly refused.

At last Howard Pyle, a fellow illustrator of Abbey's, was appealed to. Pyle refused to undertake it, declaring that he had no equipment whatsoever to be a mural painter. Undoubtedly he felt that Abbey's concept for the building was a mistake, but his impeccable sincerity and his highly regarded opinion won him the privilege to recommend the successor, and he chose a young woman pupil of his. She had been trained as an illustrator under his tutelage, but had also seriously developed the craft of mural painting. Two small murals were already to her credit, one in the Federal Building of a Great Lakes city and another in a small room in Baltimore. And this American girl, Violet Oakley, woke one morning to find herself in possession of the largest mural commission that had ever been given anyone to fulfill in the western hemisphere.

Howard Pyle knew what he was doing, and Miss Oakley accepted this great commission as if it had come straight from heaven. She dedicated herself to its fulfillment and went about the thing with no thought of self-aggrandizement. She convinced the commissioners promptly that it was neither fair to Edwin Abbey nor to art for her to attempt to carry out his plans. She was presently given carte blanche to accomplish the problem as she saw fit. She did the governor's reception room first, in small panels revealing the history of Pennsylvania. And then came the Hall of Representatives, which Abbey had not touched. It was a large room, ugly in its proportions, garish in its superabundance of green marble and ponderous baroque ceiling of gold. The green was wrong for the room; the ceiling was too heavy; the room itself was unpleasantly square, and a feeling of heaviness and extravagance seemed to give little opportunity to a mural painter or to anyone who would wish to help the room.

Miss Oakley* eventually chose episodes from the lives of Washington and Lincoln as her subject matter, but in the final result the representations of these men at great moments of their power are merely incidentals in the entire scheme of the room. The illumination upon the walls of glorious lettering, easily read and spaced as in the old hand-illuminated manuscripts, and carrying messages of justice, peace and prosperity, of unity, fraternity and charity, appear in gold and Chinese vermilion. It is the amazing and quite feminine use of these large, brilliant spots of luminous vermilion, counteracting the dark green of the marble of the room, which makes it one of the outstanding achievements of interior decoration in America. Violet Oakley did the great panels for the Assembly in a studio which she built especially for the purpose not far from Germantown, Pennsylvania, a suburb of Philadelphia, near which Benjamin West had once lived. The murals were painted upon especially imported linen stretched by mechanical devices which Miss Oakley invented, with ladders reaching to several platforms that could be elevated or lowered and be moved back and forth in front of the canvas so that the painter might reach all parts of it with ease.

With the exception of the few years that she spent abroad studying mural problems and the ancient doctrines of government, every hour of daylight, six days out of the week, for nearly two decades Miss Oakley could have been found on the scaffolding in her studio. Without assistants, living practically alone except for the companionship of a pupil, Miss Edith Emerson, who has become a mural painter of much distinction through her own talents, Miss Oakley has at last accomplished the final picture of her commission. It was the largest panel of all, to occupy a huge space over the judges' desks in the Supreme Court. Because it was the Supreme Court, as well as her final picture, Miss Oakley felt the need to make it her supreme effort.

She went as far east as Constantinople and Jerusalem, studying the tenets of the law. She learned to read Greek

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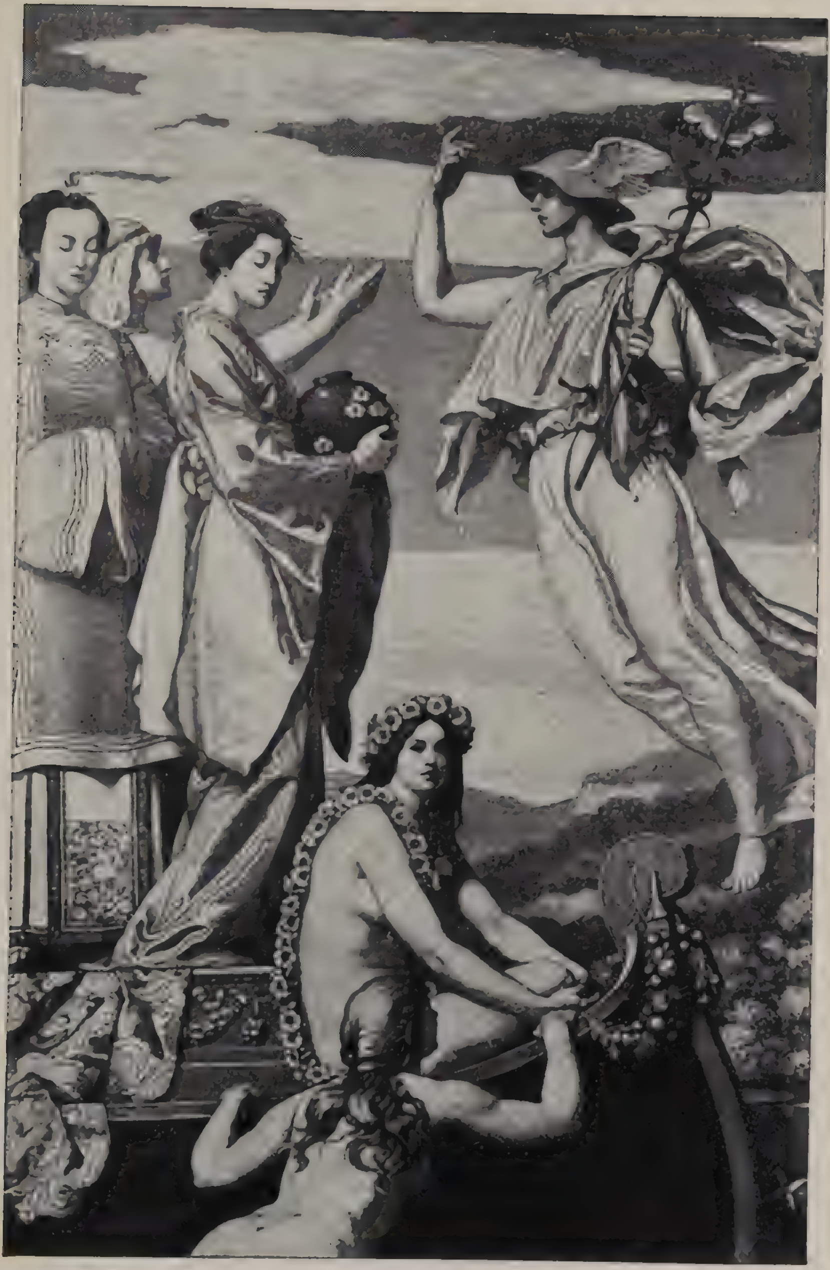
*See page 339.



Marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific.—Cox and Latin that she might peruse the ancient teachings first hand. She studied the mosaics of the Byzantine era and the frescoes of the Renaissance. She found great help and enlightenment in the monastic manuscripts of medieval Italy, and she decided to illuminate the walls of the court room with the doctrine of the law in its most direct statement. She had already come to the conclusion that letters in mural decoration were as beautiful and as consistent to use as were figures, and she decided that the function of the Supreme Court room could best be revealed by using the great word ''L A W.'' So she suspended these letters upon the wall, precariously held by angels amid shafts of light sweeping over the space from the Eye of God which appears at the top of the panel. Within the shaft of the Letter L we eventually read the letters O V E, within the spaces of the great A the letters N D, within the V's of the letter W the letters I S D O M. In other words, Miss Oakley's findings made it possible for her to emblazon upon the walls of the Supreme Court at Harrisburg that Law is Love and Wisdom. This is a panel more beautiful in its sense of mural decoration, more complete in its decorative and emotional feeling, with more perfect understanding of the wall problem, than any other panel we know in modern art. It alone would place Miss Oakley at the head of the western schools of mural decoration, and it makes her not only the most important mural painter of her time but probably the most important woman painter that the world has produced. She has summarized the entire work for the Harrisburg Capitol in a very complete and beautiful publication called ''The Holy Experiment.'' A page from this is herewith reproduced. It is one of the smaller panels. Moses is striking the Ten Commandments upon the tablets. The borders, the lettering, the general spacing of the design lift it above the field of illustration, making it a decoration of the highest order.

The mural paintings of John Singer Sargent will be studied at some length in chapter fourteen, but we cannot leave the subject without some consideration of John W. Alexander,* who has contributed to almost every murally decorated building in Washington, New York and Pennsylvania. Our illustration is one of his Congressional Library lunettes and shows how deliberately he attempted genre in the nobility of mural. Theoretically the two never go together. Easel painting is the most consistent medium for genre, mural for symbolism and allegory, miniature for portrait. Three men appear in this picture; one pulling away at the screw of a primitive press is literally falling backward in the picture. Two rather clownish persons scan a sheet that has been pulled from the press. One, a skeptical old fellow, is evidently very near-sighted, for he peers closely at a sheet with doubting but amused eyes. The figures are arranged for the circular shape in which they are most obviously placed. Of all the mural painters of the century, Alexander is the most romantic.

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*See page 330.

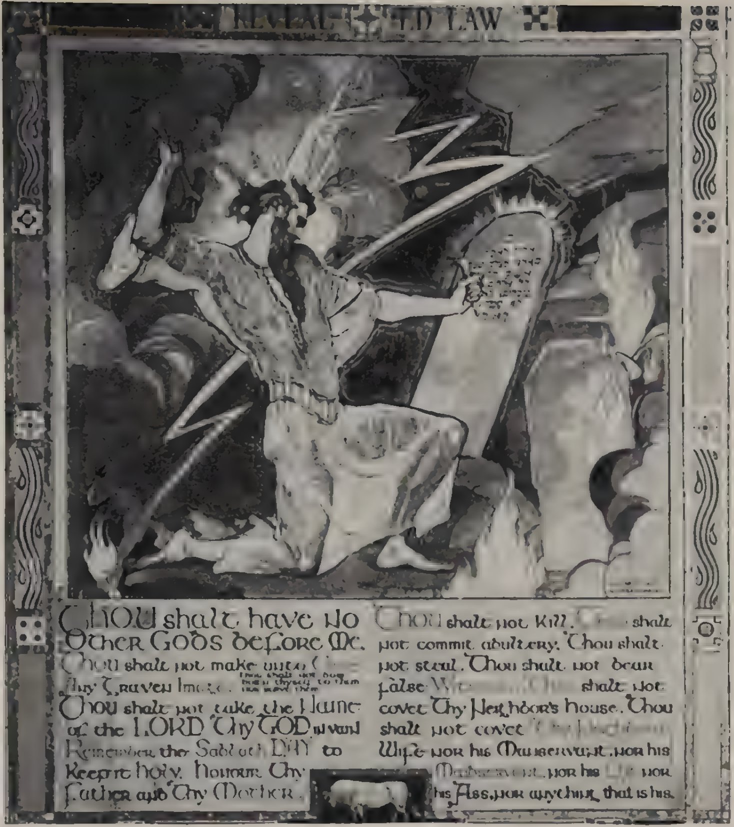
At Pittsburgh, in the entrance hall of the spacious Fine Arts Museum of the Carnegie Institute, the walls surrounding the great main stairway have been entirely covered by Alexander's work. They center around panels symbolizing the *Apotheosis of Pittsburgh.* A man in steel armor, whose countenance suggests rather too openly the face of Andrew Carnegie himself, floats in space in gas and smoke belched forth from the foundry chimneys of Pittsburgh. Angels hover about with crowns and laurel wreaths. At the farthest extremes from these central spaces we come to the men at work beside forge and blast furnace; the roar and flare of steel in the making take on the peace of heaven under the guardian grace of God's angels who crown the entire scene.

The architecture of the hall, somewhat overdone in yellow marble, gives an extremely light background which Alexander well considered, for his panels are in a high key with cream, white, buff and old gold as the chief color notes. The walls of all eight landings are cursed with too many perpendiculars, the thin pilasters breaking up all the spaces, so Alexander leads the eye with lines of interest round and round the walls in horizontal fashion and occasionally follows diagonally the stairs, so that no panel stands by itself. No one ever painted with a more thoroughly graceful line. He had a noticeable simplicity lacking in the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood of England, but much of the exotic and poetic feeling is closely related to theirs. In spite of the resentment that Alexander might have expressed at such a suggestion, we venture to declare him the American Pre-Raphaelite.

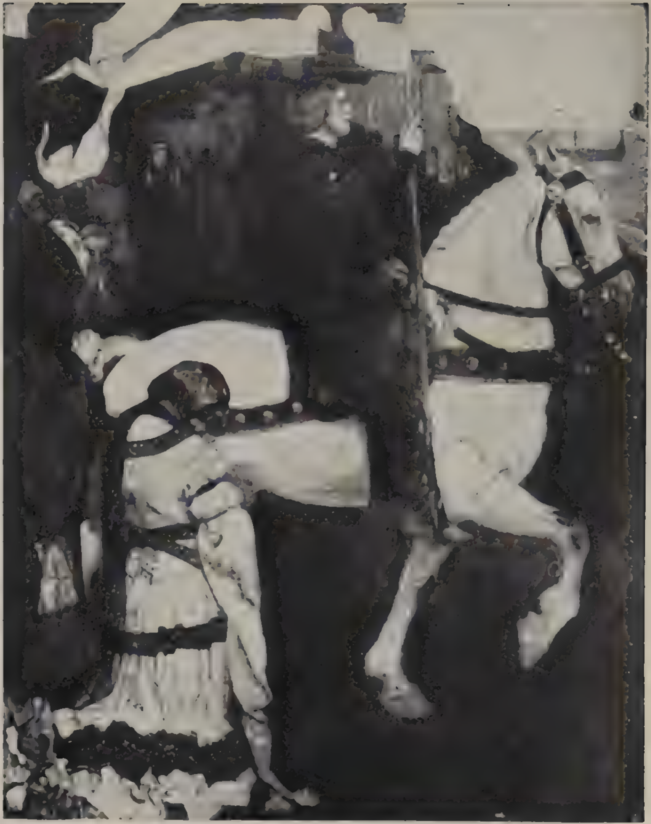
He was one of the group who helped to make Harper's Magazine famous in the 1870's, and his slant for illustration developed there never left him. He later became a pupil of the Royal Academy at Munich and also studied in Venice, Holland and Paris. Through all these influences he became extremely versatile, doing full-size portraits in oil, illustrations for reproduction, easel paintings in genre and in allegory, and mural decorations both allegorical and historical with equal adeptness. His painting is too sophisticated to be considered essentially American. It has much of the suave delicacy of the French, the sturdy realism of the German, the literary bent of the English, and the romantic genre of the Dutch. It has the rich coloring of the Venetian school, and the light and air of modern impressionism. Alexander in some ways became the first internationalist in American painting, the influences of all the schools being somewhat manifest in him.

We class John W. Alexander here as a mural painter but his place as a portrait painter may outlive that. He did not paint portraits just to make them realistic characterizations. He ever aimed to compose them as arrangements of poetic loveliness. His portrait of Walt Whitman in the Metropolitan is a very soulful interpretation of this rugged pioneer, this simple poetic lover of life. The only other interpretation so far of Walt Whitman in pictorial form which may in any way compare is a very recent and modernistic sculpture by Alfeo Faggi. The painting of this portrait is much in the German school. Dull black shadows consume most of the canvas; a shimmering light falls upon the strong countenance and the silvery white beard of the patriarch. It certainly shows some of the Lenbach influence under which Alexander fell while in Munich.

The Boston museum houses *The Pot of Basil,* a tall young woman in a sweeping greenish gown, her head turned away from us and her arm encircling a great vase high in a niche. At the Art Institute of Chicago is a painting of


LAW
THOU shalt have no Other Gods before Me.
Thou shalt not make unto thee any Graven Image.
Thou shalt not take the Name of the LORD Thy GOD in vain.
Remember the Sabbath DAY to Keep it holy.
Honour Thy Father and Thy Mother.
Thou shalt not Kill. Thou shalt not commit adultery. Thou shalt not steal. Thou shalt not bear false Witness. Thou shalt not covet Thy Neighbor's house. Thou shalt not covet Thy Neighbor's Wife, nor his Manservant, nor his Maidservant, nor his Ox nor his Ass, nor anything that is his.

The Mosaic Decalogue.—Oakley



Galahad the Deliverer.—Abbey

similar fashion. A tall young woman in a yellow silk gown of the style of the 1870's bends gracefully to a shaft of sunlight which streams into a darkened room, touching her skirt. From the opposite direction, a cool light illumines her back. It is obviously a modern interpretation of the Italian concept of the Annunciation. His excessive training and influences made Alexander a fine craftsman, but it also gave many of his pictures a bromidic feeling. He was not really a great painter but his place was very necessary to the enrichment and rounding out of the whole theme in American art.

Between these first classic schools of mural painting and those of the present moment there has been a considerable break. From the Chicago World's Fair to the end of the World War, few important things were accomplished in this field except by the artists already covered in this study. New men did not come rapidly into prominence, but in very recent years we have some notable additions to the list. The Cunard Steamship Company building on lower Broadway in New York is the outstanding example of coöperative achievement between architect, sculptor and painter. Mosaics, frescoes, and oil murals adorn the building, each in absolute conformity with the architectural setting as to scale, theme, and color, wholly fitting the purposes of the building in subject matter. Ezra Winter, Barry Faulkner, Eugene F. Savage, are among the young names who contributed to this fine achievement. They are all Prix de Rome winners from the American academy in Rome, as were most of the other workers on this beautiful building. The Eastman School of Music at Rochester, New York, has been magnificently decorated by representatives of this younger school. They are attacking the problem purely from the standpoint of mural decoration, never letting historical document, literary interest, or pictorial representation interfere with the first main essential, the decoration of the wall in appropriate terms.

Jules Guerin, already famous as an architectural illustrator of the first rank, a few years ago turned his attention to mural decoration, and his beautifully spaced and gloriously colorful friezes in the Lincoln Memorial in Washington are one of the outstanding achievements of American mural painting. A young woman of St. Paul, Elsa Laubach Jemne, has done a brilliant colorful mural over the stairway of the sturdy granite courthouse at St. Cloud, Minnesota. It is a flat, modern rhythmic interpretation of the primitive Indian of Minnesota, and is a real achievement of originality in fine mural form. Mr. John Norton of Chicago has distinguished himself and elevated the craft of mural painting to a high position in the middle-west through his decorations for the courthouse at Sioux City, Iowa, and for the Tavern club of Chicago. He is the foremost teacher of mural painting in America at the present time. All of these people are attacking the problem as distinctive from all other fields of painting, and are all accomplishing brilliant success for the moment at least. The actual art worth cannot be measured at once; time alone may prove that.

Mr. Albert Krehbiel, who has recently become a distinguished easel landscape painter, decorated the ceilings of the Appellate Court in Springfield, Illinois, with allegorical subjects treated in the semi-classic fashion, but with a very modern understanding of the problem in hand. Moving picture theaters, fashionable restaurants, and modern hotels supply the chief demand for this form of painting today. The west coast is producing interesting young men, largely under the influence of Mr. Albert Herter, the founder of the famous Herter Tapestry Looms of New York. He lived a good portion of his life in California and decorated with murals and tapestries some of the beautiful hostelries of that American playground. Mr. Herter's chief mural painting is in the supreme court of the capitol at Madison, Wisconsin; four large panel tableaus depicting the development of law, Judaic, Roman and so forth. They are realistic illustrations very excellent in color for their surroundings, but not modern in the sense of the achievement of the younger group.

With the new mastery of concrete, steel lathing, the steel girder allowing for tremendous areas unbroken by columns, building adornment takes on new possibilities. There is a revival of interest in fresco and our younger painters are experimenting with colored cements and new methods of handling mosaic. It is not too much to expect in the next few years a great development of the art of mural painting in America.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

M*R. and Mrs. Ralph Izard of Charleston* by John Singleton Copley, as suave a painting of Americans as was ever painted by an American. It was done in Rome, although definitely under the British Royal Academy influence, but few masterpieces of the English school excel it in any way. It is quaint in arrangement and characterization and thoroughly delightful in its charm. Page 304.

Trial of Salem Witches by George Fuller, one of the most spiritualized paintings in American art. It is a picture of mentalities rather than physiques. The circle of judgment, dire and dark in shadow, surrounds the lighted figure of the one on trial. Fuller's color in drawing and technique were not brilliant but his ideas were very profound. Page 304.

Major General Henry Knox by Gilbert Stuart. This artist and his paintings hold the first place in the history of early American painting. While this portrait of General Knox is British in its manner, there is something free and fine in the characterization that gives it the air of the West. Page 309.

Elizabeth Tuckerman Salisbury by Chester Harding, as precise and proper as the portrait of a distinguished New England lady should be. It is almost wholly void of charm but it has a sturdy reality that is vigorous and truthful even if it is not beautiful. Harding was one of the first to break away from British Royal Academy principles. Page 309.

Magdalen Anointing the Feet of Christ by Benjamin West, a very elegant theatrically arranged Biblical composition, pretending to be historical but failing and making the Magdalen an English blonde, putting a Sheffield silver compote on the table. One cannot deny West's genius but he was too fashionable and popular to become wholly serious. Page 314.

The Soul Between Doubt and Faith by Elihu Vedder. This is more impressive as a drawing than as a painting. Lines in very elaborate complication describe each element of the picture. It is classical and allegorical and very literary, not a great work of art but a brilliant illustration. Page 314.

Surrender of General Burgoyne by Trumbull, a characteristic example of the best historical painter of the American Revolution. The faces are definite portraits and while the composition is sufficiently historical, it is so delightfully naïve that it delights regardless of its art attainment. This is one of the first paintings displaying the new American flag. Page 319.

Stevenson Memorial by Abbott Thayer. A beautiful classical picture but American to the extent of an angel clasping her hands around her knee, a pose that would not have been endorsed in a real classic era. Page 325.

Portrait of Himself by G. P. A. Healy, one of the most sturdy and finest men in American art painted in his characteristic manner, frank, deliberate Realism, produced through accurate observation and excellent industry. Page 325.

Evolution of the Book: Printing Press by John W. Alexander. This is one of Alexander's Congressional Library lunettes, depending upon light and shadow and a slightly forced humor, neither of which belong to really great mural decoration. Page 330.

Marriage of the Atlantic and the Pacific, one of Kenyon Cox's greatest murals, a fine achievement in line, design and color. Page 325.

The Mosaic Decalogue by Violet Oakley. In this American woman the arts of illustration, decoration, illumination and mural painting have come to a climax, unified and eloquent. This is one of her magnificent panels on the walls of the Capitol of Pennsylvania at Harrisburg. Page 339.

Galahad the Deliverer by Edwin Abbey, a mural painting in the spirit of English illustration by the foremost exponent of Romanticism in mural decoration. This type of painting is no longer popular or highly commendable because its sentimentality is ahead of its truth. Page 339.

AMERICAN LANDSCAPE

IX

THE first influence in portrait painting in America came from England, and the first landscape influence came from Germany. Before the century was half spent, Düsseldorf had become the center of German painting, and here the grandeur of landscape told in panoramic fashion, was understood and painted so well that it was only a mere step to convert the work of this school and the talent of its individuals to the service of theatrical panoramic painting both for the stage and for historical panoramas. The result eventually brought such show-paintings in panorama form as *The Battle of Waterloo* which is still displayed in its circular building on the very battlefield where it took place. In America, we have had *The Battle of Gettysburg, The Battle of the Monitor and the Merrimac, The Battle of Manila,* and now is being displayed the panorama of *The Allied Nations in the World War,* a French creation, to be sure, but the last echo of the Düsseldorf 1840 influence. The realism of the landscape, never before actually imitated in paint, was accomplished, and while we may deplore it as an art achievement, it had nevertheless great power in developing observation and inspiring the youth of the day who were talented in the matter of drawing or painting to pursue landscape painting.

In 1848, some very unpleasant political disturbances in Germany sent many a talented son of the Vaterland seeking new homes in faraway lands, and America got a splendid coterie of German citizenry as a result of this. They were not emigrants in the general sense of the word, but men of the first quality, disbelievers in the political control of life at home, and as definitely seekers of liberty as the Plymouth Fathers of 1620. Hard and fast rules applied to any society most directly affect those of esthetic nature, so it is perfectly natural that a number of Germany's best artists should have left the intolerance of the home discipline in 1848.

They came to New York in groups over a period of some three years, but did not find New York City greatly to their liking. It was quite English, somewhat Dutch, but what is more to the point, intensely Victorian and New England. Cincinnati, St. Louis, and Milwaukee were already heard of as communities of tremendous potential possibilities and somewhat German in their personnel. The 1847 immigrants made their way westward to settle in these pioneer communities. Today these three cities have a social stability and a fine regard for art not found in many other cities of the middlewest, and it is due very particularly to the influx of the fine German thought and taste from 1845 to 1855. We might almost say that Milwaukee in 1850 became the art center of America. There were at least twenty excellent painters living there at that time, and two large panoramas for show purposes had been begun.

However, the meager art support in these western cities, all on the very borderland of the wilderness, did not hold their art groups long, and they gradually drifted back to New York, as the seat of culture. The marketplace is ever the persistent magnet to all art producers. New York had developed some fine publishing houses, particularly in Harper and Brothers, and illustration was becoming a very important feature of printing. So these men found employment awaiting them, but they were not slaves to these labors, even though they did find little demand for their particular talent of panoramic painting and were obliged to seek whatever they could get to do. But there were Sundays and occasional holidays. The Catskills were not far away. The Hudson River was beautiful from the very point of Manhattan way up to Albany, and the sailing was excellent. It is quite natural that these young men of New York, with the burning fire of art in them, and a few learned companions of good pedagogical intellects, should find their leisure hours carrying them into the beautiful landscape of the Hudson. Soon it became known as the Hudson River School.

Albert Bierstadt was a notable influence at this time. He did not add materially to American landscape painting but he exploited the Düsseldorf mastery to the enlightened and professional attainment of a large number of America's early landscape painters. Thomas Doughty and Thomas Cole had already made something of a stir with landscape paintings but no one today can tell why, for their paintings were certainly colorless and almost mechanical in their formula. They were the sort of thing that we get today when some clever trickster in paint stands in a shop window and paints two waterfall landscapes an hour to be given away for coffee coupons. That is, they had about as much feeling. The window painter today has the added advantage of being able to do it in a minimum of time. Doughty and Cole and Gilbert labored on and on, week after week, to get about these same results.

Bierstadt was born in Westphalia, Germany, in 1830, and was brought to the United States as a child, but returned to Düsseldorf in the 1850's. When he came back, he was made a member of the National Academy of Design in New York and became known as the "discoverer of the Hudson River." He did not stop there, however, but went all the way to the coast, painting one after another the new discoveries of western grandeur, *The Valley of the Yosemite*, *The California Sierras*, and so on. His *Estes Park, Colorado*, is in the collection of the Earl of Dunraven, England. His *Sierra Nevada* is in the Corcoran gallery in Washington. It is to this gallery in Washington that we must go to see the best of Bierstadt, Church, and others of this Düsseldorf-Hudson River school. Their pictures are amazing in topographical correctness, but are not impressive today as a matter of art conception or execution.

In scanning a Bierstadt canvas, we look slowly from one side to another, from foreground to farthest distance, and carry away the impression that we have been on a journey and have seen a large landscape from a high vantage point. No wonder the work of this school found immediate support from hotels and transportation agencies. Fifty years ago every important railway station and all the leading hotels in America had huge panoramic landscapes of America's grandeurs painted by these men.

Thomas Cole,* Bierstadt's chief predecessor, was born in England in 1801. As a boy, he was brought to America where his people settled on a little farm at Steubenville, Ohio. And it was here that Cole learned the first steps in the technique of landscape painting from a wandering German portrait painter by the name of Stein. Cole eventually tried the same thing. He was not very successful, but he did paint his way to New York by making portraits of the people he saw en route. In 1825 he displayed a few small landscapes in the window of an eating house and attracted the attention of the painter, Colonel John Trumbull, who bought a canvas and found him patrons. This began Cole's prosperity. His best pictures may now be seen in the gallery of the New York Historical society. He is not to be confused at all with the greatest of all modern wood engravers, Timothy Cole, who first came into prominence about the time of the Chicago fire and won the grand prize for wood engraving at the St. Louis Exposition in 1904. They were not even from the same family, although both were born in England. Doughty† was still an older man, having been born in 1793, and we see his best things in the older collections of Boston. He was distinctly a Hudson River school man and our picture called *On the Hudson* illustrates the early principles of the school excellently. It has more of the English feeling than Cole's *Oxbow of the Connecticut.*

Doughty's is somewhat related to the art of Constable. There is not the regard for the rich variety of things in shadows that show in Constable's landscapes, and the painting does not begin to be as free and simple as Constable's. The tree leaves are treated so minutely that they become actually furry but the surface of the river far below with its white sail, and the distant shore with low mountains beyond, are even more atmospheric—we might say, more subtly observed than Constable's. Cole is imbued with a full panoramic sense. You must pause as you go, looking at this and that. The old tree at the left is beautifully painted. Then we walk and stumble over the foreground. All is obviously done to reveal the extent of the panorma to show the topographical grandeur of the scene.

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*See page 356. †See page 356.

The other man of this group, Asher Brown Durand,* the son of a watchmaker, was born at South Orange, New Jersey, in 1796. At first, he was a copyist and an engraver, attracting little attention until he established his reputation by his engraving of *Trumbull's Declaration of Independence.* After this, Trumbull personally encouraged him to devote himself to portrait painting, which he did with such success as to be able to go to Europe in 1840 to study the old masters. Upon his return, he gave up portrait painting and devoted himself entirely to landscape. He was one of the founders of the National Academy of Design in 1826 and was its president from 1845 to 1861.

He brought the "grand" or classic air into his landscapes. The *Imaginary Landscape* reproduced here gives us one unusual aspect of composition, where the lightest spots are distributed around the edge of the picture; sky at the top, water surfaces at the extreme left; high lights on shrubs; a white goat in the foreground; a light tree trunk at the right; the center of the picture entirely occupied by shadowed mountains and dark forests. Church's picture of *The Ægean Sea* shows a more general scheme of landscape composition with the strongest lights in the center. There has arisen a new regard for this school, and the earliest men of it now seem to be in highest favor.

During the period around the Civil War, there developed two very unfortunate commercial enterprises relative to American landscape painting. One was the steelbacked etching, the other the chromo. America's success has been mainly industrial, and industrial production depends upon quantity for its success. Art has nothing to do with quantity. It is entirely a matter of quality. But painters and engravers, even etchers, could not produce rapidly enough or cheaply enough to place pictures within the reach of the growing and already vast American public. So the inventive spirit, always ahead of the creative spirit in new lands, found a way to make collateral out of art, in total disregard of its essential pricelessness. Etching upon copper plates with a few prints,

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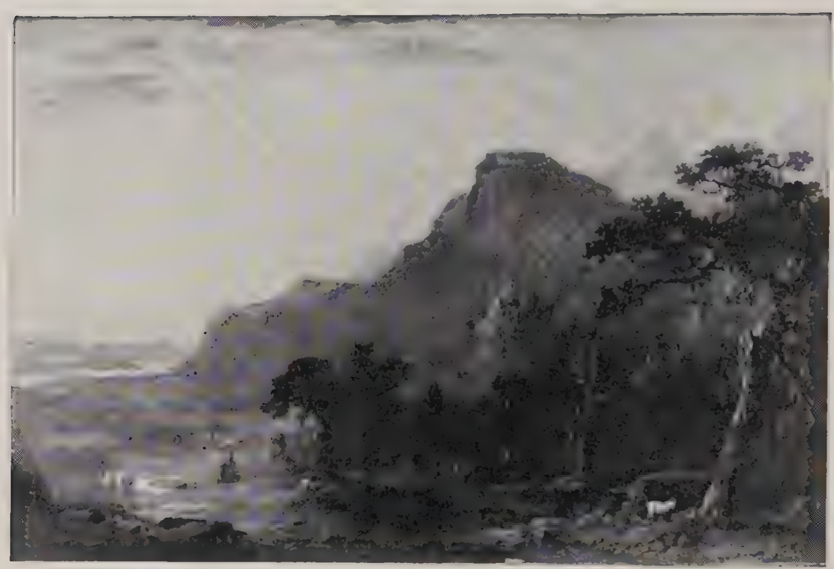
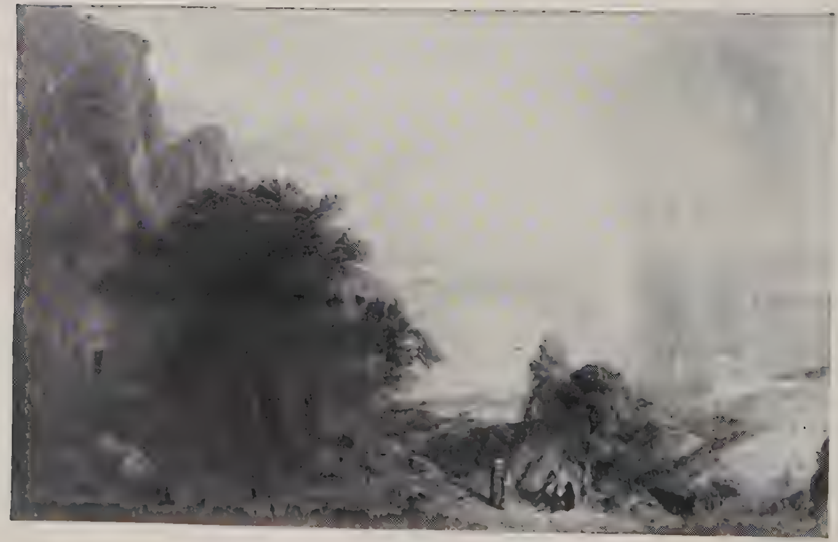
*See page 350.



Imaginary Landscape.—Durand



The Ægean Sea.—Church

possibly not more than fifty, pulled from each, became a serious venture on the part of artists and publishers in the 1860's, and the most popular scenes were those by the Hudson River-Düsseldorf Panoramic school. Somebody came along and invented a process of putting the copper plate into a chemical bath, practically replacing its copper substance with steel.

From this steel plate, an indefinite number of prints could be pulled. These prints were purely a mechanical output, the artist himself having nothing to do with them except in certain cases where he was persuaded to sign them by hand in pencil, the customary way of signing hand-pulled, personally printed etchings. A fair price for a hand-pulled etching might be twenty dollars. These steel-backed mechanical prints were sold for ten dollars or even five, when in reality they were hardly worth twenty cents. Upon the walls of many an American home today there are long narrow etchings of canals, tow-paths, country cottages, birchwoods, distant mountains, harvesters in the meadow, which are being enjoyed by the second or third generation, and in reality are worth no more than the good reproduction in the Sunday supplement of the metropolitan newspaper. This steelbacked etching process cheapened the whole American landscape output greatly, but made great fortunes for a few American families.

The other cheapening influence was the chromo, a process of reproducing paintings in color through lithographs traced mechanically on stone. They were printed on rough paper or even on linen, counterfeiting the effect of the original canvas. They were largely done by unscrupulous publishers and with very cheap taste. The colors were crude and bad, and the whole result cheap. Many of them were sold by eloquent traveling salesmen under false pretensions. The innocent American woman, and many an unwary American man were induced to believe that they were buying real paintings. Prices were exorbitant and the purchase was a blot upon the wall of a peaceful household. This practice went on for a great many years and to the trained mind it became so abhorrent that the word chromo became synonymous with fakery or bad taste in pictures. Even today, when a picture seems crude or bad in any way, it is promptly called a chromo. The saddest part is that many an artist who really had exceptional talent sold his efforts to these publishers. The most popular subject was the panoramic landscape. Doughty, Durand, Cole, and Church came before this, and the array of men during the sad period are unknown to us.

Frederick E. Church* was a pupil of Thomas Cole at Catskill, New York. Later, the Bierstadt influence came upon him and the gentle country of the Hudson no longer interested him, but he was literally the discoverer of Niagara Falls as a landscape subject. He painted many grand canvases with these ponderous and rather unpictorial tumbling waters as subject. At the Corcoran Gallery, we see Church's best Niagara picture and it really thrills with an inspired vision of their majesty. We look at it and say, "Why I did not know Niagara Falls were so glorious! I wish I might see them again." And when we do, lo and behold, they are grander! Church gives us new eyes.

It was not the moods of nature, the passing of seasons, the subtlety or beauty of the day's hours that interested Church, but it was the great movements of nature. He visited South America twice, became enamored of the constantly moving life in the tropical forests. He saw volcanoes in eruption, and painted them ceaselessly. He went to the Arctic once and gloried in icebergs swathed in mist. Rainbows after terrific storms, tropical tornadoes, and all the dramatic phenomena of the natural world delighted him. In this he was original. We find no counterpart of him in Europe or the United States. Even the vigorous awe-inspiring landscapes of Norway, done by the Scandinavians, do not give us the sense of nature at work that we find in Church's dramatic landscapes. In our picture of *The Ægean Sea,* we have one of his simplest and loveliest compositions, but even here rainbows shatter the air with their loveliness; mists play back and forth across the azure sea; and light bursts forth from a cloud-veiled sky.

As far as painting is concerned none of these men except Bierstadt and Thomas Moran were brilliant. When we look at their compositions we do not think of the way they did them nor of the joy they had in putting lovely colors together, placing them dexterously upon the surface. We think only of the realistic result, of the real suggestion of leafy tree and solid rock, moving water and floating sky.

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*See page 350.

The Moran brothers, Edward, Peter, and Thomas, English by birth but Philadelphians in life and training, became highly important American landscapists. And Edward's sons, Percy and Leon, have also distinguished themselves as landscape painters. The five of them did things that were noteworthy and precious in the annals of American art, but all suffered a little in comparison to the most illustrious Thomas. Edward was practically the founder of American marine painting. He devoted his life to the illustration of marine history. Peter did landscapes admirably but Thomas developed a power that none of the rest of these brothers or nephews seemed to acquire. Upon his second trip to Europe, Thomas came under the influence of the Barbizon school in France, but we cannot feel that this ever materially affected his work, for the Düsseldorf panoramic influence really dominated his entire production. When he was thirty-four years old, he took a perilous trip down the Colorado river with Major J. W. Powell's famous exploring party. Before that, he had accompanied Professor Hayden on his exploring expedition of the Yellowstone. The results of these trips were the two huge pictures now to be seen in the National Gallery at Washington, called *The Grand Canyon of the Yellowstone* and *Chasm of the Colorado River.* These pictures combine most of the qualities of all his American predecessors, Bierstadt and Church in particular. Never are they stationary; they are living panoramas. Light and air come and go; cloud shadows play over vast areas; mists rise and waters rush. Motion in the landscape was Thomas Moran's outstanding contribution and marked the first thoroughly American accomplishment.

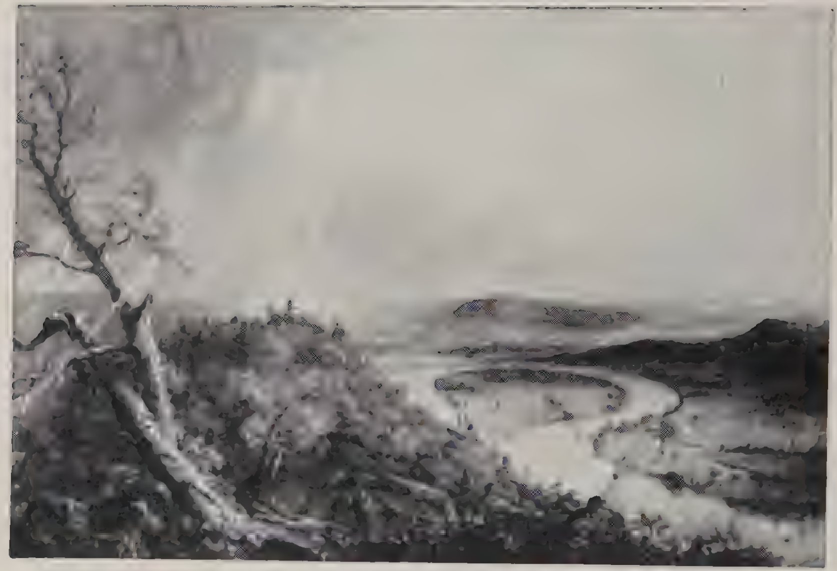
Even in Turner and Claude, there is nothing like the same sense of landscape in motion. We cannot tell how much Moran was influenced by Turner, but often in color as well as dynamics, Moran suggests Turner, although most of Turner's canvases are simple in their arrangement and restrained in their design and treatment as compared to Moran's. Moran in some ways is the grandest of all landscape painters. We cannot imagine him ever using restraint. This amounted to a positive overdoing in many of his big works. But he is not to be despised. He is the best, the very best of the whole Hudson River movement under the panoramic influence.

The most Western representative of this school of art was Thomas Hill, the discoverer of California in art. He devoted his life to the painting of the California landscape. In the then very meager markets of San Francisco and Seattle, he succeeded in eking out a living. Probably a number of his canvases are still to come to light and when there is anything like a summary of his art, we may find that he was as important as any in the school. The summary of this movement gives to America the largest inventory in panoramic landscape painting. All of Europe together had not produced as much or done it as well. It is a very distinct western hemisphere attainment and wholly in keeping with the spirit of a young country. Just as a graduating student in theology makes his final thesis a survey of everything from Genesis to Revelation, so does this young America, gaining its first knowledge and finding its first eloquence in art, paint the whole world with everything the eye can see, as its first gesture.

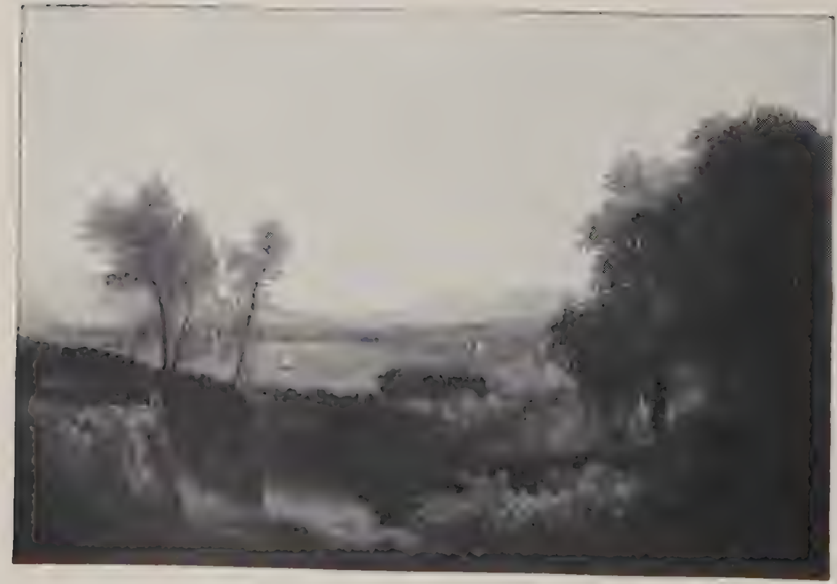
Now we come to the second great influence in American landscape painting. It came into the Hudson River school during the very hours of its first success. It threatened to divert the whole movement away from its charted channels, but a few strong men like Church and Moran refused to change their courses. It was the Barbizon influence brought to New York by American financiers. They had discovered the painting of Rousseau, Corot, Daubigny, and Diaz, had bought it, and had been very generous with its display in New York. The younger men in Harper and Brothers' art room and in the Hudson River landscape group were captivated. Even William Hart, one of the older of the group, became inspired by the Barbizon spirit and passed his enthusiasm along very ardently to his pupil, Homer D. Martin. In fact, Martin not only endeavored to paint somewhat in the Barbizon spirit, but he went to Europe in 1876 for the express purpose of getting into contact with the men of the Barbizon school. He lived there in Normandy for some ten years. And the influence is very evident in his famous painting *Harp of the Winds,* painted at Villerville, and which now hangs in the Metropolitan Museum.

After 1886 he came home and spent ten very productive years painting such pictures as *Westchester Hills, Adirondack Scenery, A Newport Landscape, Sand Dunes,* etc. Martin caught the whole feeling of simplification, of leaving out as much as possible, of selecting only the fewest elements with which a successful and satisfying landscape might be composed. This was the chief thing that he learned from the Barbizon movement. Never did he quite catch the wealth of glory in a forest landscape as had Rousseau or Diaz; never did he feel the poetic mood of the hour of day, or the time of year, as had Corot; never did he get quite that lush, living richness of color that Daubigny had had. But he did manage to glorify his landscape without making it theatrical. He painted the world of nature as it appeals to a refined, highly cultivated mind, able to select and appreciate rare beauty. He sought, independently of any movement, the means to gain this, but he must always be considered one of the real founders of the American Barbizon school, and one who saved the Hudson River school movement from running entirely amuck in grandioseness.

Alexander H. Wyant, who was of the same age as Martin, had gone as a youth to Germany, where he got the Düsseldorf influence direct. When he returned to New York at the age of twenty-nine, he brought nothing with him except knowledge. The American Bierstadt Düsseldorf school was then exploring the West, and out went young Wyant with a government exploring expedition. But he suffered hardships during a very bitter winter which undermined his health, and when he came back, he was obliged to leave New York. He sought a life in the high Adirondacks where he lived for the rest of his life. He died at the age of forty-three, but left the most poetic landscapes that had so far been done in America. Wyant, through his con-



THE OXBOW OF THE CONNECTICUT.—COLE



ON THE HUDSON.—DOUGHTY

tact with the youngsters of the Hudson River school, took a very deliberate stand against the panorama as an art expression. Then, doubtless his severe experiences in the rugged west had embittered him against the grandiose.

The result was that he selected with even greater concentration than Corot those things of a landscape that would give the simplest essence of its beauty to the total elimination of all else. Just the root of a tree disappearing into the bank of a brook, a clump of soft green willows at twilight, the dark, deep waters of a mountain pool surrounded by fluffy, snowy banks, were subject enough for him. Occasionally, stretches of meadow land, expanses of rich forest, or glimpses of mountain tops caught his fancy. He even did the mists and waters of Niagara Falls, but in his new-found interest in the related values of simple and closely associated things, he became a new seeker for color. Certainly not one in the whole French Barbizon movement found as much lucid color in rocks and water, trees and sky, as did Wyant. He dragged his color over the canvas, one pigment floating through another in such a way that his pictures delight us whether we find interest in his objective subject matter or not. With all of the poetry of Wyant, there is a certain ruggedness that lifts it above the sentimental. May we say that Wyant painted poetry without sentiment, revealed the loveliest phases of nature without being romantic about it, and in frankness, made the beauty he revealed seem very much like the truth itself. Then Wyant was a very magnificent painter. His painting belongs to a classification known as tonalism, the paint being applied thinly, then glazed with a varnish. When it is dry, other paint again is applied thinly, but never entirely covering the color underneath, in this way building up on many finished surfaces new ones, and sealing the color each time under airtight surfaces of transparent varnish. Henry Ranger, a confrere of Wyant's, became the greatest expert in this tonalist method. Wyant probably learned it in Germany but the Germans have never done it in landscape so well, though they did apply it to portraiture, but it cannot be declared an American invention, as some would have it.

At the end of the nineteenth century, critics were loud in their acclamation that the three great American painters were Martin, Wyant, and Innes. Certainly George Inness* must be given the palm and the highest honors in the field of landscape painting during this century. He was the very climax of the American Barbizon movement, and today his pictures bring the highest prices of any landscapes painted by an American. He was born in 1825 and died in 1894, a native of New York state, but a citizen of New Jersey during most of his life. During his later years, he lived at Montclair where he painted many of his most beautiful pictures. Today we approach Montclair much as we do the village of Barbizon.

Through the interest of a boyhood teacher, Barker, who evidently gave him some very sturdy lessons in drawing, his parents were persuaded to send him to New York at the age of sixteen to study engraving. But he proved to be as poor a student at that as he had been in his regular school work at Newark. He wished to work out problems of color and line in his own way. In fact, of all the painters we know, Inness was the most completely self-taught. Even when he went to Europe in his twenty-sixth year, he seemed to gain little or nothing from the masters there, living or dead. He had seen Barbizon paintings in New York, had tried to do a few, and naturally gravitated toward Barbizon after spending a year in Italy. He admired the paintings of Daubigny and Rousseau more than any he saw in Europe, and came back to New York determined to become a pastoral landscape painter of the Barbizon type. He found New York most distasteful, so moved his studio to Medfield, Massachusetts. He was of Scotch descent and professed the beliefs of the Swedenborgians. Always deeply religious, he approached the landscape almost as if he were participating in a sacred ritual. There is a spiritual consciousness in his landscape paintings almost approaching pantheism. His trees breathe, his houses talk to us, his skies pour blessings upon us. We glow inwardly in response. An hour spent in a room of Inness' landscapes is sure to reveal more than "sermons in trees and stones." It is a veritable benediction, something akin to an hour at a symphony orchestra concert, except that with the pictures, our love of life is increased, and with the music, our life of love is increased.

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*See page 373.

His first marriage was of short duration, but when he was thirty-four he had the good fortune to marry a very splendid woman a few years his senior, who was evidently as deeply interested in his art as in himself. She boasted something of a fortune and was as interested in devoting her means to the furtherance of Inness' art as to seeing that their home life was happy and their household well supplied. This life of ease might have been ruinous to some artists, but it gave Inness, with his staunch principles of life, precisely the repose that was necessary to produce thoughtfully and carefully the deepest things in his heart. There is no sense of struggle in his painting, no sense of an anxious mind back of his brush. No artist has ever revealed the positive beauty of the world in which we live, nor so clearly the concept of man's relationship to nature, as has Inness. He is the supreme landscape painter in this.

His early landscapes were panoramas. He worked with the Hudson River men, especially on their Saturday and Sunday jaunts, for he, too, at one time was employed at Harper and Brothers. His pictures of the Catskills were almost as far reaching as were Bierstadt's, but he caught a sense of light hovering about houses and trees that few of his confreres saw. He then brought an exquisite softness to forms even in these panoramic pictures, which was the pure injection of the Barbizon theme into the rich melody of the Düsseldorf composition. In Inness, we see the Düsseldorf influence giving way to the Barbizon influence, then becoming thoroughly American. A chronological survey of his art as we may see it in the great Edward Burgess Butler collection of Inness' paintings at the Art Institute of Chicago tells this story most convincingly. His New England pictures after the European trip are highly simplified in comparison to those that went before. In them he shows both the Daubigny and the Rousseau influences. But when he went back to New Jersey, his pictures became truly individual and above comparison. There he found an exquisite domestic landscape, rich and simple without pretension, a landscape of flowing streams, undulating meadows, and rich tree clumps. Here he painted *The Home of the Heron,* the quiet serenity of yellow afterglow in a swampland. Dark brownish tree trunks stand stark and silent against the yellow sky; reeds and rushes rise motionless out of the swampy waters. That is all. It is wilderness; it is silence. Then there is a whir of wings as a heron rises from its nest, startled at our presence. The heron is not done objectively—it is merely suggested. The poem—it is the poem that we are seeing, the record of the thing in the poetic mind of a sensitive, beautiful soul who calls it forth from his memory and puts it lovingly upon canvas that we may enjoy it with him.

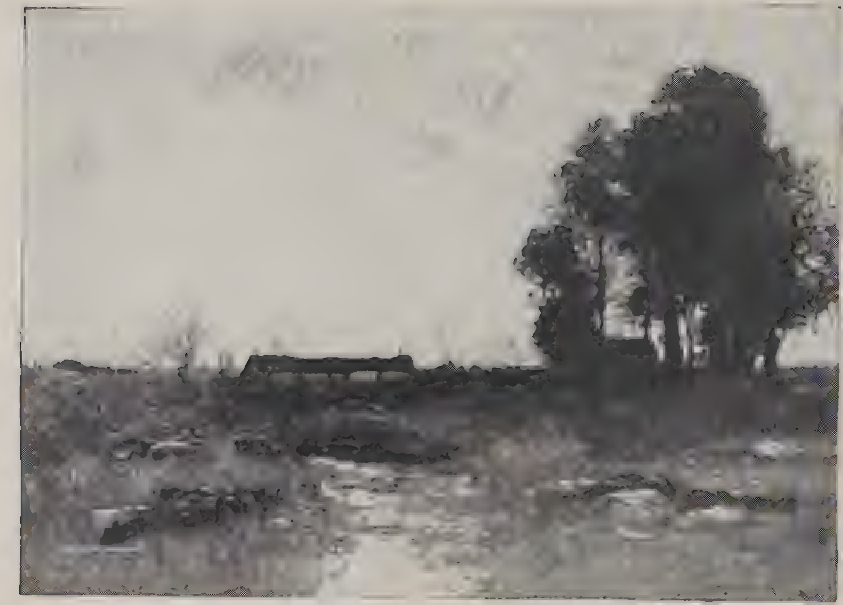
In Sydney Lanier and in Walt Whitman things like this have been done in words. But it fell to George Inness alone to do them in color. Color is the secret of Inness' triumph, and it is color through his big concept that places his art a great progressive stride ahead of the French Barbizon school. We cannot feel in Inness' paintings quite the freedom of composition nor the glorious richness of nature's growths that we do in Corot's. We sometimes do not even feel the poetic unity that we get in Corot, but in color it has caught something that none at Barbizon has ever seen.

It is possible that he looked at nature with fresh Western eyes, seeing her directly rather than depending upon traditional prescriptions which have always more or less controlled the viewpoint of Europe. Inness was American in this, also in his choice of subject matter. The primitive forest, the uncouth ugliness of second growth, the rugged, unkempt wildernesses are his subjects. We feel in most of his landscapes only the slight touch of the hand of man, but in the paintings of the Barbizon school, we feel that man had done as much to prepare the landscape for the painter as nature had herself. An Inness painting of an autumn oak, red and sturdy against a blue and white sky—no leaves shown, no branches done in detail; in the heavy grasses of the foreground lies a fallen birch; beyond is a little lake with wooded distant shores; a cottage within the grove on that shore seems silent and closed; a boat moves across the water at the impulse of a single oarsman. Shadows engulf the distance; shadows even come up to the tree in the foreground although it is bathed in the glory of autumn sunlight. It is a picture never to be forgotten. It gives us emotionally the full sense of the fall of the year with winter close at hand, and he has forced none of it upon us. His forms are so indefinite, his color so gentle. It is a very loving gift that he has made to us.

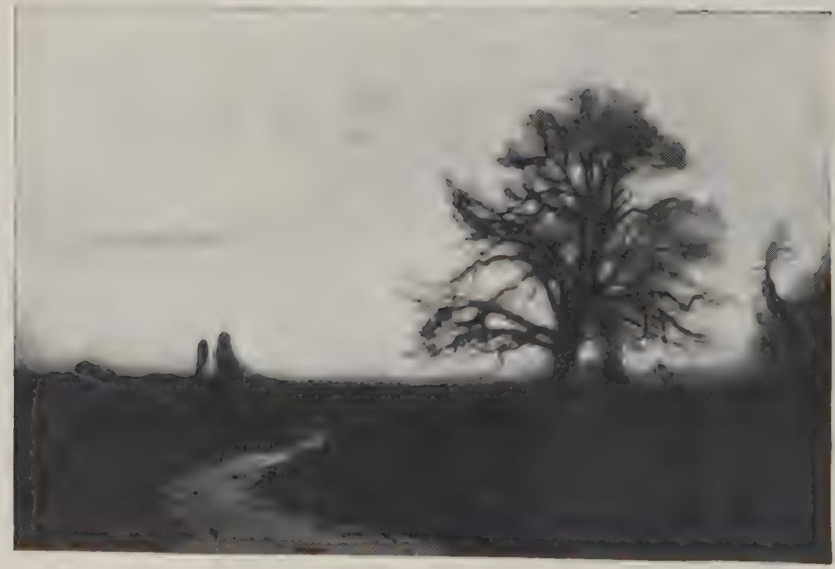
Another picture in the Edward Burgess Butler room of the Art Institute of Chicago is a rainy day called *Gathering Storm.* Flowers dot the pasture; scrubby old apple trees indicate an Early American orchard; a rickety shelter is the protection for a flock of sheep against a storm that is rapidly gathering beyond the trees and the church spire and the village roofs. The shepherd, in shirtsleeves and vest, leans upon a rude crook and looks with us into the black sky from which thunder seems to roll. We blink, for we do feel that the lightning will flash at almost any instant. This sort of thing could never in the world have been painted before 1875. No artist could ever even have conceived it as a pictorial subject. Through it psychologists and scientists may analyze the progress of the human mind up to 1885. It marks something in the attitude toward life that bespeaks our civilization.

Another picture in the Butler gift, of tree trunks as dark as black velvet, though not black in reality, mark the edge of a forest clearing beyond which the dazzling glow of clouds in a red sunset shine in our eyes. There is nothing more, but it is the magic of the passing daylight.

At the very time that Inness was painting these things in New Jersey, William Keith was doing splendid landscapes of the rocks, the live oaks, the great forests, and the richly flowered spring mountainsides of California. Keith did not depend in any way upon the Eastern influence of the market. California supplied his wants in every way. He had heard of Inness; Inness had heard of him. Each expressed the desire to know the other. Inness had seen some of Keith's landscapes, declaring them to be the finest any American had yet done. Keith had seen Inness' landscapes and had avowed his deep envy and yet his ardent admiration for their great beauty. At last these two men met and immediately discovered that they were of the same



NEGLECTED LANDS.—MURPHY



EVENING—DAVIS

religious persuasion. This made their week together one of great inspiration and sympathy.

Inness had two children. The daughter became an excellent art critic and writer, and his son George Inness, Jr., became a painter but followed so closely in his father's footsteps that he never rose above the station of imitator or echo. Inness enjoyed during the last twenty-five years of his life an intimate friendship with Elliott Daingerfield, one of the most ardent tonalists. Daingerfield tried to convince Inness that he should go in more deeply for tonalism, and while Inness did employ the method somewhat, he was never a slave to it, as Daingerfield certainly was.

Henry W. Ranger, another friend, made a great success with his tonalism. His beautiful, poetic canvases of landscapes similar to Inness', akin to Wyant's, but occasionally very reminiscent of J. M. W. Turner, found a ready market. Ranger was thrifty and a good investor, and when he died a considerable fortune was found to have been amassed, which he left as an endowment fund, the proceeds to be used to buy landscape paintings by young, living American artists as loans to younger American museums and galleries of art. The Henry W. Ranger Fund is one of the real influences in the development of American painting today.

Daingerfield also made his contribution aside from his own painting. Ranger had departed from the landscape to do shipping scenes, city life, harbors and market places, shipyards, and so on. These are the things that are closely akin to Turner's painting. Daingerfield painted Niagara Falls, the Grand Canyon, the White Mountains, and the Atlantic ocean, sometimes in poetic delicacy, generally with brilliant colors and startling dramatic effects. He often introduced symbolic figures of classic grace to personify the moods of nature or the gods and goddesses of the realm of power, controlling nature's ways upon this earth. But aside from this, he wrote the "Life of George Inness," and while the Inness family does not endorse the Daingerfield interpretation of the life of their illustrious member, it is a valuable book, giving much insight into the subtle beauty of this master's life and revealing many interesting chapters of late nineteenth century American art.

We are now in our study at a period so close to our own day that it becomes practically contemporary, and time has not administered its leveling process. Around us is an array of brilliant mentality and genius, full of the adventurous spirit, conscious of the speed of modern progress. How much that is being done will live on in the memory and the possession of man, we cannot be sure at so close a perspective. All in the art world that is fine, lives on; the rest is rapidly dropped into the discard. It would be an aimless and futile endeavor to attempt a survey of all the art names of seeming importance since 1885. Such a procedure would fill volumes, so in the brief hours that we may devote to this study it is necessary that we select just those who we feel have reached the noblest heights, or at least those who really seem to be representative of the whole.

No two lists of artists compiled by the critics ever do agree, so we make no apologies for the limited list that we shall be able to study in the succeeding eleven programs of this subject. Our opinion and selection are the result of a quarter of a century of close contact with the art life of America and Europe, and the heeding to the judgment and opinions of Dr. José Pijoan and Dr. Elie Faure, who have written the ablest of the recent histories of art. Richard Muther, who is our one best authority on middle and late nineteenth century European production, does not contribute much to our understanding of American art, or in fact, to anything very much that has happened since the period of the Chicago World's Fair.

We have mentioned four distinctive schools of American landscape painting, the Early American, Düsseldorf panorama, American Barbizon, and Tonalist. There are no definite limits as to what should be included in each. Men like Albert P. Ryder, for instance, belong rightfully to three of these classifications, and yet have done things that were not within the prescribed laws of any one of them. The same may be said of Ralph Blakelock. In these two men we find the most powerful mental attack and the most thoroughly esthetic abstract power that came out of the very material world of the nineteenth century. Each of these men must be classed alone, and yet they have some things in common that make their art similar.

Ralph Albert Blakelock,* born in 1847, graduated from the college of the city of New York in 1867, and then determined to become a painter. He was deeply emotional, sensitive to a degree, and highly opinionated. The genius spirit was within him even in his unprofessional student days. When he got into painting, it swept him off his feet. He had something to say that had been said by no one else; he found ways to do it that no one had known of. He was consumed by his inward fire of genius. One after another notable canvas left his brush. They had almost entirely to do with primitive America, the Indian life and the wilderness landscape, especially pictured at night. Little bonfires tended by Indian braves, night fishermen with their flaring torches reflecting in deep waters, the hunter's moon shining from the frosty October sky through the dark lace of tree branches in a silent forest. Blakelock became the great painter of moonlight. The subjects of some of his most important pictures are: *Moonlight on Long Island Sound, A Waterfall by Moonlight, Silvery Moonlight, The Indian Fisherman, Circle Dance—A Nocturne.*

Blakelock's technique was tonalistic, glazing and repainting. The result of course, is absolute permanency. Under this treatment the color does not sink into the canvas, crack, or peel off or fade. It is as permanent as Chinese lacquer. Of course, it is a laborious rather than a spontaneous process, and as we look at Blakelock's canvases, we feel sorry that he should have had to spend so much time at heavy painting to gain so slight an effect, but it is the very sparseness of his effect that counts most. He collected and assembled things to be seen into a few passages of tone and color that seem at first to be nothing, then reveal a profound truth of vision without hindrance or superfluous accessory. In some of his nocturnes there is a ponderousness almost indicative of fear. Blakelock worked with such intensity and passion that he soon swung himself out of balance, and he was confined in an asylum many, many years, only regaining a sufficient stability to be released in late life. He did not recognize many of his own pictures and seemed to have no more desire to paint. The real Blakelock was quite gone. He passed away quietly, shortly after his release, never again being conscious of what he had done during his days of genius. His pictures have become so valuable that they are today only to be found in the foremost private collections or the important museums. Some museums, such as Toledo, Cleveland, and Minneapolis treasure their Blakelocks above any other American pictures they possess. The large *Silvery Moonlight* at Toledo is as magnificent a nocturne as has ever been painted. The rich patterning of the leaf and branch forms against the moon and the luminous night sky are not the work of any amateur or experimenter. It is one of the most beautifully organized, direct and truthful statements of the beauty of night that was ever uttered in any movement. Blakelock was not a colorist. Much of his paint is little less than black.

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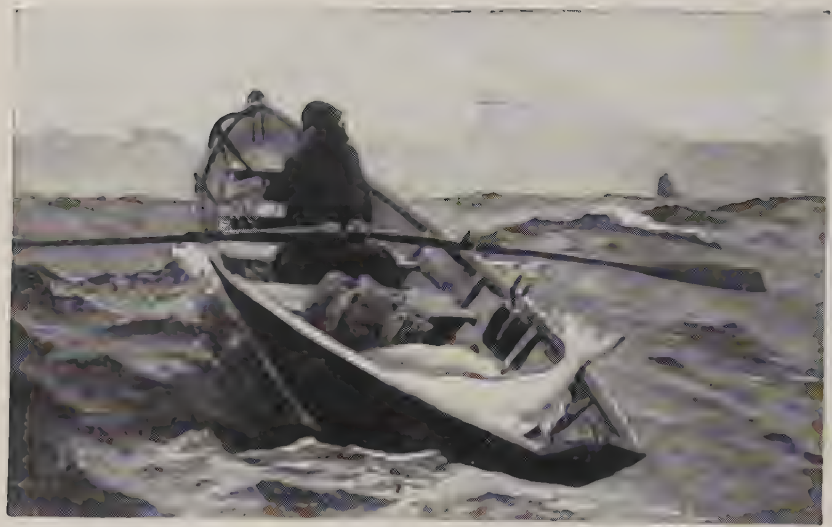
*See page 373.

In this respect Albert P. Ryder was kindred. He was born the same year as Blakelock and lived much of his boyhood on the New England coast. He gained a certain consciousness of the sea that entered the art of no other man. In his painting he was not a literalist nor even a realist. He belonged more to the realm of George Fuller or William Blake. Some of his things are even related to the philosophical expositions in the art of Goya. He was not the romantic philosopher and verbose allegorical minister that George Frederick Watts and the Belgian, Wiertz were, for he had a way of eliminating until nothing but the bare truth stood before him, the truth of the mind as well as the eye. His titles indicate his subjects: *Temple of the Mind, the Flying Dutchman, Christ Appearing Unto Mary, Charity, Jonah and the Whale, Christ Walking Upon the Water,* etc. He did not paint all that he might have seen. In fact, he painted nothing but the most important elements of what he saw—a ship bobbing in an angry sea at moonlight may be nothing more than a blob of indefinite black paint with a sail equally dark and formless against the moon. We somehow feel there are persons in the ship. We know that the strong smears of pure white paint are the dazzle of moonlight upon furious high waves that try to engulf or dash to pieces the little ship. The torment of Jonah's soul is summed up in the picture of *Jonah and the Whale.* All the anger of all the storms of life is streaked in great shrieks of black against white, white against black, across this canvas.

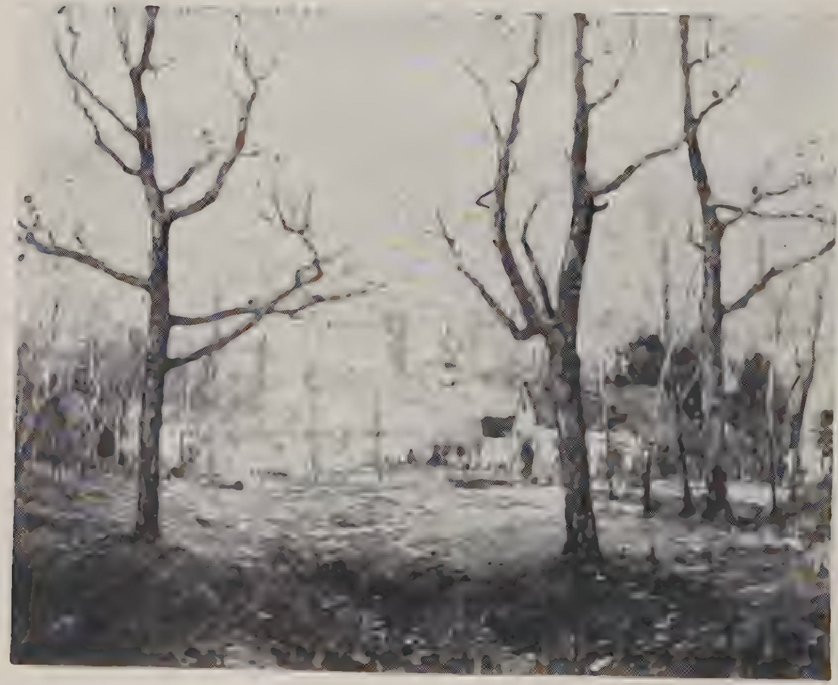
Ryder sometimes painted delicate passages, but strength of technique, of vision and of purpose, make his art unique in the romantic era. There are glorious Ryders at the Metropolitan in New York. Few others have found their way out of private collections, for they are greatly admired, and their enjoyment seems to increase as the years go by. It is the belief of some people that some day Albert Ryder will be considered the great painter of the nineteenth century. Was he saying something American? Did he help to bring forth an American viewpoint in art? None of his pictures is very large. Most of them seem little more than sketches. There is an aggressive dominance to the art of both Blakelock and Ryder far beyond the other painters of their century.

A confrere of these men, although ten years their senior, has made an international reputation that placed him in the eyes of the world's critics as one of the first four Americans, and the greatest marine painter that ever lived. Yet it would not be surprising to this writer if some day in the distant future, Winslow Homer's paintings will have been forgotten, while Albert Ryder's are still thought to be among the art treasures of the world. Homer was born in 1836, and lived his life in and near New England, going up and down the coast, though he was happiest when working in Maine or Nova Scotia, or even Newfoundland. Twice did he venture into southern seas, spending a few months at one time in the West Indies, and then a winter in Florida. He became a veritable genius in the handling of watercolor, although he is generally known as a painter of large marine pictures in oil.

Marine painting as a problem comes directly within the landscape classification. What makes a good landscape painter is precisely what makes a good marine painter. The marine painter has advantages and equal disadvantages; he has only the color of light, spectrum variations to work with because there is little or no local color to the sea or sky.



The Fog Warning, or Halibut Fishing—Homer



Park Monadnock.—Chauncey Ryder

On the other hand, he has no objective local color to which to cling in arranging his color designs or his marine compositions. It is more difficult to take a little section of the sea and make it satisfy as a total and complete composition, than to take a landscape with one large tree balancing two small ones, a rise of mountain there, a dip of near-by valley here, a river or a road winding at the pleasure of the artist in this direction or that.

A successful marine painter must create satisfaction, must hold the eye of the observer within the canvas, must do all these things in organizing waves and waves, with possibly a few rocks or cloud or ships to help out. On the other hand, he must take the lines of his waves and make them go where he pleases, providing he can at the same time maintain a sense of living motion of the sea. As a matter of color at greater or lesser distances, which we call aerial perspective, and relative strength or delicacy of forms and masses, the marine painter must have the complete equipment of the landscape painter. The problem of drawing and the problem of color emotion are quite special, however.

Albert Ryder might be classed with the marine painters, but he never considered his problem the representation of ships upon the sea, or that of the objective observer, the realist painter. His pictures have much more to do with the human soul than they have with the sea or sky as seen by the human eye. Winslow Homer's* problem had altogether to do with the beauties and the tragedies of the sea through their appeal to the sense of sight. He painted the bigness, the depth, the fury and the calm beauty of the sea as no one had ever previously seen it. Somehow he seemed happiest at those tragic spots along the coast known as the "Graveyard of the Sea," where the Labrador current sweeps along Newfoundland, Nova Scotia and Maine, chilling the moisture-laden warm air that comes off the Gulf stream to the south and east. This is the place in all the seas where rough water and heavy fog go together. The fishermen, mostly of Norse descent, who live in these regions and try to gain a sustenance from these treacherous waters, were Homer's chief models. He painted them and their sadeyed, hopeless women with as much feeling as he did the sea itself.

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*See page 368.

He began his art career, as so many did in those days, as apprentice to a lithographer. When he was twenty-one he opened a studio in Boston, chiefly making drawings for wood engravings. He kept at this two years, then went to New York, where he worked daytimes at a publisher's and studied at the night school of the Academy of Design. Then came the Civil War. He went to the front with the troops, but not to fight, for his job was to send sketches back to Harper's Weekly. These magazines of the Civil War years containing the Winslow Homer sketches are almost priceless today.

After the war he compiled his sketches and impressions into two large canvases of the romantic tableau type, one called *Home, Sweet Home,* the other *Prisoners from the Front.* We never think of him as being a painter of this sort of subject, and yet there is a long list of these pictures to his credit, some of which were exhibited in the Paris Salon in 1878. Here are some of the subjects: *Cotton Pickers, Eating Watermelon, A Visit from the Old Mistress Sunday Morning, The Country Schoolroom* and *Snap the Whip.* After the war and this period of romantic tableau, he moved to Gloucester, Massachusetts, and then each summer went further and further up the coast. Here his genius found its real flowering, and there came forth such pictures as *Lost on the Grand Banks, Wrecking of a Vessel, The Voice from the Cliffs, The Life Line, The Coming of the Gale, East Wind and Fog,* and his three most famous pictures, *Fog Warning, In the Path of the Atlantic Liner* and *The Gulf Stream.*

He first did water color seriously when he journeyed to the West Indies. Watercolor, of course, is an ideal travel medium, for it dries instantly, can be carried in compact spaces, and with it passing instantaneous effects may be recorded most rapidly. To his surprise he found it immensely to his liking and developed a cunning in handling it that had been equaled by few water-colorists. The Martin Ryerson collection in Chicago, the water-color section of the Detroit Museum of Arts, and the Brooklyn Institute and

Boston Museum have group collections of these brilliant performances by Homer. They are transparent watercolor upon white paper, boats, wharves, fisher villages, fishing scenes, coral reefs, semi-tropical forests, all suggested in rich, wet masses of watercolor paint dropped from a very full brush. Hardly a spot has ever been repainted. Once through a stroke and the picture was finished. It is the shorthand of painting, one of the most brilliant personal expressions in the field of art. He seldom used this medium in recording the open sea either in calm or in storm. This he evolved with the more serious medium of oil.

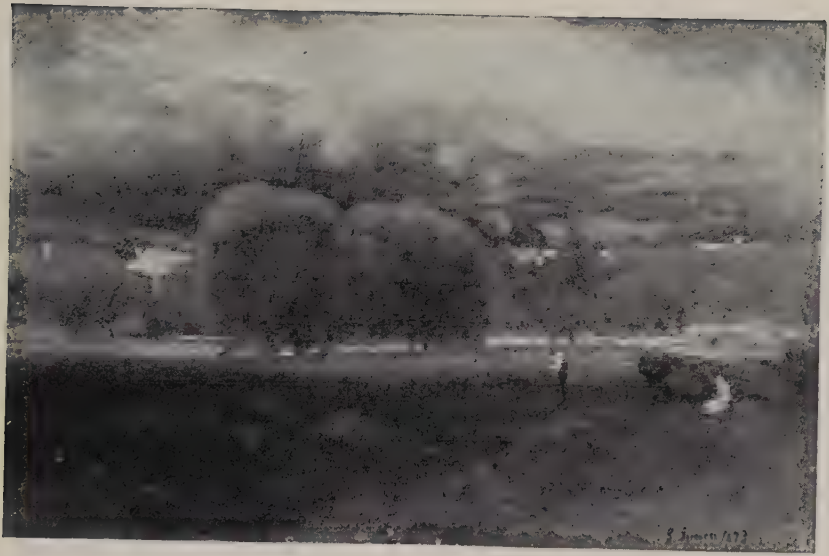
His *Gulf Stream,* which is in the Metropolitan, shows a great expanse of hot southern sea. In the foreground, riding hazardously in the trough of a great wave, white-capped and ominous, is the derelict of a one-masted fishing smack, minus mast and rudder. It has been swept again and again by the sea, for a great devil-fish has taken possession of its cabin, and the tentacles of this sea monster worm and writhe about the deck. Lying upon this deck is a gigantic black man. His feet are in chains. He is trying to avoid being tossed off by the lurching of the craft and trying to avoid the tentacles of the octopus. He has to fight off the carnivorous flying fish that sweep at him through the air. In the very next wave that rolls up to the ship a shark has turned on its back with its hideous jaw open, ready to devour the man if he is but swept overboard by the wave.

A tropical sun pours down upon the scene, literally burning him. Far on the horizon rides the full sailed slave ship from which this mutineering African slave has been tossed upon the derelict. Still another death confronts this poor human. It is a waterspout whirling rapidly toward the boat. This picture might almost be called a propaganda, for Winslow Homer doubtless felt the urge to say something very drastic against the practice of slavery. But aside from its preaching it is a magnificent marine painting. The sea, the sky, the light, waterspout, ships, waves and fish are all done with a most knowing understanding.

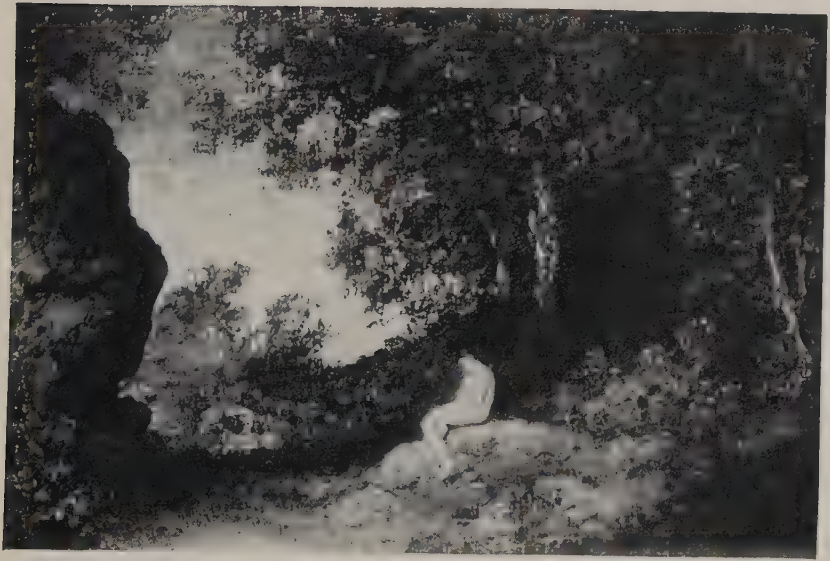
His most famous picture is *Fog Warning,* which is to be seen in Boston, as are most of his important paintings. A fisherman in oilskins pulls firmly upon the oars of a small dory as its prow is tossed high against the sky on the upward sweep of a big wave. In the stern of his little craft is a huge halibut, so his day has not been without success. The water is cold and green, deep and blue around the boat. Faint in the distance, quite on the very horizon in a blue haze, and rapidly disappearing in thick mist is the headland, with a suggestion of lighthouse, pasture land and village, but it is very far away. Above it and seaward a gray, low-hung sky sweeps into the picture with reaching fingers preceding it. It is a great fog coming in. The fisherman heeds its warning and makes for the shore. Will he succeed, or will the fog win?

Another picture of this type and one of the most tremulous that he has done shows a speck of a fishing boat, manned by two men riding upon the crest of a wave that is positively mountainous. These men have been caught in the fog out in the deep sea. They are in the path of the liners that go from St. John's to Portland, but are so shut in by the fog that we can scarcely see beyond the next wave mountain. We know these expert fishermen will negotiate the wave valley and ride safely to the next crest, but something more fearful is upon them. They grasp the gunwale of their little craft and peer frantically into the impenetrable fog, for they have heard, coming from the thickest, darkest spot of the fog the blast of the whistle on a great steel ship that may rush upon them, crushing their skiff to atoms. Will they discover its course in time? Will they manage to get out of the liner's path? This is one of the most dramatic pictures that I know and it is much more consistently within the limits of the field of painting than most. It is a thing that could not be staged in a playhouse and could not be so effectively told in words. The color is unforgettable—silver gray, gray green, jade green, silver white and deep blue, all veiled in shadow, all vanishing as we look at it.

Homer's women, standing upon the shore at the cold, bleak dawn, waiting with baskets of food and warm clothing, gaze out across an angry sea. Their lips do not move; their eyes gaze seaward steadfastly; hopelessly they wait. Shipwrecks he told with great feeling, but occasionally he



In the Valley.—Inness
Courtesy Art Institute of Chicago



At Nature's Mirror.—Blakelock

delighted in the placid waters of a beautiful bay enlivened by a summer sun.

The American, of all others, who has told the calm sea with its white crests and rhythmic breakers along sloping sandy shores at sunset or moonrise, after a summer shower with the rainbow in the sky, or when the world was all illumined with a golden afterglow, was Alexander Harrison. There have been many other important marine painters since Winslow Homer's triumph, but we shall discuss them in the chapter on Realism, for this is the one most pronounced achievement in American realistic painting. Alexander Harrison's younger brother, Birge Harrison, did some beautiful marines, loving the twilight moods over river and sea, doing moonlight with great understanding and with a much richer, fuller palette of color than other moonlight painters of his time. He was one of the foremost painters and teachers during the early days of the Art Students' League in its winter school. He wrote a most admirable text-book on landscape composition.

For want of a better place, we shall bring into this discussion the work of a group of tremendously talented but badly guided American painters of the last half of the century, those who could have become expert with any landscape they undertook, but who chose to combine figure and landscape, romantic tableau and historic incident, oriental splendor and Parisian taste in all they did. They should rightfully be called the American Orientalists, for they were the result of the teachings of that amazing French Orientalist, Gérôme. The group was headed by Frederick A. Bridgman, who Muther says is "Gérôme translated into American." He was first the engraver of American banknotes, then went to Paris, and with the Parisian orientalists traveled through Algiers and Egypt. Bridgman's dexterity for detail, as indicated by his steel engraving, was greatly enhanced under Gérôme, and he did many an oriental scene with detail as literal and photographic as anything that came from Gérôme's brush.

Edwin Weeks, of Boston, had a similar experience but he chose Morocco and eventually India in preference to the well-tried Algiers. His most realistic and colorful pictures are of scenes at Benares and, in fact, he was one of the first to picture the strange sights of the Ganges. William Dannat, an American of Spanish descent, as his name would indicate, did not fall under the Gérôme influence, but was content with Spain and the example that had been set by Manet, so he painted Spanish girls, dancing women, guitarists and Moorish lovers in excellent illustrative fashion and with much good pictorial feeling for form and color. He was never as interested in the landscape background as were Weeks and Bridgman, but with all their excellent talent and magnificent technical equipment these men have made almost nothing to last more than a generation. They never found that painting was a medium within itself, designed to relate things in life and truth that cannot be told in other ways.

Bordering the modern schools of American realism and yet belonging so definitely to nineteenth century attainments, are many American landscapists who could be mentioned here. Charles H. Davis,* a New Englander born in 1856 and still painting splendidly in his seventy-fifth year, set himself a scheme of landscape painting in his early days which he followed straight through almost without variance. The pastoral life of New England, tiny meadows, rolling hills, thick wood clumps, stone fences, flocks of sheep, wild ducks in the air and soft white clouds floating high into the azure zenith have been his subject matter.

There is always the question, shall a genius experiment and broaden, go on and on trying different things, creating anew with each venture, or shall he stick to a personal scheme, to an eloquence that he might stylize as his own, to definite limited subject matter until he masters it absolutely, and then through practice, drudgery and plodding attain incontestable perfection both of vision and technique? This is what Charles Davis has done. A whole roomful of his canvases would be quite uninspiring, but any one is a perfect thing, although not as precious as it would be were there not so many, many more just about like it. But it is through this limited accomplishment and the perfection of it that Davis has succeeded in producing as perfect a landscape of its kind as was ever painted. He belongs slightly to the American Barbizon school. He has employed tonalism, but he did not use it with great effectiveness. His pictures hang with the realistic school, but they are so full of the beauty of truth and so excellently organized in their design that they hang quite as easily with the poet painters.

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*See page 362.

J. Alden Weir has done many a beautiful tonalist landscape, but he has perfected himself most particularly in painting the figure. J. Francis Murphy,* one of the best of the tonalists, one of the best of the American Barbizon painters and one of the best of our water-color landscapists, brought some of the Dutch influence into his art. He has created the most exquisite springtime pictures, the most poetic lushwood interiors, has done the gentle stretch of the New York landscape, and the quiet beauty of the American farm scene with such tenderness, poetic feeling and keen understanding of the beauty of nature, with the fine presentation of excellent painter's craft, that his pictures have become almost priceless. They may be much overrated, but at least today they delight the connoisseur and the nature lover and the landscape devotee. His water colors are most admirable in performance and give a delight in rich but delicate color, stated with deft drawing and delicate but powerful painting. Chauncey Ryder,† not at all of the Albert Ryder persuasion, stands among America's foremost water-color landscapists. He eventually converted his large, impressive landscapes of autumn trees and New England hills, done in oil, into a technique very similar to water-color. In fact, no American has painted the landscape in oil in such colorful shorthand, drawing almost nothing, suggesting form and design with a quick freedom.

A tremendous era of American landscape painting started about the time of the Chicago World's Fair and continued with constantly increasing brilliancy up to the World War, when it stopped with an astounding suddenness to find itself at the end of the war in new worlds. But this is the subject of our later study.

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*See page 362. †See page 368.

REPRESENTATIVE PICTURES BRIEFLY CHARACTERIZED

IMAGINARY Landscape, The Ægean Sea, the Oxbow of the Connecticut and *On the Hudson,* by Durand, Church, Cole and Doughty reveal the foundation of the school of American landscape painting. They are all of the panorama type, the first two highly imaginative, the second two accurately observed. They were inspired by the Düsseldorf school of Germany and each contains subject matter for a number of pictures. They all observed the simple laws of composition which are that nothing of importance shall be in the direct center, no lines shall lead the eye directly into the corners, the spaces shall never be divided into equal proportions, a large mass shall be placed on one side to give accent and variety and shall be balanced on the other side by a small mass or an inviting vista, the attention shall be held within the canvas and not directly beyond its edges. The Durand is the most impressive, the Church the most poetic, the Cole the most literal, and the Doughty the most real. All of these painters are more conscious of the desire to reproduce nature than to design or create a picture. They were nature lovers, bowing humbly before natural phenomena and their paintings are prayers of gratitude for the privilege of life and vision upon this earth. Pages 350, 356.

Neglected Lands by J. Francis Murphy, a tonalistic picture expressed as naturalistic poetry. One feels himself taken deliberately to the scene but beholding it in a lovely tranquil mood. Murphy was a great colorist as well as a keen observer of nature's subtle beauty. This picture is an example of a great school which has enlisted more names than any other particular department of American painting. Page 362.

Evening by Charles Davis. This painter, through a half century of ceaselessly the same subject matter, has become the most expert master of his special kind of landscape painting in the world. The earth invites us to walk upon it, the trees lift living branches against towering atmospheric skies. The quality of light and the value of shadow are ever truth itself. Davis' pictures do not stir us emotionally but they warm us with their keen and beautiful revelation of the world in which we live. Page 362.

The Fog Warning by Winslow Homer, a dramatic, tremulous interpretation of a stirring moment in the life of a fisherman. Homer mastered the sea as no painter had before him. His placement of the boat fills this canvas in a most interesting way. One feels the action of the sea, the bobbing of the boat and the contrast between water, air and wood. Not the least effective part of the painting is the halibut in the stern of the boat. The movement across the waters is well suggested by the distant sail moving to the right while the fingers of the fog bank reach out rapidly to the left. Page 368.

Park Monadnock by Chauncey Ryder. This painter revealed every detail of nature in a most photographic way for many years but now he has acquired the ability to suggest his forms. None of the branches of the trees in this picture are really drawn, they are merely suggested. This is also true of all the parts of the picture. It is a real picture, appealing much to the imagination. Page 368.

In the Valley by George Inness. This painter is the first master of the moods of landscape. How subtly we feel the atmosphere, the gray sky, the rich verdure! Notice the introduction of the little spots of light, how they animate the picture without giving it stress or confusion. We think of Inness as being the foremost American painter of the Barbizon tendency. Page 373.

At Nature's Mirror by Ralph Blakelock. This painter was as somber and profound as Inness was gentle and poetic. He particularly enjoyed painting dark tree masses against twilight or moonlit skies. Blakelock will never be classed with the great colorists, but as a designer of impressive landscapes and the sustained mood in the silences of nature his name will always be written high. Page 373.